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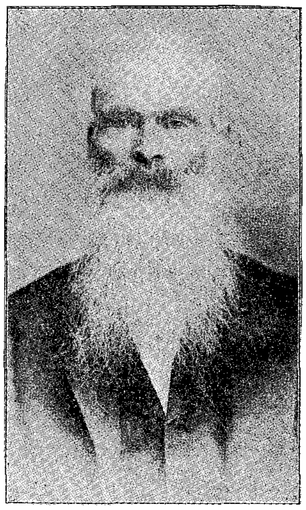

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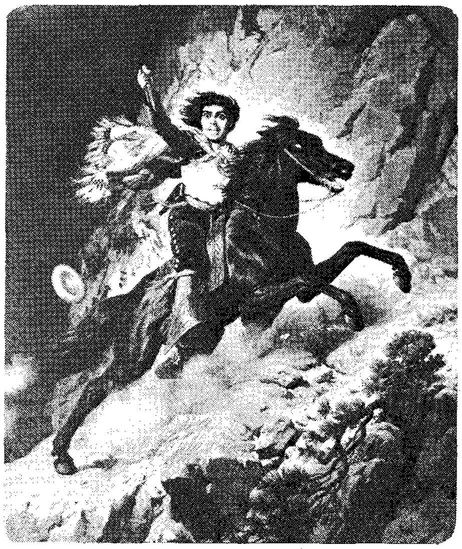

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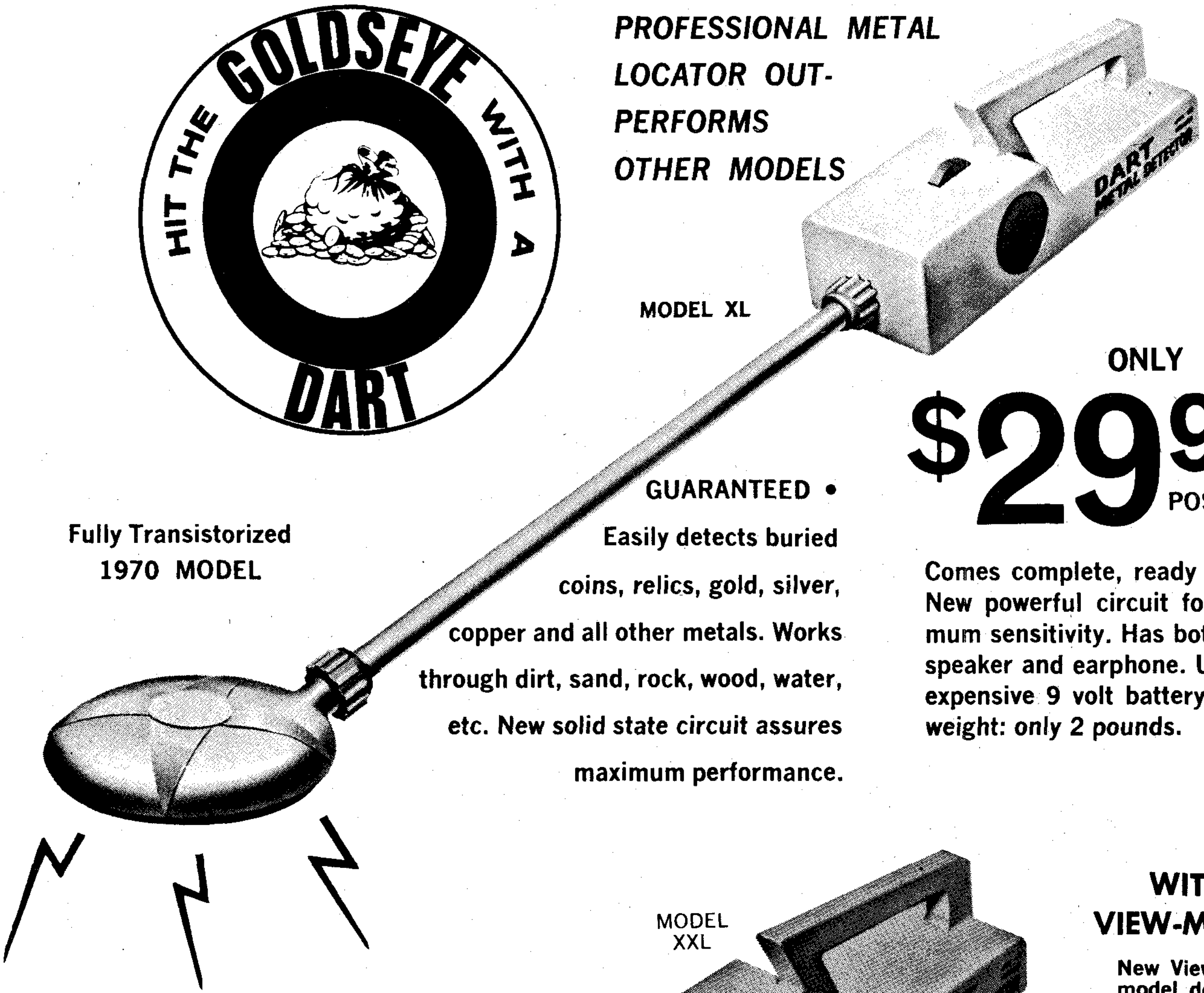

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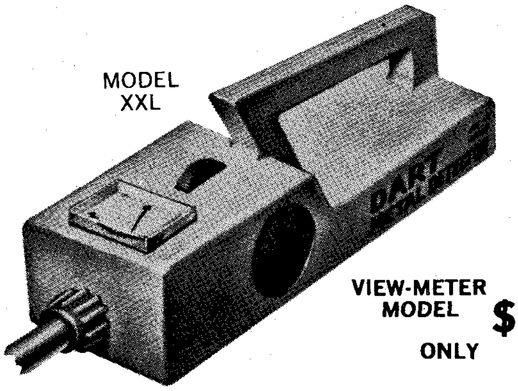

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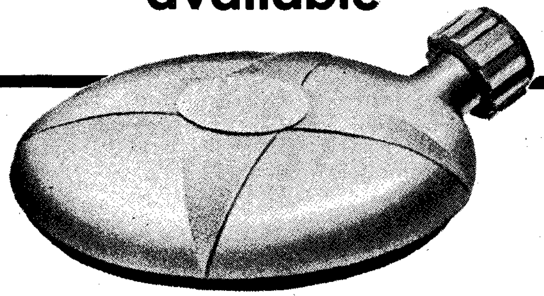

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LETTER RIP!

Mining Days in Washington State

The story "The Men Who Don't Fit In" by Armand Brazil in your Summer 1969 OLD WEST was one of the best you've published and many of the names and places are familiar to most miners.

I never did much mining but have met and known many hard-rock miners. In March 1937, I went to work as a carpenter's helper for the Howe Sound Mining Co., about forty-five miles up Lake Chelan, Washington. It's now known as Holden Village and is owned by a Lutheran Church group.

Charley Dolfay was carpenter boss and had a habit of yelling at everybody, but I didn't know his "bark was worse than his bite." I lived in what the miners called "The Suicide Cabin" as part of it already had been damaged by a snow slide from off Bonanza Mountain. After I left there I heard it was completely demolished by a snow slide while the men were at work.

But I couldn't stand Charley's yellin', for no good reason. Several men quit on account of this. I was carrying rough-cut, green lumber from the top of the "skip" up to where the bunk houses were being built. One day Charley yelled once too often, and I promptly told him where to put his lumber and the bunkhouses and went back down-lake and went to work for the "Big G" soon afterward as a "Gandy Dancer." This mine operated more than twenty years until the price of copper—and the grade of copper—got too low. They just pulled all machinery and narrow gauge railroad out of it and let it fill up with water.

Shortly after they had started mining around the clock they held a "Muckers' Ball" at the Columbia Hotel in Wenatchee, Washington because they didn't have room at the mine. From all reports they really had a ball—or brawl. One woman who was a miner's "friend" said it took her a week to recuperate and I'm sure she was right.

In the years following, the ball was held at the mine village, but was still a roaring blast of a celebration.

At their first ball, a drunken miner held a girl by the ankles, outside the window, three stories above the sidewalk. Another miner, more sober, rescued her while he took another drink. There's many more such stories I could tell, but will just mention a few of the fellows I knew who worked there as carpenters when they put up the buildings and others who worked underground then and in later years.

Some of the early miners and carpenters were Fred Levine, Jim McKinney, Homer McKinney, Bill and Virgil Moyer, Robert Vess, Fred Wigbers (who lost his sight due to an accident in the mine and now lives here in Wenatchee, Washington), John Rainer, Jake Elston, and many others I've forgotten.

One of the Vess brothers was killed in the mine when the drilling crew he worked with drilled into a loaded shot that had failed to go off in the previous set of shots. The blast killed both men on the drill and seriously injured another miner. The accident was hushed up as much as possible while the company made a settlement with the families of the victims.

After I quit work with the carpenters, I could have gone to work down on the 800-foot level but I turned it down. Many of the miners would work a short time, then quit and go to Butte, Kellogg, Coeur d'Alene, or some other mine, while miners from these places would come to work at Holden (Howe Sound) for a while. And now with the increased price of silver and other minerals, many of the old mines in the Pacific Northwest are being opened up again, and the search for new strikes is carried on with metal detectors and other devices.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Tombstone's Flying Monster

I've just read your interesting article, "Our Country's Mysterious Monsters," in the Fall 1969 OLD WEST. I was particularly interested in the account of the cowboy's flying monster that was seen near Tombstone, Arizona in 1890.

Having been familiar with this fantastic, although true, story all of my life, I feel more or less qualified to discuss it with others. And it's altogether possible that I'm one of the few persons living today who has any knowledge of it whatever.

Although this remarkable and astounding incident was before my time, it was still a favorite topic of conversation when I was a small boy living in the Southwest sixty years ago. Everyone I knew, including the elite, believed thoroughly the cowboys' tale. And it went very much like the author related it with some exceptions. I would like to point out the differences here.

I was personally acquainted with friends of these cowboys and once knew their names. I have seen them myself, although I never met them. Their names I have long since forgotten. These fellows were not riffraff, but respected citizens and well-known cattlemen. Therefore, it is unthinkable that they would fabricate such a wild yarn just for kicks. They were too sincere and sober-minded for that. Jesting and frivolity on their part would be unbecoming and out of place in the setting of those pioneer days in the Old West you have so realistically described. This should help relieve your mind of any thought that this thing was a hoax. To me the possibility of its being a hoax is so remote as to be nil.

The representation of the Tombstone flying monster was very good on the whole and jibes with my understanding of what it was like, except for its size. On this point I must disagree and cannot accept the author's measurements for it. While the head and body of this flying beast were indeed huge, a 20- to 30-foot wing spread, as I've always heard, sounds much more credible than a 160-foot one. And it's hard for me to imagine a winged creature of any kind so enormous, even as that.

Its eyes were like saucers; its two legs and feet up at the front part of its body were the size of those of a horse; its hide was a leathery one, instead of a feathery one. It lit on the ground once at a safe distance from the two cowboys, but it took to the air again soon afterwards only to come down a second time, as if desiring rest, although at a greater distance still from the men. In rising it created a good-sized whirlwind with the force of its great wings, however, I never once heard that it was exhausted, as the article said.

Neither have I ever heard of its having had a collapsed wing that was somehow folded underneath its body while sitting on the ground. That is illogical, for unless the great "fowl" had fallen dead from the sky its wings would doubtless be extended the same as in flight, but it was not dead.

The way the story was told around Lordsburg, the cowboys never succeeded in killing this primordial winged creature, although they fired upon it with their .30-30 carbines. The monster was out of range of their low velocity rifles and was not struck by the bullets, which probably did not carry that far. The .30-30 is not accurate beyond 150 yards. Not only were the cowboys startled and horrified by this notable spectacle, but their mounts were frantic with fear, and just could not be left alone while the thing was being pursued on foot. Besides, the men's high-heeled boots would prevent their doing very much sprinting in sand and loose dirt. Therefore, they could not get close enough to get a good shot at it. At least this is what I've always heard.—Harry F. McClure, 1424½ North El Paso, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80907

In Mariano Modena's Country

As I read your story of Mariano Modena, "Beau Brummel of the Big Thompson," in the Winter 1968 issue of OLD WEST, I recalled the years of 1919 to 1922 when we lived on the northwest side of Loveland, Colorado. As children, my brother, sisters and I played many times along the Thompson River and looked for pretty stones on Louis Papa's farm. We saw him many times driving his team of big black horses. I can remember the pasture where he kept his cows and horses across the river from his farm buildings. He also had a woven wire and cable suspension foot bridge about four feet wide which he used to get to the pasture. The stock would walk through the river. We played on this bridge whenever we could. Mariano's and Papa's graves and burial ground are located on the west edge of Loveland only two blocks west of where our home was.

Another thing that happened in 1921 was the big cloudburst that came down the Big Thompson. To fill Lake Loveland for irrigation, a canal was built above the Louis Papa farm. The south side of the lake was a twenty-foot dike and road which kept the lake full. It came right up to the north edge of town. When the big water hit, the lake started to spill over the roadway and the whole west side of town was in danger. The men were all up there sandbagging. Then the pressure broke out the canal and about two feet of water came across town. Everything came floating by! When the two waters came together on the south side of town it took out the railroad bridge. I can still see the rails and ties sticking up in the air like wires. The railroad company had to bring in a pile driver and for weeks we could hear them pounding in a new bridge.

The city firemen came with trucks at night. We grabbed up a few valuable papers and were all moved to the east end of town which was not in danger of the lake. The water came just to the floor of our house, and then went down. If the main lake had gone out, half the town would have gone with it.

Another memory of years ago was when they had the county fair at Loveland, and the rodeo bunch came down from Cheyenne. No chutes or pens were used. They would turn a bronc loose in the middle of the race track and the cowboy would have to first rope his horse, then blindfold him with a sack to get a bridle on him, and then saddle him. If he succeeded in doing all this, he would try to ride him.

The trick ropers who were with that bunch in 1921 included a tall, red-headed guy who would stand on a horse's back and do tricks and fancy roping. I have not to this day seen anyone stand on the ground and do what he could do from a horse's back. I wish I could remember his name. Could anyone who might have seen this fellow perform tell me what his name was?—Fred Trende, Rosholt, South Dakota 57260

Runestones and Tombstones

You've done it again with "Runestones and Tombstones" by Bernice and Jack McGee! Really one of the best-documented historical stories of the jet age. While our scientists are making history by sending and walking men on the moon, Bernice and Jack McGee are going back in history and proving that this country was explored centuries before Columbus. In the next few years I look for our school history books to be out-dated and for it to be acknowledged that the Norsemen were the true discoverers of America.

I'm sure there must have been a run on the newsstands when the Winter edition of OLD WEST came out, because I wrote to all my geologist and archaeologist friends telling them the Viking story was in that issue.

Come again! Anything the McGees write is worth reading.—Chester L. Mayer, Box 176, Eagle, Colorado 81631

Your story in OLD WEST, Winter 1969, is the best and most extensive story I have ever read on the runestones.—Homer S. Reese, City Manager, City of Heavener, Heavener, Oklahoma 74937

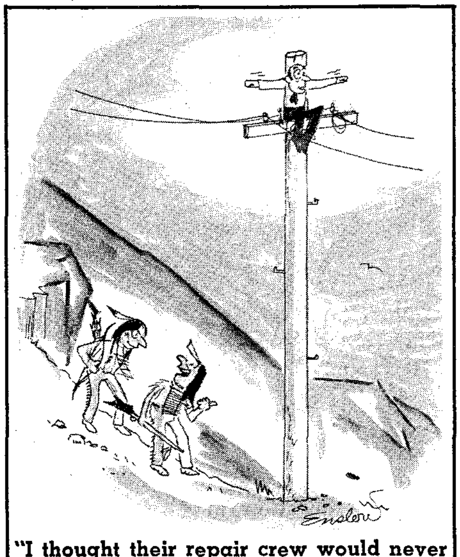
After reading your Winter OLD WEST article on the runestones near Heavener, Oklahoma, we loaded up our camera equipment and headed down there, a distance of 214 miles.

It was a disappointing trip, as the State Park Board had placed a close-mesh fence about four feet from the face of the stone and it was impossible to get a photo of the full rune.

I later wrote the Chamber of Commerce at Heavener and the Parks Department, suggesting the fence be moved out at least twelve feet and openings be cut in the mesh at intervals so people can peek through and photographers can get good pictures.

Tye Bledsoe of the Parks Department went to the trouble of sending me good prints of the runes. He also stated that plans are underway for an overlook of three levels and for a new fence 200 feet square to replace the old.

Everyone connected with this park is very much interested and all are a credit to Oklahoma. The caretaker was highly enthusiastic and very helpful.—Ralph N. Leidy, Box 503, Aurora, Missouri 65605



"I thought their repair crew would never leave. C'mon, I want you to hear this thing sing!"

One of my hobbies is archaeological research, and for many years I have been finding evidence of Viking presence in California. And in view of what has been discovered in Oklahoma recently and reported in "Runestones and Tombstones" in your Winter OLD WEST, I thought you might be interested in publishing the following evidence I have found in my state. Perhaps this will interest some professional archaeologists who may be willing to help me do more research on the subject.

When the Karot Indians first came to the Klamath River of Siskiyou County California, so their legendary story goes, they found the region inhabited by "white people" whom they call the Wa-gas. These were a highly moral and civilized race.

"They welcomed us," wrote Che-na-wa, an ancient Karot, "and taught us their arts and sciences. We recognized their rights and we all got along well together. There were intermarriages, but we were never promiscuous. These people lived together for a vast period of time with us, and we never had any trouble with them.

"The Karot Indians still worship the hallowed places where these white people lived. The Indians say that these people were of much higher moral culture than the white people of today. The Indians say that these people disappeared to a distant land to the north; where they do not know. The Indians have no memory of or know no reason for their going. It was not because of wars for the Indians say they loved them. They just went north from whence they came."

The Indians describe the Wa-gas' arrival in this manner: They wandered down a European land always toward the south. Over this land they wandered like exiles, they knew not how long. It might have been centuries until they reached the ocean. Upon reaching this salt water they made boats or canoes and paddled over the waves until they reached the opposite shore upon this continent, North America. They continued their weary years of wandering ever on, far on down this land, always going south as before.

At every stopping place, or place of rest of the Karot, these white people would plant the herb, walth-pay, and it would grow. At these stopping places some of the white people were left behind till they reached the Klamath River. This was their final stopping place or home, but some of the wanderers led by high priests of another tribe called the Talth traveled on into South America. They left stone monuments where they had prayed, and the Indians keep these monuments in repair.

It is true that there are stone altars in the valley and on the mountains, the building of which is not known about by the present-day Indians. Who built them or when is a mystery. The Indians, however, up to the present generation, did keep these altars in repair.

From our studies, it does seem likely that some altar-building people were here before the coming of the present Indians. This seems probable because such sacred altars, if altars they were, do exist, many of them at the present time, and the older and better-informed Indians seem not to know who built them.

There was a great variation of the skin

color of the early Indians as there still is, and this was accounted for by the crossing of the early white people or Wa-gas into their stock.

I personally have found Viking swords and boots near the Klamath River of California back in 1962. When I get some more free time, if I ever will again, I plan to go back up there and do some more research. I would love to have some well-trained archaeologists go with me. If anyone is interested, please contact me.—Billy Nabers, Jr., 2211 Elton Avenue, Bakersfield, California 93306

Recalls JJ Ranch Experiences

This is to clarify a couple of incidents in the second article on the JJ Ranch, "How It Was Run," by A. E. Andy Crozier in the Fall issue of OLD WEST.

The first one is about the sick child brought to the south side of the river which was up by reason of snow melting in the mountains. These may have been two separate incidents, but I wonder?

Jess Corbin's outfit was coming into Home Ranch. We had been to Trinchera, Colorado, receiving cattle which we unloaded, ran through the squeezer, dehorned and branded JJ. Then we came down Smith Canyon to Home Ranch.

When we arrived at "Picket Wire" (you seldom heard it called "Purgatoire" in that part of the country) we couldn't cross. We had laid up two or three days when a Mrs. Cook and her young brother-in-law drove up in a spring wagon with her dead baby.

They had a cistern where rain water poured over and cut a basin in the sandstone below, making the natural cistern. That morning she had gone to draw some wash water and the child had followed her, fell in and drowned. Her husband, Monty Cook, was in western Kansas harvesting wheat.

Jess talked it over with her and told her it was impossible to cross the river and it would be hard to tell when it would fall so they could travel. He suggested that we go with her to Yeiser, an old abandoned ranch house and post office where there were a few graves. We would dig a grave, bury the child, and then at some future time they might want to move the body to another cemetery at La Junta.

We borrowed the cook's long handled shovel and everyone but the cook and the horse stringer went. We took turns digging and it didn't take long to bury the child. There was no casket or box, so the baby was wrapped in a quilt. They went back up the canyon to their home and we went back to the wagon. This happened about the 22nd or 23rd of July 1914.

There is a Mexican settlement called Nine-Mile, nine miles west of Higbee. They have a fiesta the 25th of July every year, with a dance that night. The river was still too high to cross with the wagon, but John Nelson, the two Carson boys, Tommy Lloyd and myself roped us each a horse and swam the river to attend the dance, getting back sometime after midnight.

Next morning, while eating breakfast, Jess told us to rope the strongest horse in our strings. He said if we could swim to a dance, we could swim the wagon over. We got everything ready. Four of us tied our saddle ropes to two bows, high up, and swam the horses on the upstream side to keep the wagon from turning over. While the cook handled the four up, we made out fine. We replenished the wagon, got some fresh mounts and started back to Trinchera for another herd.

In the JJ Ranch story in OLD WEST, I am in the picture on page 28, fourth from left. I know every man in the picture with the exception of Wesley Evers and Avaran Jones; I cannot place them.

Jack Hardy was my first wagon boss. He was a Scotsman and called me "Airnest," and I imagine that is why Andy Crozier supplied the spelling of my first name as "Earnay"!—Ernie Baum, Box 155, Dexter, Kansas 67038

Praise for Charles Kelly

I read with interest the article "Queen Ann of Brown's Hole" by Charles Kelly in the Winter OLD WEST. I am very glad to see Mr. Kelly's articles appearing in your publications, for it is a compliment to your wonderful magazines. I have long admired the work of Charles Kelly who, among numerous other credits, is the undisputed choice of historians as an authority on Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch. As a historian myself, I have had the privilege of knowing Mr. Kelly as a friend and acquaintance for some years, and I can attest to his ability as a researcher and his astute dedication to truth. He has preserved the history of the State of Utah as much as any other historian can claim, and his mark has been left upon the entire American West as well.—Kerry Ross Boren, Box 292, Manila, Utah 84046

Good Times in Montana

In your Fall '69 OLD WEST, I got a kick out of Walt Coburn's "Fourth of July at Lodgepole" and the photo on page 7 of early days at Fort Belknap Agency. I was there again last June, having stayed in one of the old fort buildings in 1919 just after World War I.

Old Fort Belknap is just across the Milk River from Chinook, Montana. At the time I stayed there with my brother, a local merchant named Herman Lepheldt owned the property.

In 1919, there were lots of Indian beads, soldiers' buttons, .44 Henry rim-fire shells, and I saw one old gun barrel near the river bank. We never thought of collectors' items in those days.

The old bachelor who lives there now said a fellow gave him a dollar to look around for relics. He had a cannon ball about the size of a croquet ball that I believe he would have sold for $5—I don't collect any more.

The old wagon road from Fort Belknap to Fort Benton ran through our place about ten miles south of Chinook near Tiger Ridge. The Indians used to come through on this road at times, and one old lady, Princess Winnapeg, and her son ate dinner at our house. Dad made a coffin for one of her children who died about 1912.

I went to the old Logie or South Yantic School from 1913 to 1916, a three-mile walk. One school friend named Tommy Staff still lives there. The big sheep- and cattlemen were the Sprinkle brothers, Charley Miller, and Mr. Kohr. I heard they went out of business about 1920.

Our first summer in Montana was spent on the place of a druggist, J. F. Williams, south of Chinook. I enjoy all of Walt Coburn's writings, but I never saw more than a couple of drunks the whole time I lived there. I have the same last name as a lot of Walt's Indian friends, but am no relation.—Charles Doney, Hammond, Oregon 97121

More on Walnut Creek Arrastre

On page 29 of the Winter '69 OLD WEST is a photograph of an arrastre and a story by Terry Leifeste called "Ghosts of the Men from Spain."

About 1895, my father, G. C. Thorp, living at Round Mountain, Blanco County, Texas, constructed an exact duplicate in solid creek bedrock about ten miles west of Round Mountain, between the Joe Smith Ranch and the Hick Haynes Ranch. It was on a creek either on the west line of Blanco County or east line of Llano County, and near a road from Round Mountain to Click.

My family spent part of one summer there, and my sister, now eighty-five, recognized this picture at once. I am now seventy-eight and was probably five or six when we spent the summer there.

I also recognized the picture the minute I saw it, and wonder if my father had seen such an arrastre which gave him the idea to construct one. His purpose was to break up clusters of hard, reddish-looking conglomerate material that he believed contained small particles of gold. There are small amounts of gold in that area.—Frank C. Thorp, Box 111, Williamsburg, New Mexico 87942

On page 52 of the Winter 1969 OLD WEST, in an article by Terry Leifeste, is the statement, "It was sometime between 1758 and 1789 that the ore mill on Walnut Creek was built." As Mr. Leifeste pointed out, he obtained much of his information from me. But if this statement were to be attributed to me, it would have to read, "In view of the evidence that Spaniards mined in the Llano area, it is possible that the ore mill was built between 1758 and 1789."

I could not say anything more definite than that because I do not know who made the mill or when. It could very well have been made by Anglos in the period from the 1850s to the 1930s. During this period people often looked for gold along the southern tributaries of Sandy Creek.

Walnut Creek is one of the southern tributaries along which gold could be found. In 1939 Bill Bivens wrote his master's thesis in geology at The University of Texas. He did his work in the Walnut Creek area and in his thesis he showed a picture of the ore mill and described it as a "gold panning set-up."—Roderick B. Patten, 912 Post Oak, Austin, Texas 78704

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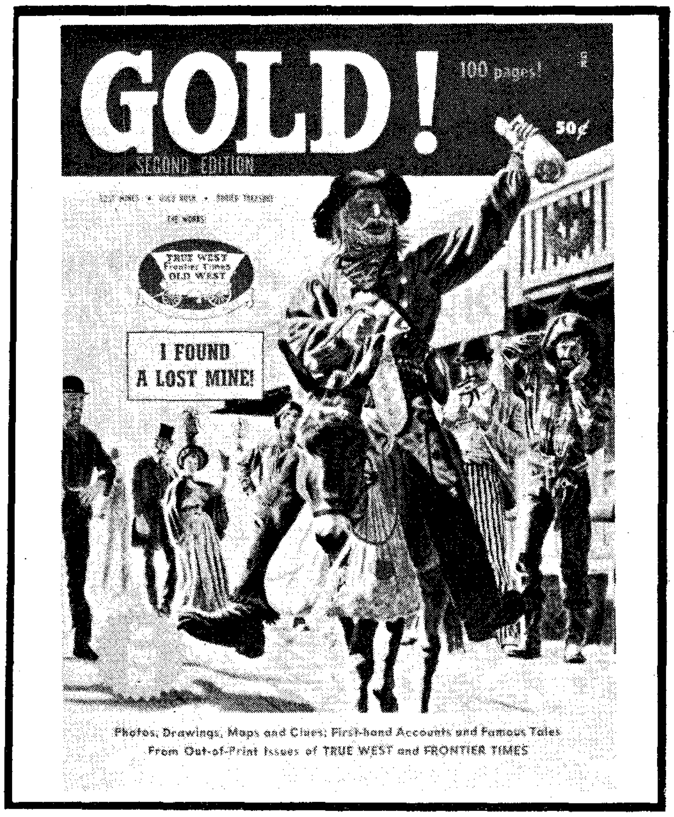
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SINCE WE WENT TO PRESS!

Gentlemen: Just noticed on page twenty-six of your GOLD! magazine a picture of the Jarbidge country up in northern Nevada. The story of the lost Sheepherder Mine is interesting for one reason; it's no longer lost. It was found in 1931 by an old Reno prospector, and I was his man-Friday who helped him dig out $23,840 in the summer of '32. We took out three loads of gold to Elko and he shipped it to the Frisco mint. That fall as the snow fell and the cold wind blew down from the Silver City region of Idaho we covered over the remaining gold vein and left. There appeared to be as much gold left there as we had taken out.

The old man gave me a quarter of what he had taken out in cash and I went to Australia where I bought into a black-opal mine. After eight years "down under watching the Billy bile and waltzin' Matilda' round" I came back to the States and landed in Seattle with a stake made for life. I had had no contact with the old Jarbidge prospector nor his aged sister with whom I had left him in Frisco. Not till '65 did I get down to Frisco and check on him again. I found out from the neighbors next door to his sister's house that they had both died the winter I left for Australia. I had always figured he had gone back the next summer and dug the rest of this gold vein out. H-ll! No! that d-mn gold we left there in '32 is still there!!

At my age I don't need it, but I do hope that sometime some poor man finds it again and lives happily forever afterwards. It's above Jarbidge towards Idaho and over the ridge to the left down on the Bruneau River side. It's on a bench about a quarter mile below a high rocky peak on the ridge. The rocky peak in your "Gold" picture, just to the right of center on the skyline, looks very similar to the peak I refer to. That whole country looks too much alike to be sure of any directions. The Jarbidge country is no doubt the country God forgot to finish; it either stands on end or leans over backwards a little. The Devil can have the rest of the old man's gold, I don't want it now! You can publish my letter if you wish but leave my address out, for obvious reasons.

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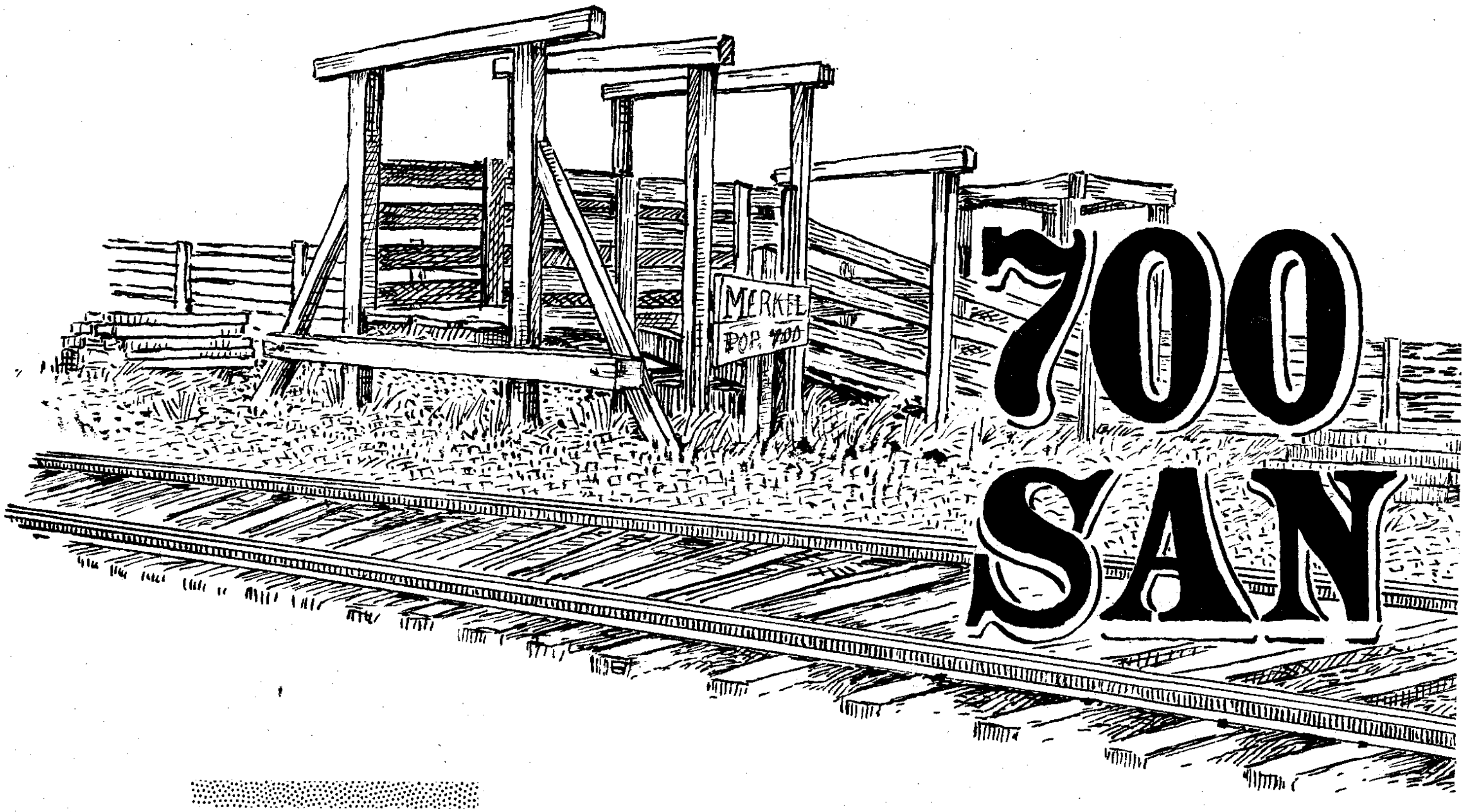
MERKEL
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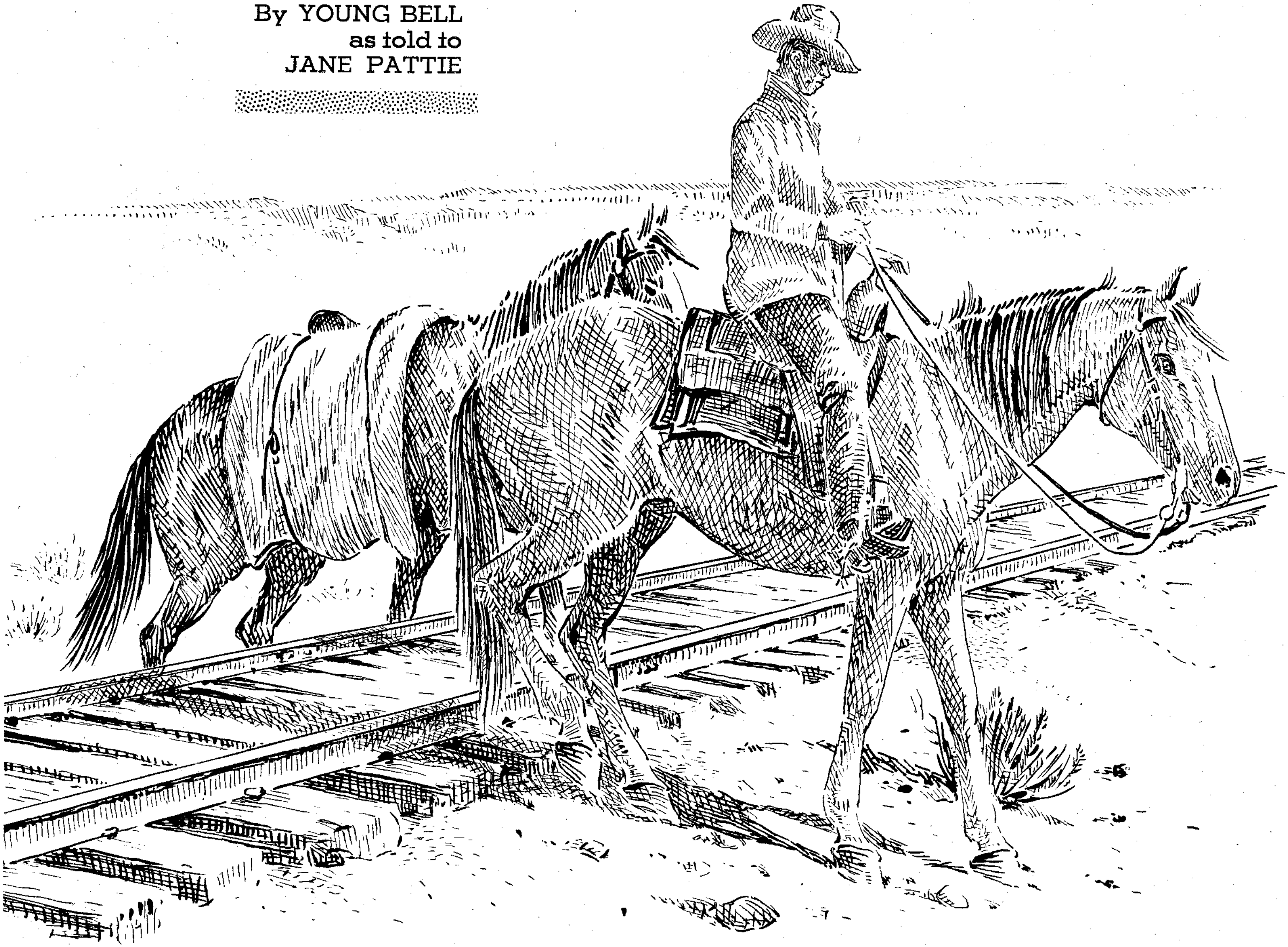
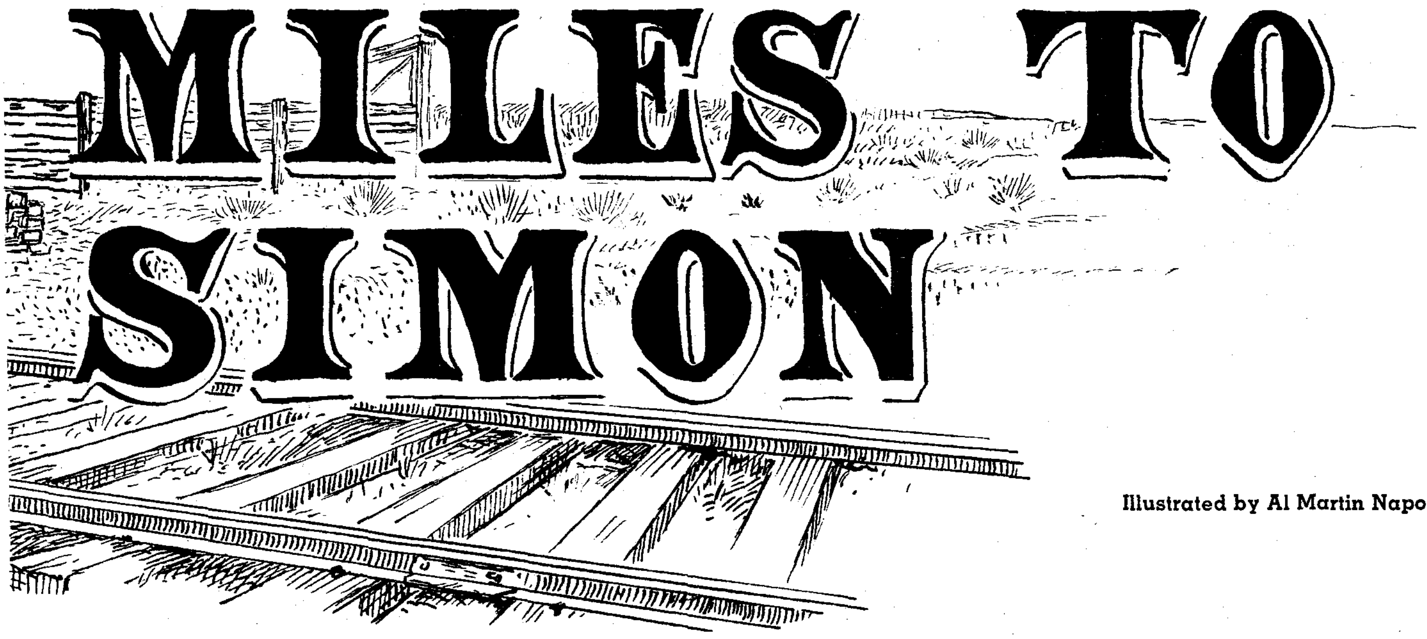
700 SAN

By YOUNG BELL
as told to
JANE PATTIE



MILES TO SIMON



Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

A cowboy and his horse followed a railroad track into adventure. There's just one thing to watch about adventure—how to keep from being a goner before you can enjoy it!

Author's Note: It is 700 miles from Merkel, Texas, to San Simon, Arizona, by train, but it is two months by horseback . . . and horseback was the way that the late Young Bell of Pecos, Texas made the trip back in 1896. He was sixteen years old and no tenderfoot. Traveling by train lacked the adventure that drew Bell to Arizona to start with. He was being sent from the forty-eight-section Merchant ranch near Abilene, Texas, to Clabe Merchant's San Simon Cattle Company ranch in southeastern Arizona, one of the last wild and woolly outposts of the Old West. Here is Bell's story as he wrote it in his book "Seventy Years in the Cow Business" and as he recently elaborated on it in his Pecos home, with the same enthusiasm and zest for life which led him on his adventure seventy-two years before. James Young Bell died September 13, 1969.—Jane Pattie.

ALTHOUGH I WAS just sixteen when I stepped up on my horse to head for Arizona, I was no greenhorn. I had been earning my own way for some time. My father raised horses on the prairie east of Haskell in West Texas and I had made my first cattle deal when I was thirteen. I got my start in the horse business not long after that. I had a wagon and team and hired two Negro cowboys, Tom Branch and T. H. Henry, to help me break horses. During the winter we worked for the big horse outfits all over Double Mountain Fork country. I would get my pick of every ten horses I broke plus enough cash to pay my overhead. I paid my two men a dollar a day, which was cowboy wages then. By the beginning of spring, I had thirty head of good horses.

Clabe Merchant was a big rancher and owned property in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and the Indian Territory. Besides that, he was my kin. So I went to Abilene to sell him my horses at $35 a head.

"That's a little high," he told me.

"Not for these horses," I replied. "I picked these horses out of hundreds and they all rein easy."

"If I buy them, can you ride them?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Then you and your horses and your two cowboys be here in thirty days. I want to send you to the Indian Territory to take care of some cattle I'm shipping up there to fatten."

So the first of April, Branch and Henry and I herded the horses through four inches of snow to Merchant's corral at Abilene. After depositing the money which ol' man Clabe paid me, I boarded the train with my two boys and sixty horses and headed for Okataha in the Creek Nation. The three of us and Merchant's two sons, Lige and John, and a man by the name of Dick Poage handled the cattle as they began coming in from south Texas and Florida. We unloaded and branded 14,000 head that spring and by September when we shipped them to the eastern markets, they were so fat that we had to hunt to find a beef that wasn't too fat to eat. The Creeks cut our fences and gave us a lot of trouble, so when November came we were glad to head back for Texas.

I had been back in Abilene only a few days when Merchant told me that he wanted to put me in charge of his forty-eight-section Half Circle Cross Ranch west of Abilene. That was all ranching country then. I may have been young for

AL MARTIN
NAPOLETANO

the job, but I had worked as horse wrangler on a cattle drive to the Indian Territory and then earned my way as a cowhand on another drive from Abilene, Texas to Dodge City, Kansas so I knew my business from experience. I had three men working for me at the Half Circle Cross and things were running smoothly until Clabe's son Lige came home from college and came out to the ranch, determined to run it himself. I couldn't very well buck him, so I decided that it was time for me to move on. I rode into Abilene to tell Clabe and give him thirty days' notice to find a new foreman. He accepted my resignation but asked me to go to Arizona and work on his San Simon Ranch.

I had been thinking about heading west, so I told him, "I'll go on just one condition. That is, that you promise not to tell anyone out there that I'm kin to you." He agreed. I knew that if the men ever found out, I'd be blamed for everything that happened, and the four years that I was in Arizona, no one ever was the wiser.

I BOUGHT TWO horses for my trip to Arizona from Trammel and Newman who were race horse men near Merkel, and left them there until my thirty days were up. A month later I went to Abilene. Merchant paid me and I got on the train. My mother and father and Clabe all thought I was going to Arizona on the train, but I just went to Merkel and got off and got my horses. They were little Spanish ponies. One was a dun and the other a gray. They were six or seven years old and the prettiest little ponies you ever saw. They were little bitty devils. Each weighed about 700 pounds.

I had told Trammel and Newman that I wanted two small horses. I don't know where they got them because they just raised race horses but they said, "We've got just what you need! Where you going?"

I told them, and they said, "That's a long trip, son, if you go by yourself."

I said, "Nothing's going to bother me but rattlesnakes and I can take care of them!" So I mounted up and was on my way.

I went horseback rather than on train because I just wanted to tour the country. A lot of the boys traveled horseback in those days. That was 1896. I had bought those small horses because I thought they were just a little tougher than big ones. Anyway, they were all I needed. I didn't have much bedding, just a little red tarp and a quilt or two. And I carried a few groceries and tied them on the outside. I took a little flour and a little bacon and things like that. I didn't have any beans because I couldn't stop to cook them. I kept Irish potatoes all the time and cooked a potato every day. I got along fine and didn't have any trouble on earth.

I just followed the railroad tracks. There was a wagon road along it, and in places it would leave, but I just stayed with the track. There weren't any fences to stop me, so I'd just go right along, and ride all day without seeing a fence or another person. I made twenty to twenty-five miles a day and if I'd find good grass and water, I might stay over an extra day and graze my horses and rest up. I didn't take any feed for my horses. They just lived off the land.

I rode in a walk and in a little fox trot. I didn't lope because that would knock my horses out after a few days and I had a long way to go. At dinner time, I'd stop about an hour. I had two bottles of water, and I'd make me a little coffee and let the horses graze. Everytime I'd stop for dinner, I'd change and ride the other horse and put my little pack that weighed only twenty or thirty pounds on the horse I'd been riding. I don't remember seeing many deer but there were a lot of antelope in the flat country between Pecos and El Paso. They liked that wide, clear country with no brush. I didn't shoot any game, though. I didn't even have a gun.

I took the best care I could of my horses. All I could do was to see that they got grass and water. Every night I staked one and hobbled the other. I did that so they wouldn't drift off from me. I slept within twenty feet of the staked horse, just far enough so that the horse wouldn't step on me. That way I would have known if anyone had ever tried to take my horse and I'd have stopped them. But there wasn't any trouble and the Indians were gone from this country by '96.

I had to swim both the Pecos and the Rio Grande. I didn't know anything about my horses when I picked them up at Merkel that day but I knew this—any horse can swim. All you've got to do if he ducks on you is just step off and get him by the tail. If he starts to turn around, just slap the water in his eyes and he'll straighten out and go on across. That's what I did. But I never did have to get off my little ponies. They swam right on across. I just angled downstream and rode out as far as I could until I hit swimming water.

When I reached the Pecos, there were some women in a railroad camp there on the river. When the first railroad had been built, it was just laid on the ground. Now they were coming back through the country and putting dirt under it to build it up. At this camp they were building up the bad places. They were years doing it. Then they finally got bigger steel down. But when I came here, it was a narrow gauge road clear in from California. The railroad people had a ferry boat there on the Pecos. It was made out of three timbers about twenty feet long and a two-by-six plank nailed on them, but it had no rails to keep you from falling off.

I went down and looked at it and told them, "I'd rather tackle it without that thing. That raft's liable to drown me! I can swim without any trouble and so can the horses!" I could see a good coming-out place on a sand bar across the river about a quarter-mile or so. A horse can't swim with a bed down under him, so I put my bedding up on top and had it tied on good. I pulled my boots off because I knew I couldn't swim with boots on, and I thought I might have to, but we went right across and didn't miss a lick. We came out at the upper end of the sand bar. I put my bed back down and put my boots back on and waved to the women in the camp with my hat to let them know I was all right.

I crossed the Rio Grande the same way. The bank wasn't very high and the water was nearly level with the banks. It was spring and the rivers were full of water but it didn't bother me at all. I was never afraid of the water. When I was a little kid, we had a ranch just east of Haskell about fifteen miles. It had some big tanks on it—this was the principal water on the ranch. My dad raised a lot of horses, and I'd ride them down and jump them off into the tanks and swim right straight across. I'd done a lot of swimming when I was a kid, so I didn't think about being uneasy about the rivers. Even when I had followed the trail herds, I hadn't been afraid of the rivers. I *should* have been because it wasn't hard to get drowned. Rivers like the Pecos were nothing but quicksand!

Courtesy Author

Young Bell in El Paso in 1899 on a trip from the San Simon in Arizona to the San Simon near Carlsbad, New Mexico.

THE only trouble I had on my whole trip was through the sandy country between the Rio Grande and Deming, New Mexico, when I missed my only water stop due to a bad sandstorm. That stretch was eighty miles through deep sand. My horses would take a step and then slip back half a step. I hit the sand when I crossed the Rio Grande at El Paso. From there almost to Deming was a solid sand dune. Nothing much grows through there but soapweeds. The sand was blowing when I headed across the river. And it got worse. I stayed right along the railroad track, and at times I couldn't even see the track. The sand blew for two days and nights. There was one watering place at a cow outfit about halfway out. I rode right by it because I couldn't see it. I had drunk my two quarts of water and my horses and I were starving for a drink. If I had gotten water there, I'd have been fine.

I sure thought I was a goner. The sand was so dense that I couldn't see far, but I stuck by the railroad so I wouldn't get lost. I even tried to flag a train down, but when the engineers saw me, they were afraid I was a hold-up man and they just went faster! That was the way robbers used to do. One man would flag a train and when the train would stop, there'd be a half a dozen more walk up. They would shake the passengers out and get every nickel they had, plus what was in the express car, and take off. They had been doing that for nearly twenty years, so the engineers weren't about to stop.

The horses got tired and I had to stop and rest them even with the sand blowing. I stopped one time and couldn't sleep because the wind and the sand were blowing so. The horses just turned their backs to the wind, and I had to keep a handkerchief over my mouth. That lasted all the way to Deming. It was blowing when I got in there. But once I got on hard land, it quit. I had let my horses live on what they could get along the road. Even when I crossed that sandy country through New Mexico there was enough grass, but when a horse gets dry, he can't eat. They weren't very big around and I wasn't either when we finally got to Deming.

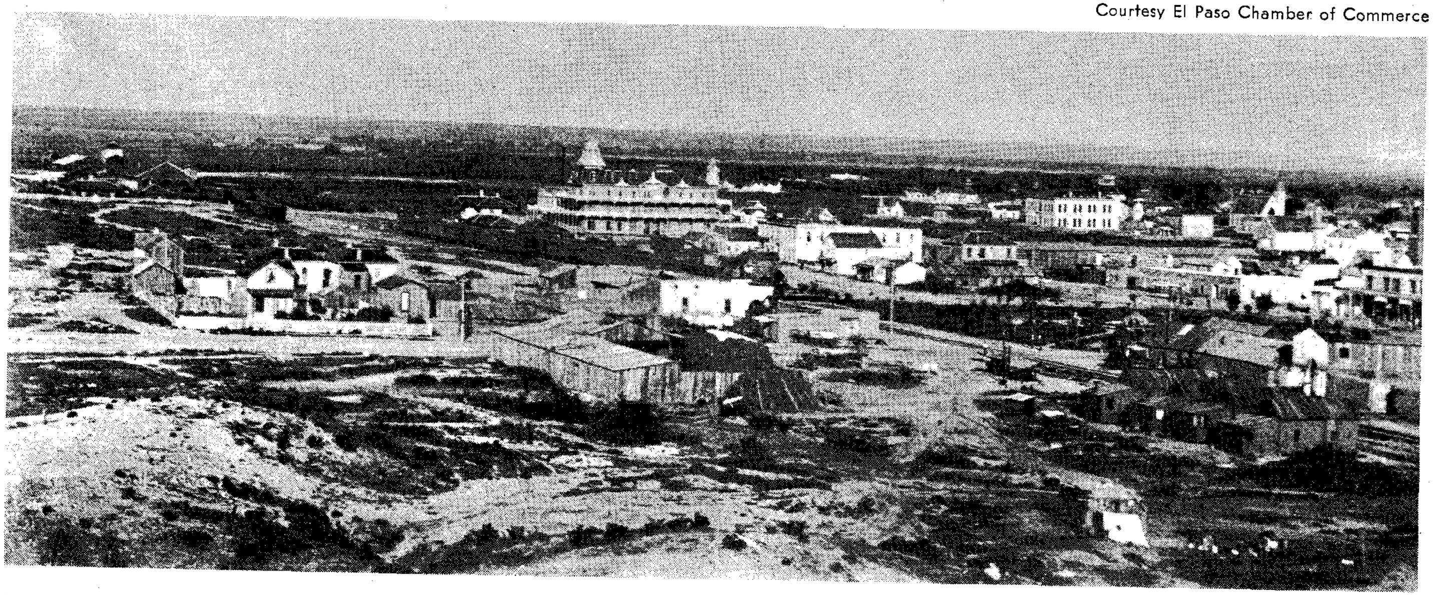
Oh, I was glad to see that water tank by the railroad track! I rode straight to it. The old pump man came out and brought a cup and a little tin bucket that would hold about a gallon and a half. He said, "I'm going to take you over. I see you're in bad shape. If you drink too much water, it will kill you. You just drink this and I'll water your horses." He first gave them a half a bucket and me a half a cup. Then he gave them a bucket apiece. I had pretty good sense. I knew that we were in danger if we drank too much water. It had been about two days since we had had any. There was an open place about a half-mile around.

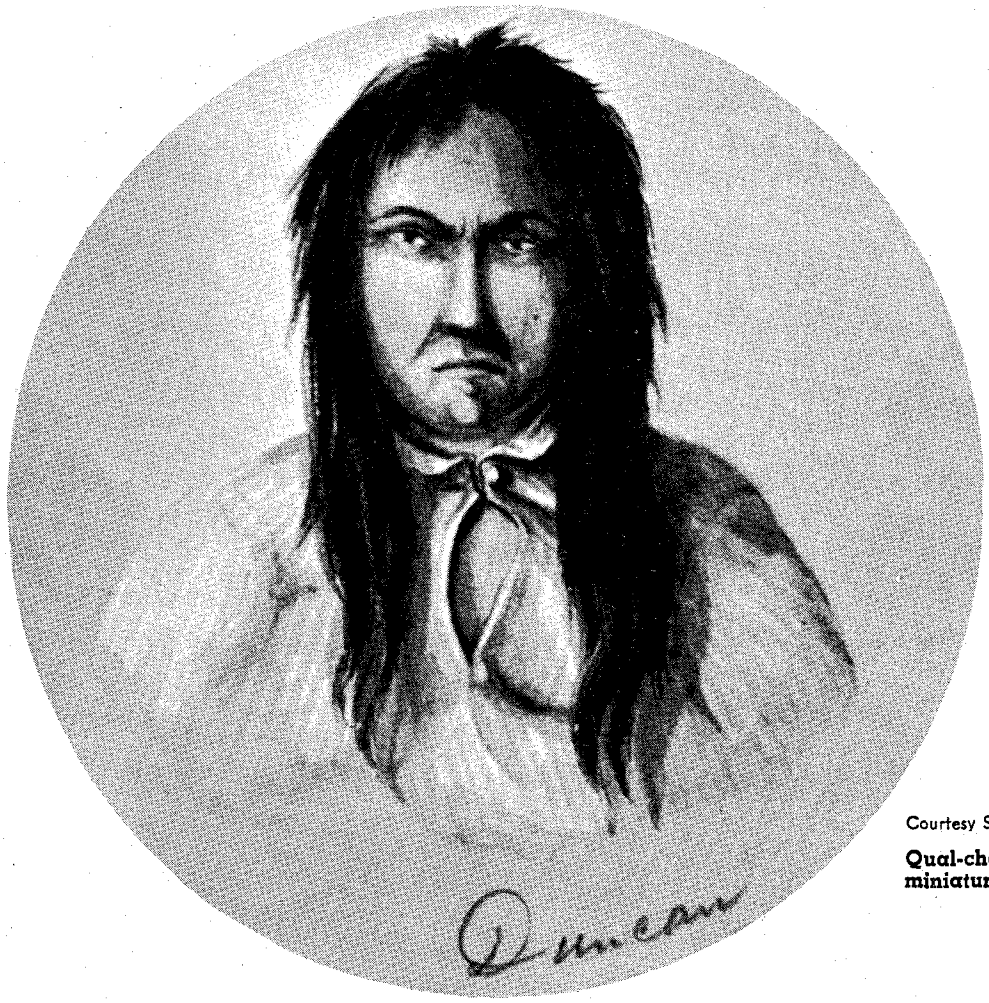
He told me, "You just walk around and lead your horses and every time you come back, I'll give you some more water." I don't know how many cups and bucketsful he doled out before he said, "You're all right now. I want you to stay

(Continued on page 51)

Early day El Paso showing the railroad tracks Young Bell followed through town in 1896.

Courtesy El Paso Chamber of Commerce





Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Qual-chan, son of Owhi, chief of the Yakimas, in a miniature watercolor by Lieutenant J. K. Duncan in the fall of 1853.

CRIMSON TRAIL

He bore a name not lightly bestowed —the "Tomahawk of his Tribe"

By HENRY REIMERS

Photos Courtesy Author

THE YAKIMA RIVER rolled uneasily over shallow gravel bars of the ford, across which two groups of riders confronted each other so warily that tension seemed to vibrate like heat waves in the September air. Five Yakima Indians, well mounted, well equipped, bearing themselves with the arrogance which had made their tribe synonymous with trouble to British fur trader and American alike, gave the six white horsemen a careful scrutiny, then urged their ponies into the stream, holding rifles high to avoid the splashings.

Gaining the west bank the Indians exchanged casual comments with the other riders, the Chinook jargon of the Northwest serving both groups. The words were pleasant enough but each warrior's expression was a somber mask. The white men, satisfied that the amenities of the trail had been observed, slightly nervous but trusting to superior numbers and presumably better arms, were eager to resume their eastward journey, one which hinted at a golden reward. With nods and semi-salutes of farewell they eased their horses into the water, then canted about in their saddles for a final glance.

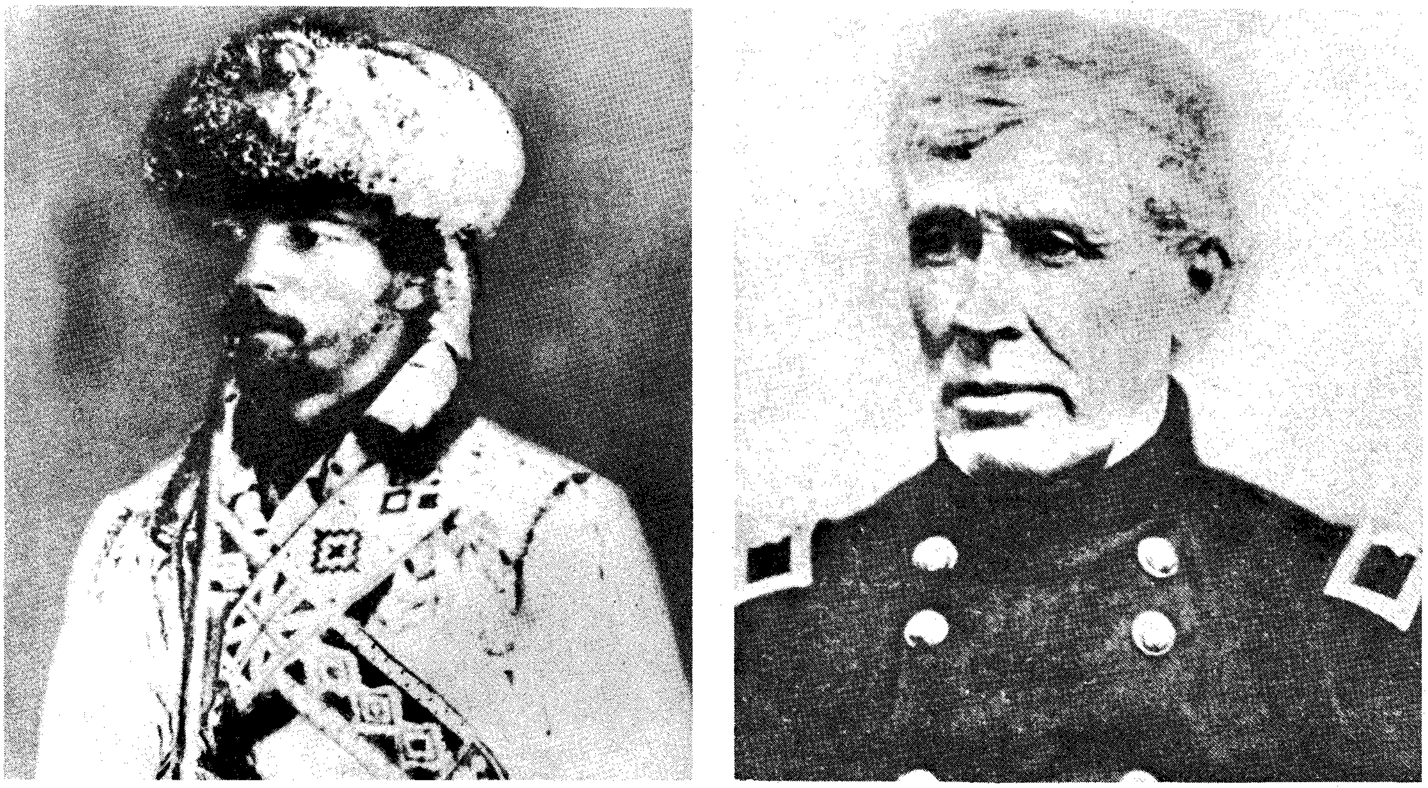
What they saw wrung curses, shouts of rage and alarm, and a dashing of spurs in the flanks of floundering mounts. One Indian, on a weirdly marked pony, gestured savagely with his gun and five rifles swept to bear on the startled group struggling in the river. Too late the white men snatched at their own weapons; the volley which crashed over the river hurled four of the riders into the current where drowning vied with bullet wounds to end their lives. Enveloped in gunsmoke their two companions reached the opposite bank, with one horse limping badly. The desperate pair, abandoning their mounts, plunged into the brush and willow growth fringing the stream.

Dashing back across the ford, the Indians tore after their prey in full cry. A second volley echoed, followed by the eerie silence which marks the end of violence. The warriors stared intently at the limp bodies of their victims but made no move to scalp them or strip away possessions, heeding gutteral instructions from their sinewy leader, he who rode the odd-colored pony. After brief consideration the two bodies were dragged to the bank, on into deep water, and released to join their four comrades on a long, dark journey, hopefully to the Columbia.

Friends and kinsmen in the infant settlement of Seattle waited long and anxiously for the return of these six gold prospectors.

(Please turn to page 12)

Seattle, Washington (right) about 1865. Ten years earlier, the town had successfully withstood an Indian siege led by Qual-chan and Leschi.

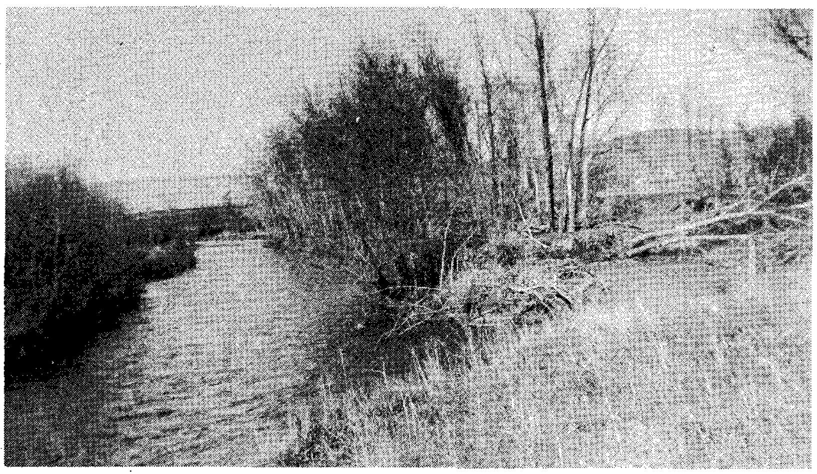


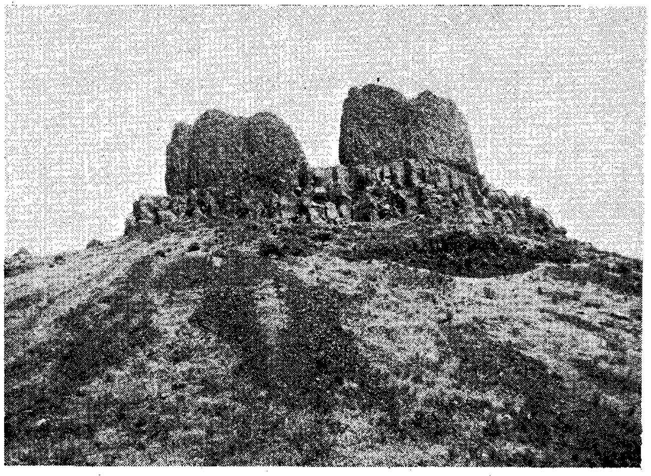
Photos This Page Courtesy Washington State Historical Society

Isaac I. Stevens (left), first Territorial Governor of Washington, convened the Treaty Council of Walla Walla in 1855 in an early attempt to bring peace to the region. Colonel George Wright (right), most prominent military leader in the Indian wars of 1855-58 in the Northwest, was a ruthless adversary of Qual-chan and finally saw the Indian executed.

OF QUAL-CHAN

LIVERY STABLE
32.137
ASAHEL CURTIS





Junction of Touchet River and Coppei Creek (left), noted by Lewis and Clark, was the scene of spirited action during the Indian wars. Twin Sisters (right), rocky outcroppings above the Columbia River, overlook old Fort Walla Walla's watery grave. Fighting between Colonel Kelly's soldiers and Walla Wallas led by Peu-peu-mox-mox began near here, then extended eastward to Walla Walla Valley.

Such was the dark deed in September, 1855 by which Qual-chan, the "Tomahawk of his Tribe," came to prominence in troubled Washington Territory a century ago. It triggered a series of reactions which jeopardized the Treaty of Walla Walla and which kindled outbursts of hostility from Canada to California, from the Pacific Coast to the Blue Mountains and even farther inland. For the next several years the bold Yakima warrior, with his peerless Appaloosa war pony, was always found where the action was most fierce.

THE rash attack of Qual-chan and his followers, flagrant though it was, should have occasioned no great surprise. For years Indian unrest had increased, stimulated by immigration over the Oregon Trail. The massacre at Whitman Mission in 1847, followed by the prompt exodus of all settlers from inland regions, removed temporarily the threat of American occupation. Then followed the Cayuse War of 1847-48 which brought retribution to the slayers of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and at the same time revealed to the Oregon Volunteers the richness of the land over which they pursued the guilty tribesmen. Many soldiers, mindful that the Willamette Valley was becoming well settled, laid plans to obtain claims in the region where they had recently campaigned, as pay for their services.

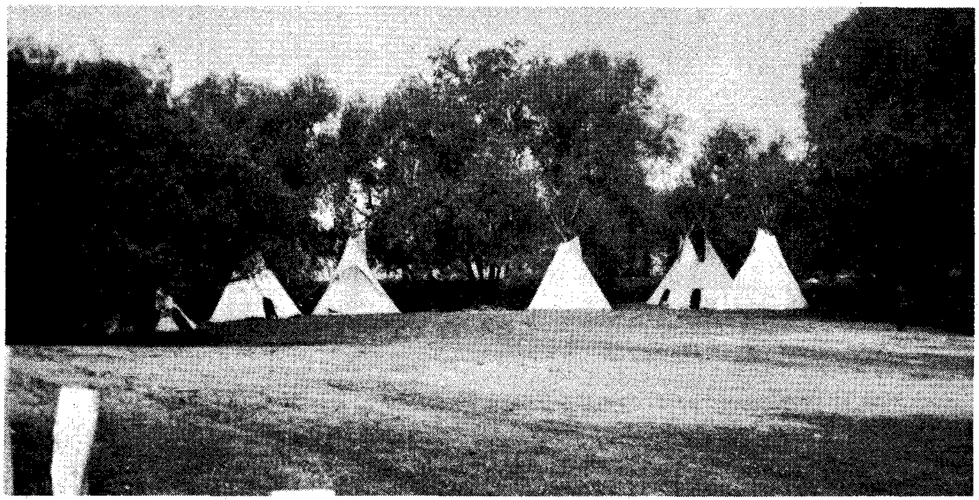
When Isaac I. Stevens, first territorial governor of Washington, arrived on the scene, having accepted a position which Abraham Lincoln had declined, he promptly let it be known that settlement of the "Indian Problem" ranked high on his list of priorities. Realizing this would end their natural way of life, several noted chiefs plotted counter-strategy with an energy rivaling that of the dynamic Governor Stevens.

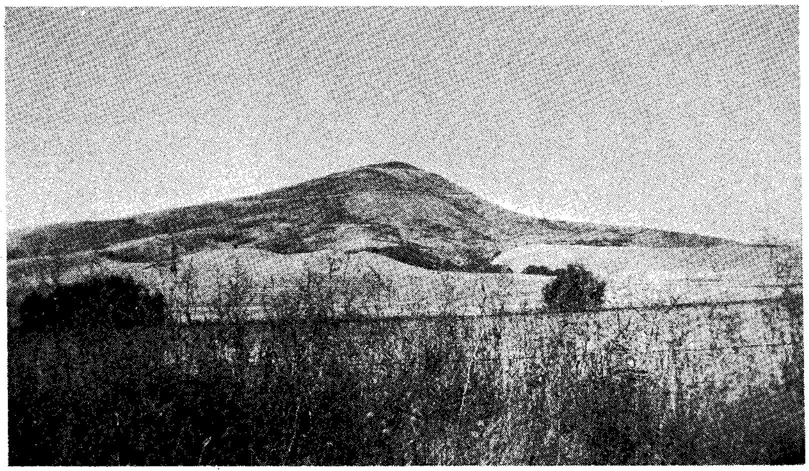
To every corner of the region hard-riding messengers, including Qual-chan, carried summons to a great council which met in the Grande Ronde Valley of Oregon in 1854. There it was decided each tribe should demonstrate rightful claim to favored areas of such extent that nothing would remain available for whites. If overruled, the greatest confederation of Indian power since Pontiac or Tecumseh meant to resist any military invasion with all the forces it could muster.

Isaac I. Stevens convened the Treaty Council of Walla Walla in June 1855. His escort was dwarfed in numbers by a host of sullen redmen; but shaded by an arbor of greenery which protected him from the heat of the sun, if not from hot glares of the tribesmen, the governor explained his proposals. These met with vigorous disapproval and a plot developed to kill the paleface chief and annihilate all his companions. The plan was thwarted when friendly Nez Perces, led by Chief Lawyer, encamped nearby.

The talks continued, with mountain man William Craig as interpreter. There were promises of annuities, presents, contributions to assure a better and more peaceful life. In the end the diminutive Stevens apparently won his point. A collection of documents, properly marked

Four Lakes Battle Monument (left) near the highway at Four Lakes, Washington. Fighting began on Wright's Butte (out of picture, left background) and extended to the open land where the marker stands. Tepees during the 1955 centennial celebration mark the campsite (below) where Isaac Stevens negotiated the 1855 treaties at Walla Walla which resulted in the surrender of much Indian land.





Cabin in Touchet Valley (left) west of Waitsburg, Washington was built by George Pollard, a packer for the Steptoe and Wright expeditions. On the left is Betty Pollard, a descendant. Steptoe Butte (right), labeled Pyramid Peak by Lewis and Clark, helped Colonel E. J. Steptoe locate his route of retreat after narrowly avoiding disaster on his 1858 expedition.

by the natives, surrendered their right to camp, hunt, fish, dig roots or roam over much familiar terrain favored by their fathers.

During the final stages of the council Chief Looking Glass, leader of a highly militant band of Nez Perces, arrived from an extended trip to buffalo country. His anger at the disposal of tribal lands made him a potent ally of Kamiakin, Owhi, Peu-peu-mox-mox, Moses and Young Chief, whose opposition to the agreement was plainly evident. Nevertheless Governor Stevens adjourned the meeting and proceeded eastward to deal with Rocky Mountain tribes in his jurisdiction, indifferent to the smoldering resentment which belied acceptance of the treaty.

Qual-chan had been active in various camps of the redmen, assessing tempers of all potential allies. His energy won the approval of irate Chief Looking Glass, who presented the zealous Yakima brave with a Nez Perce war pony, the finest Appaloosa in his herd. Included with this gift were two revolvers, a rifle, a buckskin suit, and all the accoutrements of war.

"These gifts are from the oldest warrior to our greatest," said the wily Looking Glass. "I expect to hear from you!"

When Qual-chan promptly precipitated his attack on the six miners, Looking Glass "heard," as did other Indians and a few thoroughly alarmed white men.

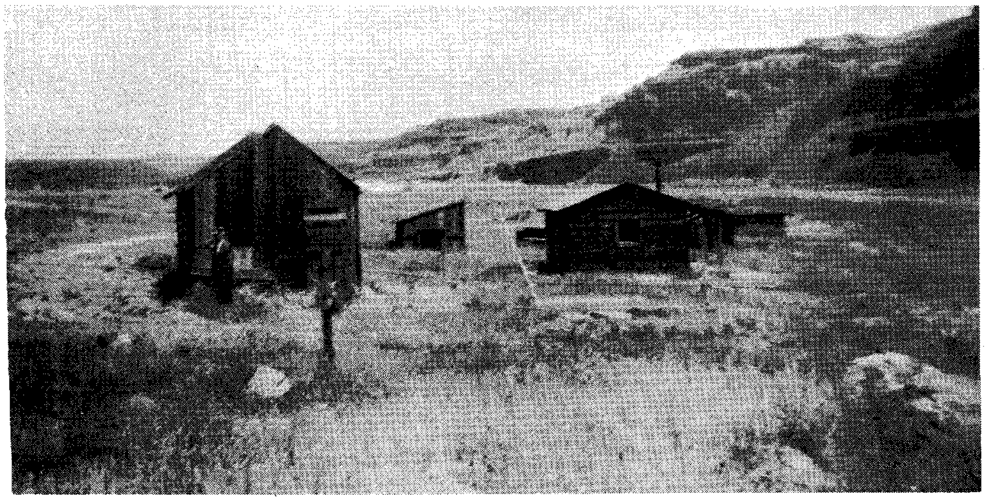
NEWS of hostilities in the Yakima country reached Indian agency headquarters at The Dalles. Sub-agent Andrew Bolon, unescorted, rode to the region to determine the truth of various rumors. Information gleaned from friendly natives, plus their warning of dire danger if he pursued his investigation, convinced the courageous man that he should return while an avenue of escape remained open. On the journey, however, he met three tribesmen with whom he was acquainted, who were bound for one of the fisheries along the Columbia. They traveled together in seeming good will but when an opportunity came the Indians killed Bolon, a deed more ruthless than that of Qual-chan. The agent's horse was killed and everything connected with the crime was reduced to ashes, but news of this act also reached The Dalles. Warfare soon threatened the entire Northwest.

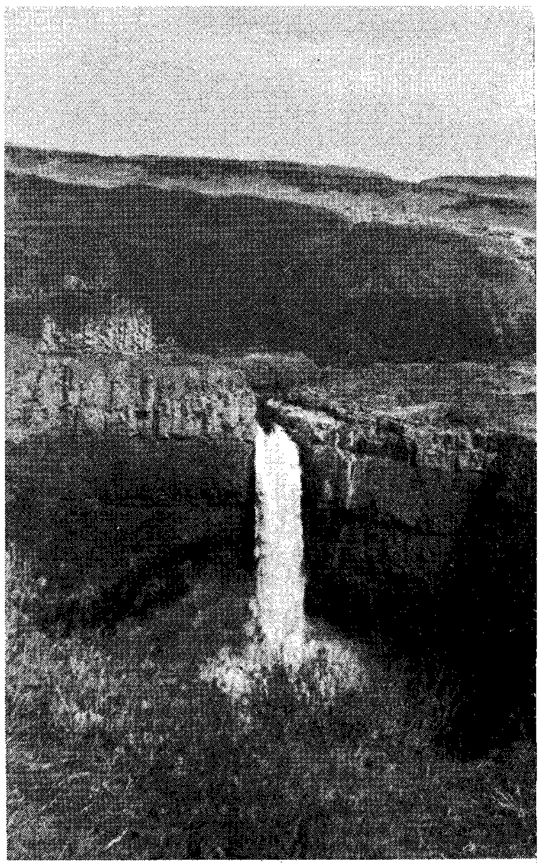
Major Granville Haller promptly marched north with a troop numbering less than 100 men. At Toppenish Creek he confronted a war party led by Kamiakin. A bitter battle of several hours' duration was ending in a stalemate when Qual-chan charged to the scene of conflict with 200 fresh fighters. Faced with disaster, Haller retreated to The Dalles, harassed all the way by the aggressive redmen.

From Puget Sound Lieutenant Slaughter headed through Naches Pass to join Haller, unaware of the latter's defeat. Qual-chan prepared an ambush for the young officer and his reinforcements. Slaughter, a West Point graduate, sent John Edgar to scout his proposed route.

(Continued on page 60)

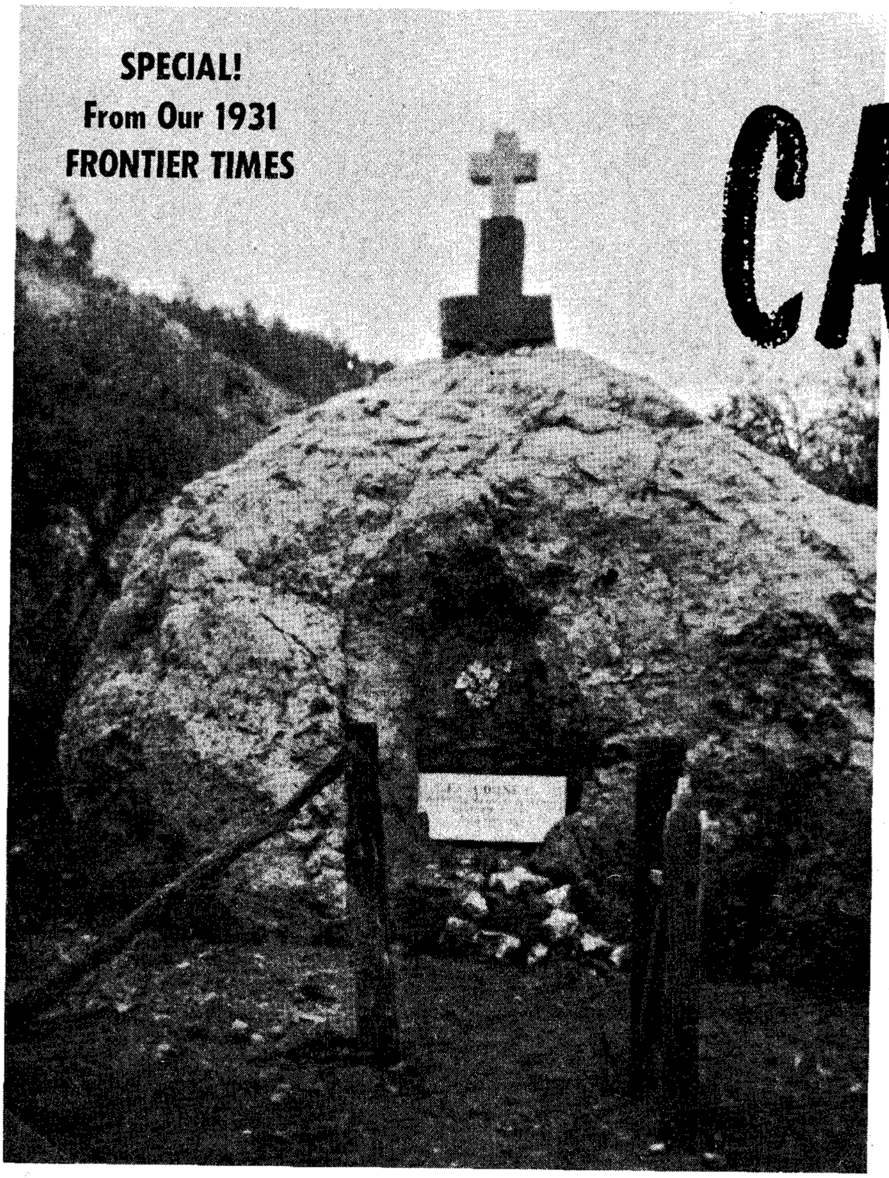
Cabins of the last remaining Palouse Indians (below) near Lyons Ferry on the Snake River opposite Colonel Wright's Fort Taylor. George Fish-man (Fisher), last member of his tribe, returned here annually until the early 1950s to tend the small cemetery in which are buried Chief Old Bones and many kinsmen. This also is the approximate discovery site of the Marmes Man. A few miles downstream from spectacular Palouse Falls (right) was the Palouse village Wright visited during his 1858 campaign.





SPECIAL!
From Our 1931
FRONTIER TIMES

CAPTAIN



By JAMES H. LYCONS

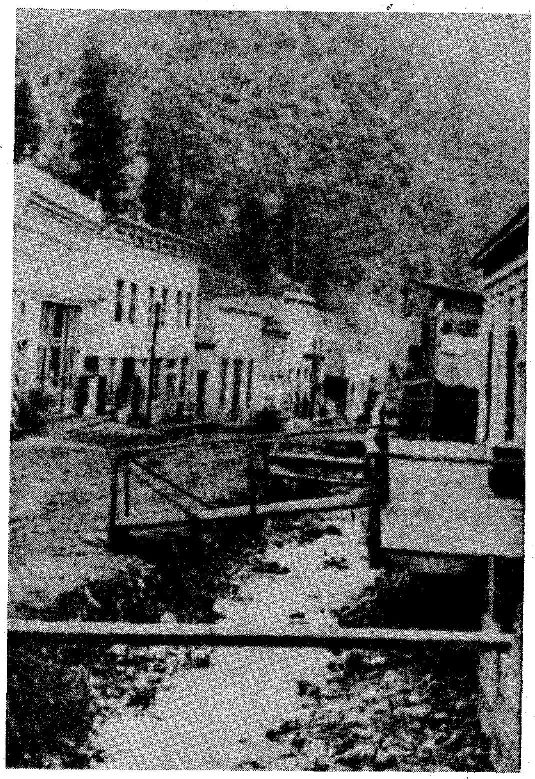
IT WAS IN the summer of 1887 while prospecting west of Magdalena, New Mexico that I first met Captain Michael Cooney. He stayed several nights at my camp on his trips from the Mogollon Mountains to the county seat at Socorro. He was a big jolly good-hearted man, a good storyteller and a genuine optimist, and the nights passed off more cheerfully when Captain Cooney was in camp. Sitting around the fire at night he told me much about the life and death of his brother, Jim, and many of the events connected with his own life. Other things about the latter years of Michael's life and of his death were told me by his widow and his son, Charles.

James and Michael Cooney were brothers

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

Boulder tomb of James Cooney (left) prepared by his brother, Captain Michael Cooney, near Mogollon, New Mexico. The plaque inscription reads, "J. C. Cooney, Killed by Victorio's Apaches, April 29, 1880, Aged 40 Years." Below left, miners between Mogollon and Cooney about 1890. Below, Mogollon about 1910 astride Silver Creek.

Photos Courtesy Bill Rakocy, Artesia, New Mexico



COONEY'S FATE

assigned very strenuous parts in life's great drama—from the cradle to the grave—and well they played the game. They were of Irish parentage, Canadian born, and both were red-headed.

Just a few years before the Civil War started in the United States they were in the early years of manhood and made up their minds to leave their Canadian home and emigrate to the United States. They located in Chicago, Illinois. When President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers, James Cooney enlisted in the Eighth Regiment, United States Cavalry and eventually became quartermaster sergeant of that regiment. At the end of the Civil War the Eighth Regiment was transferred to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, where it did very efficient work in protecting the early settlers of southwestern New Mexico and eastern Arizona from the Apache Indians. In spite of all the protection that the government could give, however, the lives of many adventuresome settlers and brave troopers were taken by the stealthy, hard riding and crafty Indians, led by their two famous war chiefs, Victorio and Geronimo.

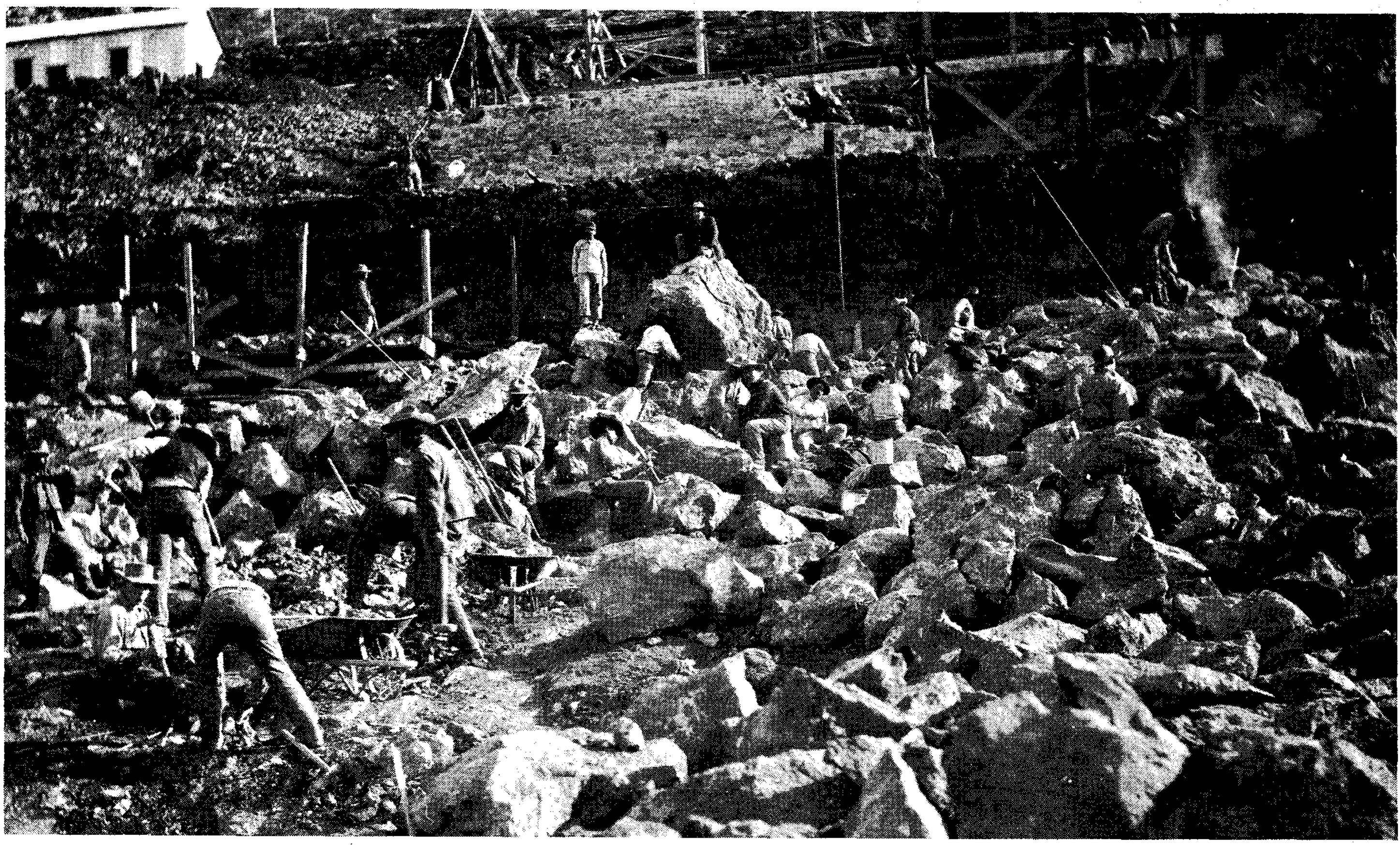
A big price was paid in the winning of the Southwest to the white man's control. During his term of service at Fort Bayard, Sergeant James Cooney was in many lively scraps with the Apaches. He was often detailed as messenger and dispatch-bearer to other government forts scattered throughout the Southwest. Alone he had several hard rides and running fights with Apaches. He usually wore a broad-brimmed hat and among the Indians was known as "Big Hat."

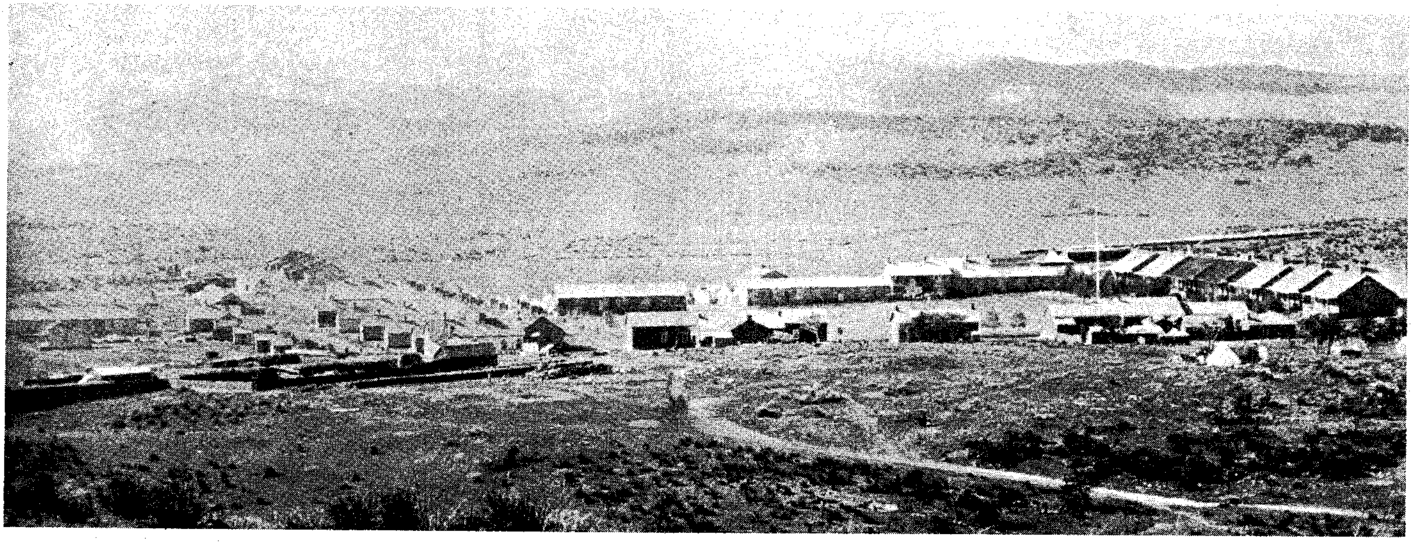
Some time before his term of enlistment expired, Sergeant James Cooney, in command of a detail of soldiers, was sent by his commanding officer at Fort Bayard, north to the headwaters of the Gila River to what was given the name of Fort Tularosa. While there he found outcroppings of high grade gold- and silver-bearing veins in the Mogollon Mountains. After his term of enlistment expired in 1876 he went back to the Mogollons, accompanied by several other men, and the prospecting of the mineral belt was begun.

James Cooney and Harry McAllister discovered and located the Fanny Mine, which produced many thousands of dollars worth of gold and silver. In 1878 the Mogollon Mining District was organized according to United States law and regulations. James Cooney, G. C. Williams, W. J. Burns, Frank Vingo, George Doyle, Alex McLaughlin and John Lambert were the leaders in the move to organize. At that time the Mogollon Mountains were

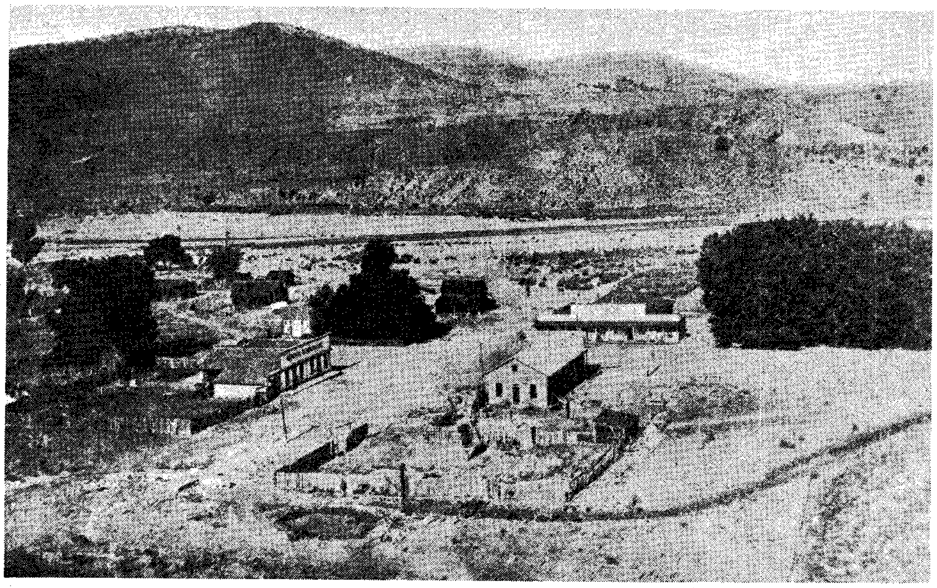
Hardrock miners put in a long day's work in the Mogollon, New Mexico mining district about 1890.

Courtesy Bill Rakocy, Artesia, New Mexico

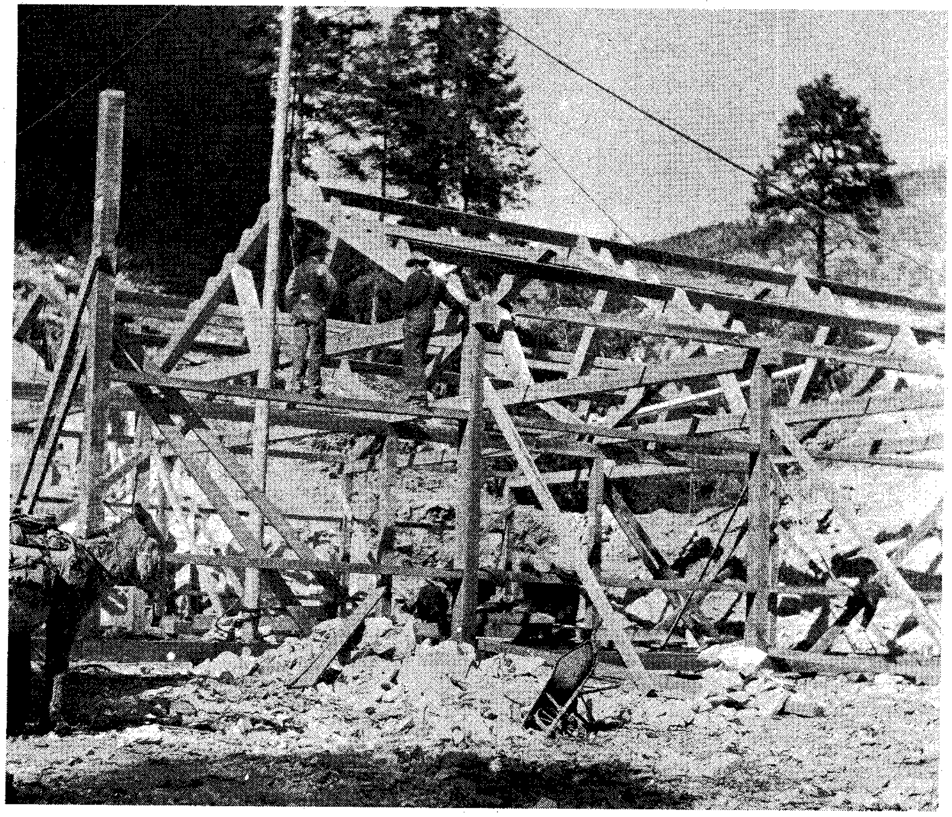




Courtesy National Archives



Courtesy Bill Rakocy, Artesia, New Mexico



Fort Bayard, New Mexico (above) about 1885 where James Cooney was quartermaster-sergeant. Alma, New Mexico (left), seen from the east with the San Francisco Mountains in the distance, was besieged by Victorio's Apaches in April 1880. Below left, construction believed to be the ball mill house for the Fanny Mine about 1890.

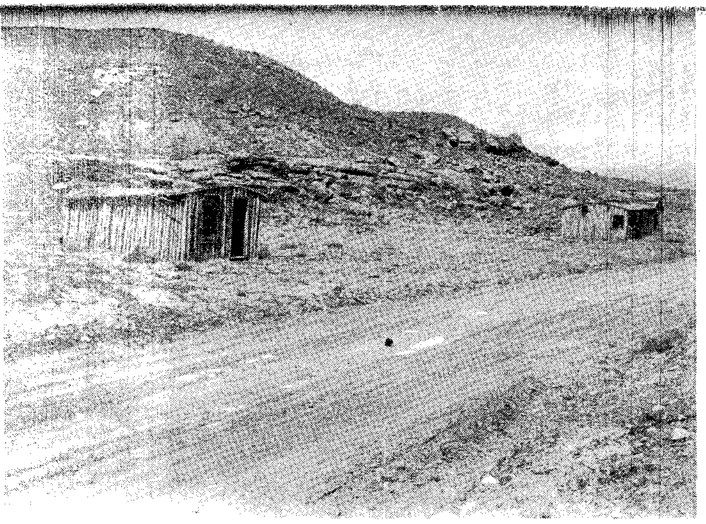
Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

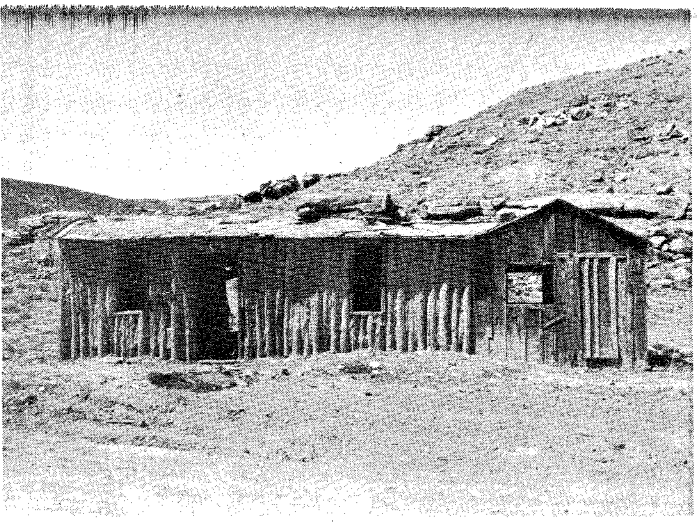
in Socorro County. Two camps, or towns, were started, one named Alma and the other Mogollon, about eight miles apart. Both camps built stockades for defense against the Apaches.

EARLY in 1880 the Apaches had a big war party out, under the command of Victorio, and during the latter days of April they had put up a fight to wipe out of existence the town of Alma. For several days it was completely surrounded by Apaches, the number being estimated at from 400 to 600 warriors. The Indians did not seem to pay any particular attention to Mogollon, very few having been seen around that camp, but everyone was in the stockade expecting a raid any moment. All were well armed and they had plenty of ammunition and being fearless pioneers they knew how to use their guns. The stockade was well supplied with food and an abundance of good water, so no fear was entertained that the Apaches would be able to capture the camp.

No Indians had been sighted around Mogollon during the forenoon of April 30, and after dinner was over in the stockade Jim Cooney and a man named "Chick" went out on a scouting trip, hoping to find out something about conditions at Alma. They had only gone about three-quarters of a mile up the creek from the stockade when they ran into an ambush. Jim Cooney was evidently shot through the thigh in the first attack but managed to drag himself to the protecting trunk of a large tree where his body was found riddled by bullets. Around the tree trunk were found many empty cartridge shells from his gun, mute evidence that he died fighting. Chick's body was found about 200 feet down the creek toward camp. No doubt after he saw Jim fall he tried to get

(Continued on page 57)





DEATH OF AN OUTLAW

The outlaw in this case was Utah's famous Strip where neither state nor federal jurisdiction prevailed. And the gun in the hand of the "outlaw" was the infamous Babcock Place...

BY GEORGE E. STEWART

Photos Courtesy Author

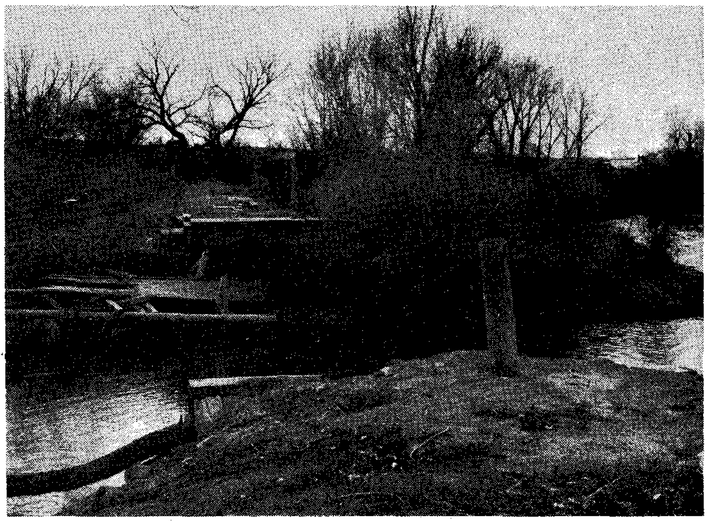
THE GLASSLESS windows stare with rheumy eyes across a land of desolation. A treasure seeker has ripped up the floor and dug—hunting, I suppose, for gold coins he thought might have been dropped years ago by drunks who couldn't keep track of their money. Aside from this, the old buildings, untended for all these years, remain intact. Even the cellar with an entrance behind the bar and with wall built of earth-tamped beer barrels, is almost as it was in the old days. Most would pass these buildings by, believing them to be the shebang of some lonely homesteader who starved out long ago, leaving nothing behind worth finding—hence their preservation.

But in the decades around the turn of the century, this was "The Babcock Place"—a saloon, gambling den and bawdy house. A place of sin located beside the Post Road, an army-built public highway which ran between Fort Duchesne and Randlett in the "Big Uintah Country" of northeastern Utah, it was built on land which, due to its unique title status, was out of bounds for ordinary law or for any ordinary law enforcement officers. This place was wild, an outlaw, on the legendary "Strip," and it all came about because of a mine.

Angling through the sandrock of the desert was a vertical fissure vein of a hydro-carbon ore called gilsonite. This peculiar type of mineral is found in Uintah Basin and nowhere else in the world. By experimentation, Samuel Gil-

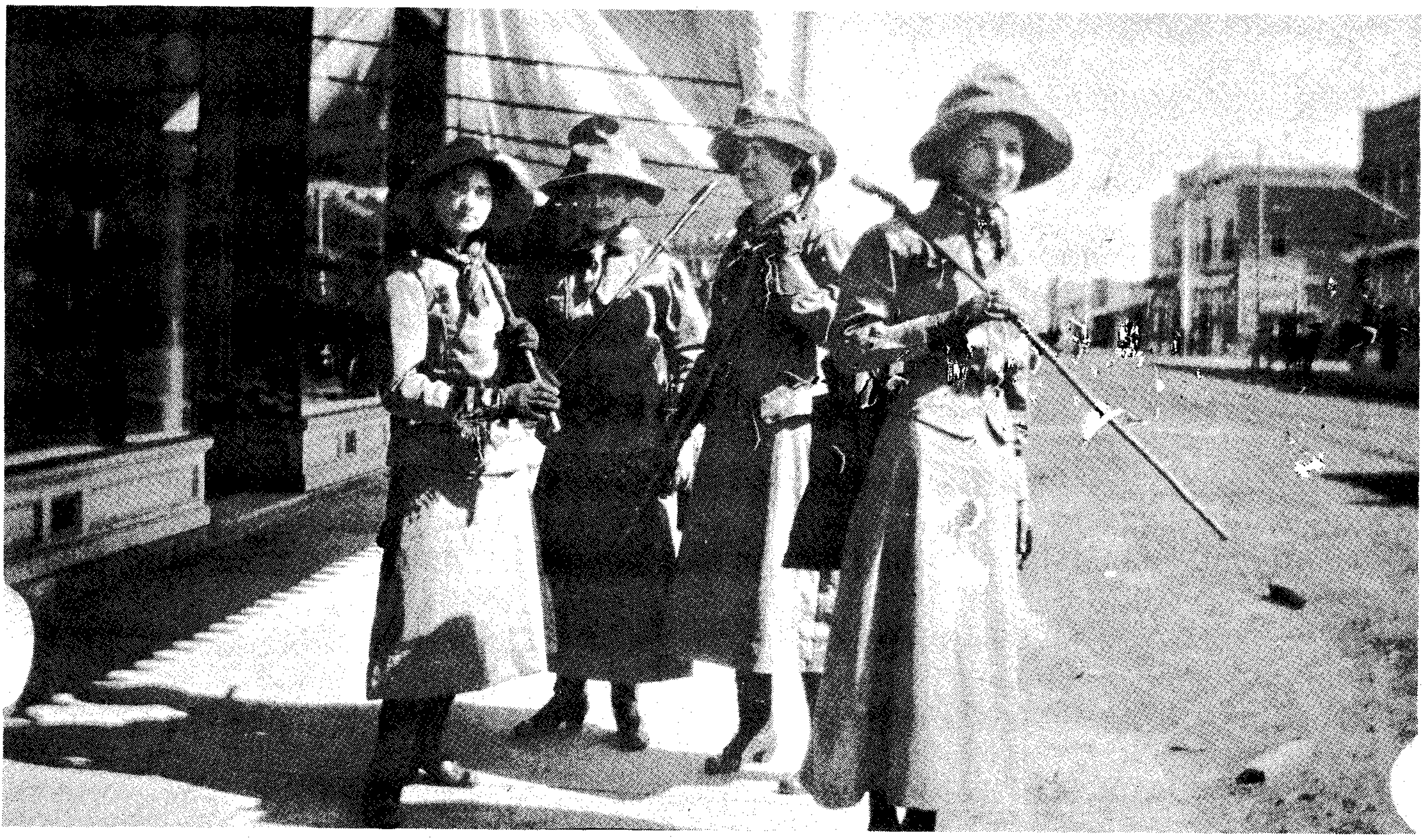
(Continued on page 55)

Ghosts are the Babcock Place's only clientele today. Clockwise from top left: the brothel (left) and saloon on the post road; front of the saloon; the saloon interior; and remains of the Red Bridge across the Uintah River, with Fort Duchesne site on horizon at right.



They called themselves

THE TRAMP

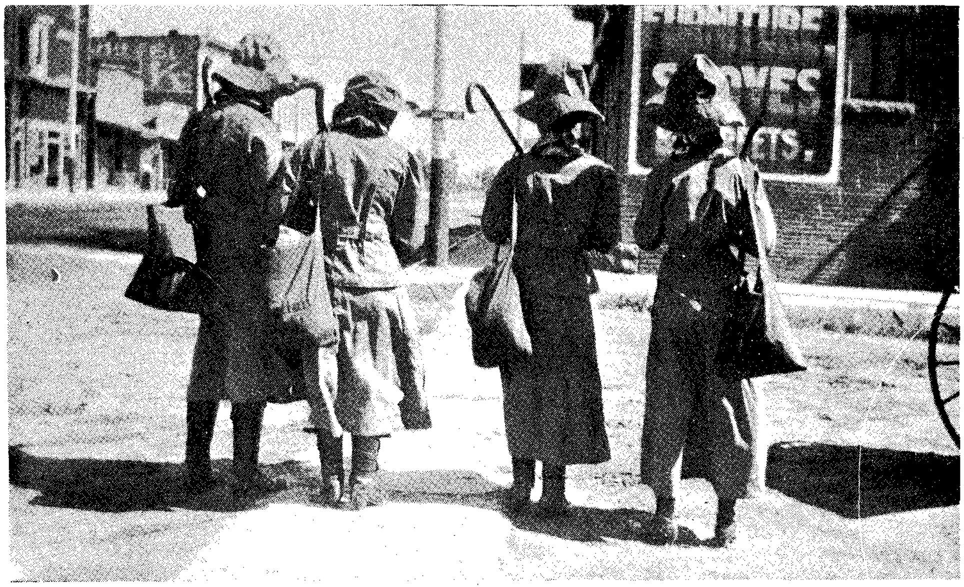


GIRLS

—a pretty quartet out for a fling!

Submitted and with
an Introduction
By EVA TUBB

Photos From the Book



FIFTY-SEVEN years ago four lovely young ladies decided to hike from Blackwell, Oklahoma to Wellington, Kansas, a distance of forty-five miles over dusty roads. The story of their adventure, entitled "Tramp Trip Reminiscences," was written and prepared by one or more of the girls shortly after their return home.

The story was typed on sheets of heavy brown paper approximately eight-by-ten inches and illustrated by hand with several pen-and-watercolor sketches and twenty-five photographs pasted in. The story then was loosely bound in a cloth cover—quite possibly cut from their brown canvas knapsacks!

Probably only four copies were prepared; the copy used here belonged to Norah Kinnan, later Mrs. Henry C. Boyle. Shortly after the death of Mr. Boyle in the early 1950s, (Norah had died earlier), his relatives gave the copy to Ann Butler, who in turn later presented it to me.

Here, then, is the original account of the four girls' exciting hike—a brief but brave journey in a little corner of the West of more than half a century ago.

Tramp Trip Reminiscences
THE TRAMP GIRLS
First Edition

DEDICATED to all who by word, deed or thought, helped us to carry out our plans on this memorable trip.

CHAPTER I. Thursday, May 23rd, 1912. After a great deal of planning and preparation, such as the manufacture of khaki suits, repairing of shoes,

Ready for their adventure (at left), the tramp girls are (from left) Maudine Ricks, Lulu Hood, Norah Kinnan, and Jessie Hunt.

and the gathering together of lemons, blank post-cards, a liquid pistol, with ammunition therefor; face cream, powder, soap, pencils and paper for the purpose of keeping our anxious families posted as to our welfare, a letter of recommendation, or introduction, so to speak; a kodak, with film therefor; a knapsack, each; and a staff upon which to lean, and with which to intimidate vicious dogs; we, Norah Kinnan, Maudine Ricks, Lulu Hood and Jessie Hunt, take up our staffs and our burdens and proceed to "hike" to Wellington—forty-five miles away.

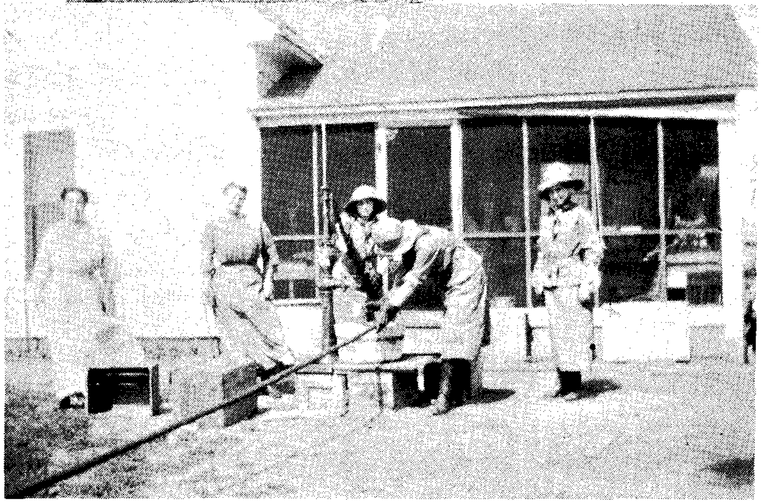
Our knapsacks are of brown canvas, with the words "CHRISTIAN HERALD" printed in bold letters across each side thereof. Our provisions consist of a substantial breakfast, eaten before starting, a sack of popcorn, each, a few graham crackers and three buns. In our pockets, we each carry one dollar—ninety cents of which will be required to buy our tickets back to Blackwell. In case of emergency, we carry a letter of recommendation, which is as follows:

"Blackwell, Okla., May 22, 1912

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

"This introduces to you, Miss Norah Kinnan, Miss Maudine Ricks, Miss Lulu Hood and Miss Jessie M. Hunt, who are residents of the City of Blackwell. We take pleasure in commending them to your favorable consideration. Any favors which you may show to them will be considered as personal ones to us. We hereby assume responsibility, financially and morally, for everything they may do until this recommendation is returned to us. We respectfully request that all vicious dogs be properly restrained while they are in the neighborhood. Will you please assist them in having a good time, while on this hike.

"Respectfully yours, John S. Burger; B. C. Wieck, County Attorney; G. E. Dowis, Cashier, First National Bank; M. E. Murray, Asst. Cashr., 1st National Bank; B. W. Jones, Sec. Commercial Club; N. D. Kistler, Mayor Blackwell; J. M. McGee, Jeweler; The Foster Merc. Co. Dept. Store; Mrs. Mary Alverson, Past Grand Matron and Present Gr. Sec. O.E.S. State of Okla.; J. O. Baker, Mgr. Blackwell Lbr. Co.; L. H. Hood, Secy-Treas. Blackwell Oil & Gas Company; W. L. Ralston, Real Estate; A. G. Barrett, D. G. Co.; Mrs. Ella Wilson, Mayor,



Hunnewell, Kansas; W. H. Burks, Wellington, Kas."

At 9:30 A.M. we are off, with best wishes and the misgivings of a host of friends and city officials, including the mayor, who after signing our letter, and loaning his staff to Lou, admonishes us "to be goot." At 9:35, just at the city limits, we are overtaken by Mr. Hahn and Chas. Richards, in Mr. Hahn's machine, and asked to ride as far as the North bridge. The kind offer is accepted and we leave the City of Blackwell in an auto. At the bridge we are deposited, with many regrets from the philanthropical gentlemen that the machine is going no farther. We walk again for about half a mile, when Gib Clift overtakes us with a topless buggy and one horse, and kindly asks us to ride. We politely accept and ride another half mile. We are now overtaken by Mr. Belliel and family, who are traveling northward in a lumber wagon. Upon inquiry it is found that they are going our way, and we are invited to ride. We are polite, if nothing else, and accept with alacrity. It now develops that Mr. and Mrs. Belliel, with their small son and his dog, are going to Kansas, and we decide to bear them company so far as our ways coincide. The alfalfa hay in the wagon saves our bones from coming through our flesh, skin and clothing, and we are fairly comfortable.

Our dog, or rather that of our host, attacks a much smaller dog and furnishes an exciting dog-fight. The dog is rescued by his small master, and we proceed on our way. At noon we pass our proposed lunching place, and assist our hosts and hostess to dispose of their graham crackers and jug of water, and in return, divide with them, our popcorn.

Two P.M. and we give Braman the go-by, missing that important city by about a mile and a half. Norah and Lou become weary and take a nap on the hay, and Maudine takes their picture.

WE HAVE some very instructive conversation about the crops growing alongside the road, and several disputes as to the kind of grain growing. We pass, in silence and with averted eyes, the forsaken scene of a murder.

Three P.M., and with many regrets we leave our kind friends, the Belliels, on the State line, six miles east of Hunnewell, Kansas.

We trudge toward Hunnewell, in high spirits and tired of riding. It is hot, and we stop at Mrs. Kinder's and get a drink of water, causing that good lady to come in from her garden to get it for us. In return for her kindness, Jessie, with her staff, almost knocks the chimney off the lamp, and Maudine saves Jessie's dollar by warning her of the dangerous position of her stick. Mrs. Kinder's son—bashful fellow—climbs into his wagon and drives off to Hunnewell, from under our very noses.

It is hot, but we must to the road and off. After a very short walk, Maudine cries for bread and milk. Jessie bravely asks for a glass of milk for each girl. Maudine then asks for bread to put in it, and the kind lady, who proves to be Miss Dorothy Riley, adds a plate of cake. Miss Riley is acquainted with the Galloups and tells us that they live in a big white house in the east side of Hunnewell. She also tells us that there has been a bridge out between our present location and the town of Hunnewell, and that if we can-

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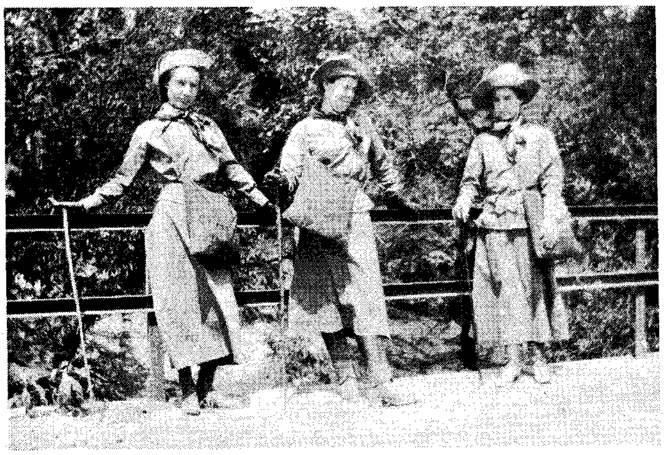
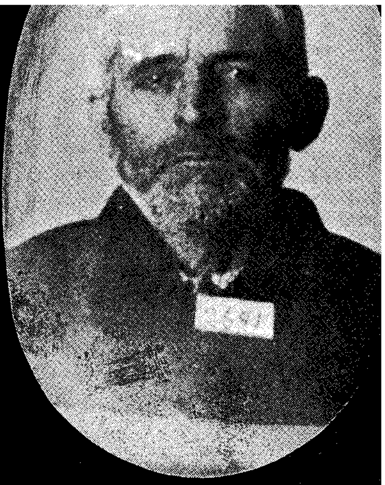


The McCOY Gang



Dick McCoy

Nothing could change the direction of a man's life quicker than a drift fence. It cut across more than land—it cut across the mind and heart and conscience of the rancher and nester involved

By VICTOR W. MILLER

Photos Courtesy Author

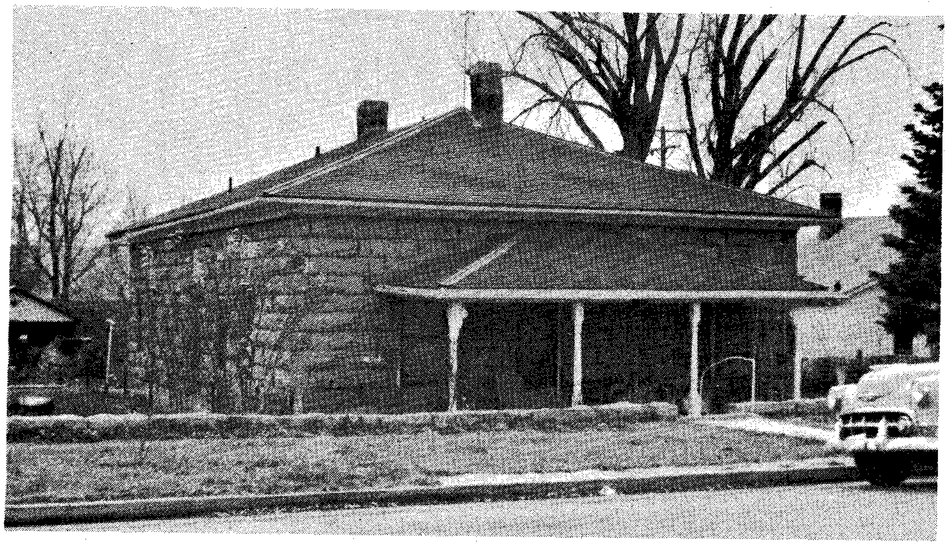
SOME CLAIM Dick McCoy was one of Quantrill's gang. Others go as far as to say he was related to the McCoys of the feuding clans of Hatfield and McCoy notoriety. Dick McCoy did live in Missouri during the Civil War and was at the right age to be riding with that vengeful horde, and many Missourians who moved westward after the war had their origin in Tennessee. There are no records, however, at this late date to prove Dick McCoy had any connection with either group.

He arrived in Fremont County, Colorado in the early 1870s with wife Susan; son Charles, ten or twelve years old; daughter Minnie, eight or nine; and little Joe, born in 1867. Dick was in his early forties.

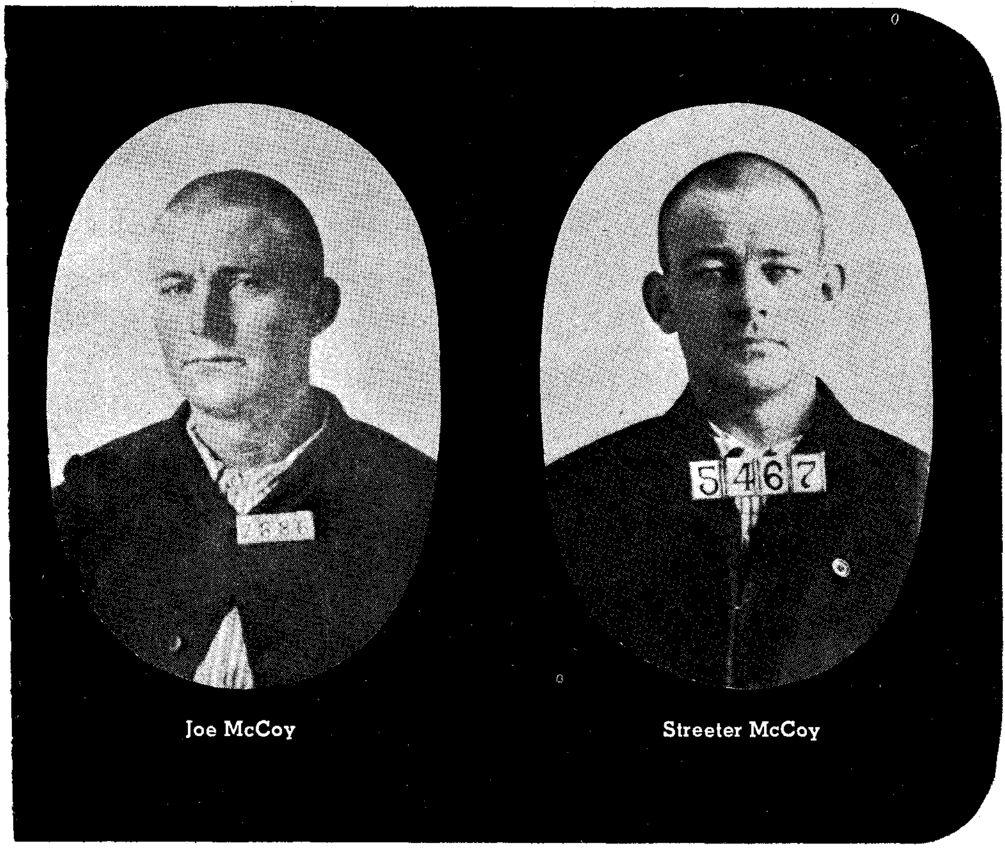
At first he settled between Wetmore and Florence and did general farming and some gardening. About eight years later he moved up the Arkansas River to take up a homestead along that turbulent stream about halfway between Texas Creek and Cotopaxi. He would have had to look long and far to have found a place more suitable for the way of life he took up there.

Though the railroad was built along the north side of the river about the time the McCoys settled, there was no road, as now, on the south side where his ranch home was located. Nor was there anyone else living between Texas Creek and Cotopaxi. It was an isolated spot, hard to reach, even on horseback, except by the wagon road he built to the homestead from Texas Creek, a railroad station consisting of a depot and section house.

Scattered through the hills to the south were other somewhat less-isolated settlers struggling to gain an independent living in this land that yielded little more than subsistence for most ranchers. A decade earlier a man named Beckwith had



Fremont County, Colorado's first jail (left) in Canon City from which Joe McCoy and others escaped in 1890 after removing one of the rectangular blocks in their cell wall. Eldredge, Parry and Boyd escaped from here eighteen months later after overpowering the jailer.



Joe McCoy

Streeter McCoy

moved in several thousand southern cattle and turned them on the range south of Texas Creek. His ranch headquarters was in the Wet Mountain Valley near Westcliffe.

The rough granite hills north of the river furnished some winter range for several large operators with ranches farther back. One of these was T. Witcher who had brought in Texas cattle in the 1870s. These large operators thought the range should be theirs because they were there first and they resented any newcomers moving in on their territory.

Trouble between the cattlemen whose herds grazed far from the home ranch, and the small outfits who desired the range nearby for their own stock was inevitable, for only men of strong will and determination would venture to settle in such a region.

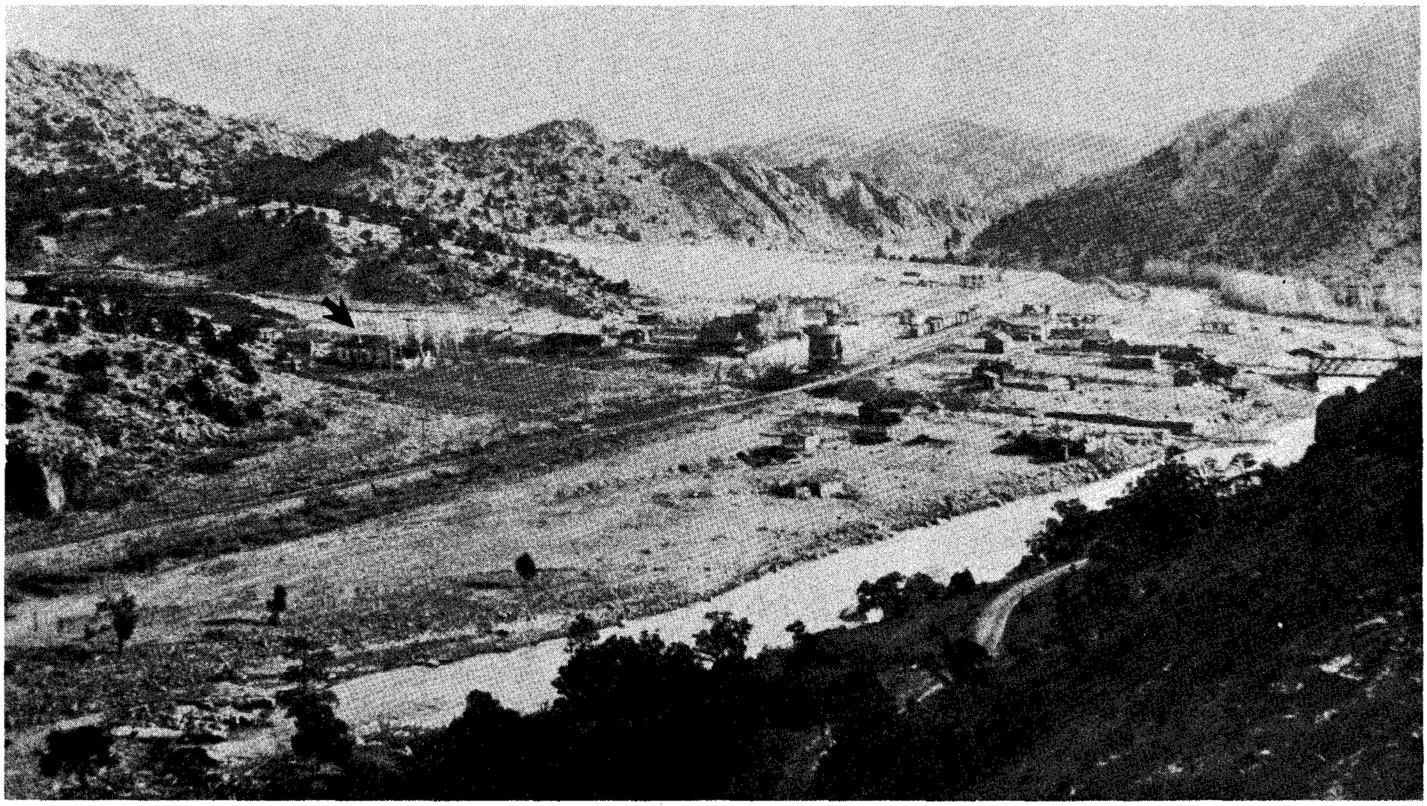
In this setting Dick McCoy began cattle ranching, and his children grew up among other ranch families of similar circumstances. In winter, so many of Beckwith's cattle drifted in around the McCoy ranch, or were driven there to take advantage of the open feed in the lower country free of snow most of the time, that there was little grazing for the McCoy cattle. To save the range he wanted, Dick built a drift fence about three miles south of the river.

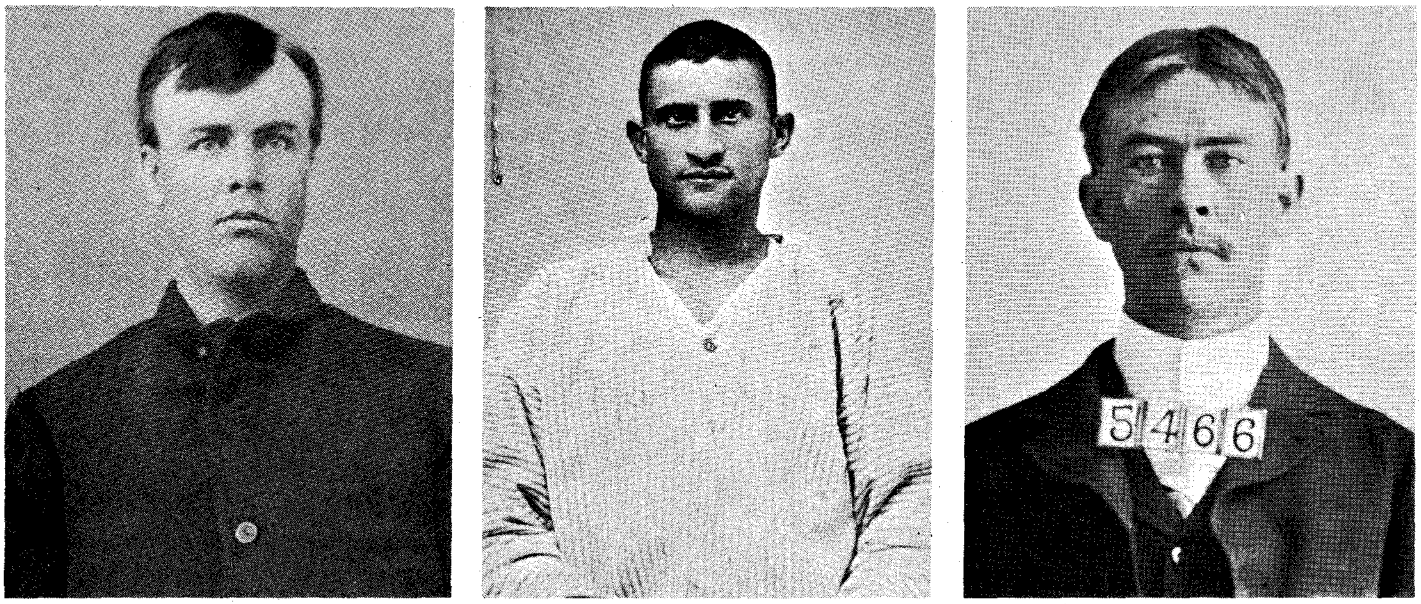
This was when the real trouble began between the big outfits and small ranchers. Beckwith claimed he had as much right to the grass fenced off as did McCoy. He had his riders destroy this fence in places so his cattle could get through. This enraged Dick and there were threats and angry talk, but no encounters. Most of the small neighboring ranchers were in sympathy with Dick McCoy.

With this hostile feeling toward the Beckwiths, the general attitude prevailed that it was all right to steal their cattle if one didn't get caught at it. In time most of the little ranchers increased their herds with Beckwith's calves. They all knew that each other was doing it, and they were bound together by their guilt. This made it very difficult for the big operators to prove anything on them.

AFTER a few years the McCoys built a corral across the river from the

Cotopaxi, Colorado about 1890 during the heyday of the McCoys. The large white one-story house amid the trees on the outskirts of town at left center was the Hylton Hotel where Pinkerton Agents Tom Horn and Doc Shores stayed while tracking the train robbers. The wagon road at lower right is present-day Highway 50.





From left, Robert "Pegleg" Eldredge at age twenty-nine; Wilbur Arnold (alias William Carr, alias J. R. Eagan), the cattlemen's employe killed in 1888 in the McCoy corral; and George Mow, who was present with Streeter McCoy when Charley Withers was killed in O. B. Carrol's store in Cotopaxi.

ranch house on a part of their homestead. As their herd increased they began running some cattle on that side of the river. This gave them reason to ride over some of Witcher's best winter range. His home ranch was thirteen miles north and it was not possible to keep a close check on a range as big as his cattle grazed.

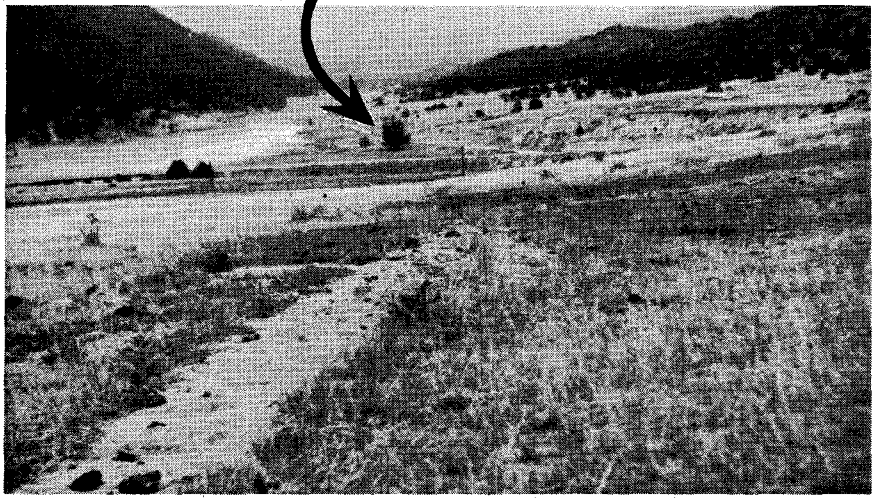
About the time Witcher realized he was losing cattle in that area and suspected the McCoys, a fellow named Eldredge and others were caught stealing some of Witcher's horses and sent to the penitentiary at Canon City. Eldredge had hung out at the McCoys' and is said to have come to Colorado with them from Missouri.

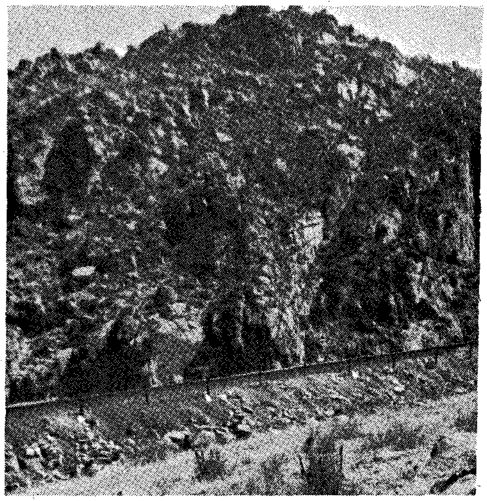
Soon after this, Beckwith, Witcher and others hired a man named Arnold to ride for them and to watch the McCoys. Legend has it he was a detective for the cattlemen's association and was part Indian and a gunslinger. Actually he was an ex-convict, having served two terms in Canon City for larceny. He had been sent up from San Juan County in 1880 for a seven-year stretch. He was received as William Carr, a white man, and was tagged No. 505. A year later he escaped and made it upriver as far as Texas Creek where he was recognized by an ex-guard, Phil Hayes. Dick McCoy assisted Hayes in capturing the convict. It is claimed the prisoner swore he would kill McCoy for his part in the capture. Carr was pardoned in 1885 but was back in the pen in less than two months on another larceny rap. This time he was sent up from Pueblo County for five years. He was using the name of J. R. Eagan but still claimed to belong to the white race. He was twenty-six years old when he entered the penitentiary in 1880.

On July 7, 1888 he was paroled and soon after, as Wilbur Arnold, was hired by the cattlemen. Whether by chance or design, he patrolled the vicinity of the McCoy ranch, and that fall moved into a shack not far from the corral the McCoys had built on their north forty.

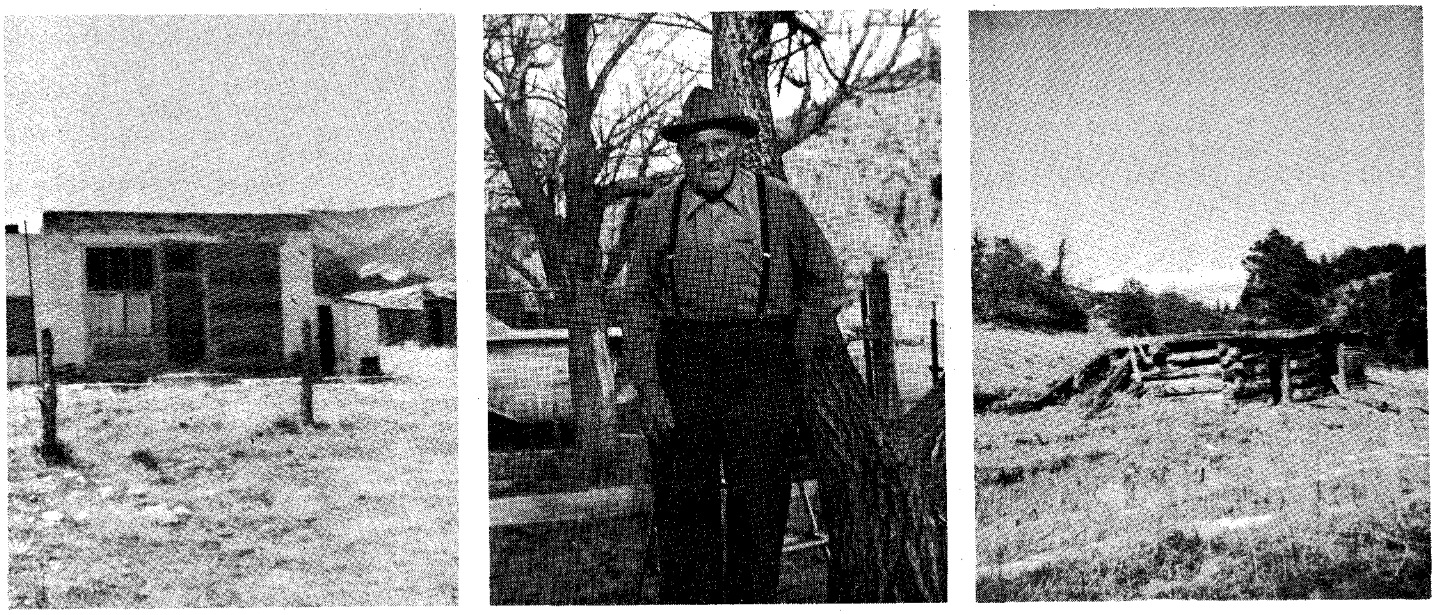
At this time American Mining Company was digging a ditch to carry river water to a placer claim located downriver from the McCoy place. A dozen or more men were working on the ditch and several boarded with the McCoys.

On December 18, 1888, a little after one o'clock, Arnold was seen driving some cattle into the McCoy corral. Dick immediately rode across the river to the corral, carrying with him a Winchester repeating shotgun. His son Joe saddled up a horse and followed a few minutes later. He took a borrowed .44-caliber rifle and his .44 Colt six-gun.





Site of Dick McCoy's homestead (left and below left) near Cotopaxi. The tree (in small photo) was in the yard and is all that remains to indicate where the McCoy ranch house and buildings stood. Arkansas River and the railroad bisect the larger photo horizontally just below the homesite. The grassy area in the right foreground was the McCoy corral where Wilbur Arnold was killed. Sand Gulch, through which the McCoy gang escaped after the 1891 train robbery, is at top of photo above the homestead.



O. B. Carrol's old store in Cotopaxi (left) where Charley Withers was killed in 1901. Otis Witcher (center) in April 1966. At the age of ten, Otis fetched a horse from his father's ranch for Tom Horn to ride in pursuit of the McCoy gang. Old cabin (right) known as Robber's Roost in March 1964. Here Eldredge, Parry and Boyd hid after breaking jail in Canon City in 1891.

About the time Joe arrived at the corral two shots were heard by the men working on the ditch. The McCoys returned to the house and said that Dick had shot Arnold in self-defense. Dick claimed he had quarreled with Arnold about putting the cattle in his corral and that Arnold had pulled his gun and shot at him and that he had killed Arnold with the shotgun. Dick then rode to Cotopaxi and gave himself up to the justice of the peace, O. B. Carrol. There was a hearing before Carrol, and Dick was released.

WHAT likely happened that day was as follows: Arnold drove into the corral some cattle bearing evidence which would have sent the McCoys to the penitentiary for theft. Dick and Joe knew they had to get rid of that evidence. After Dick rode to Cotopaxi, Joe drove the cattle back into the hills.

In the excitement of the shoot-out the cattle were forgotten, and there was no mention of them other than that Arnold had put them in the corral. But two days later Sheriff Stewart arrested Dick and Joe who were unable to furnish bail and remained in jail until the following October when they had their trial. More than thirty witnesses were subpoenaed by the defense. These were mostly small neighboring ranchers and the men working on the ditch and boarding with the McCoys. Many of these perjured themselves to save the McCoys, but to no avail. All admitted that only two shots were heard. Even Dick said that, and the older son Charles, who was down the ditch one quarter mile, said he heard only two shots. But the autopsy showed that Arnold was shot in the neck with a shotgun loaded with slugs, and that the victim had also been shot in the abdomen, from the back, with a large caliber rifle. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of second degree murder.

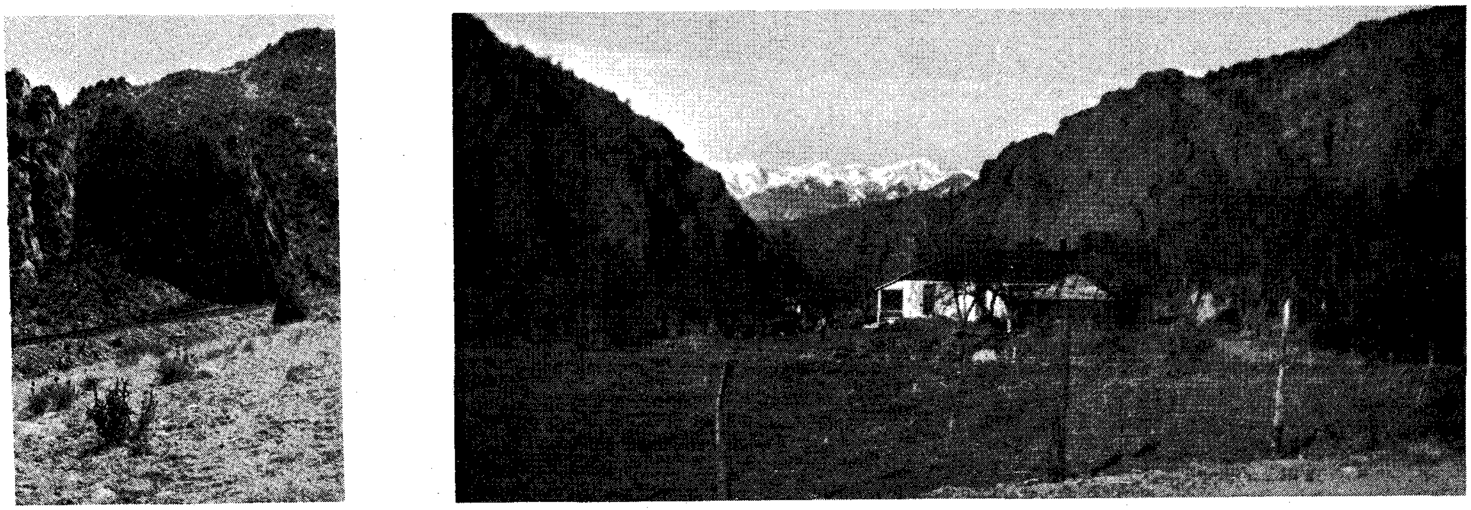
Because one witness through illness was absent at the time the jury was voting, a mistrial was declared. The McCoys remained in jail until January 26, 1890, when Joe escaped along with three other prisoners. The county jail in use at that time was built of large rectangular stones. The prisoners worked the mortar from around one of these and pushed it out. Legend has it that Dick, being a large man, became stuck in the opening and could not move either way, thus preventing his and other prisoners' escape. Later Dick provided bail and was released until his second trial in October 1891.

On Sunday evening, August 2, 1891, three men escaped from the Fremont County jail in Canon City by overpowering the jailer when he brought them the evening meal. These men were Robert Eldredge, William Parry and George Boyd. Eldredge, who had lost his left leg four inches below the knee, was known as Pegleg. He had been released from the pen for the horse stealing, but was back in jail for some other offense.

After these men escaped, they crossed the nearby Arkansas River and stole

(Continued on page 68)

Four miles below Cotopaxi, the Denver & Rio Grande mail train was robbed in 1891 at the spot shown below left. Below right is Cotopaxi's old Hylton Hotel, headquarters of Tom Horn and Doc Shores while the pair were investigating the holdup. Remodeled in 1949, the hotel now is the home of the author. To the west is the Sangre De Cristo range.



TROUBLE

By W. E. SWANSON

Photos and Sketches Courtesy Author

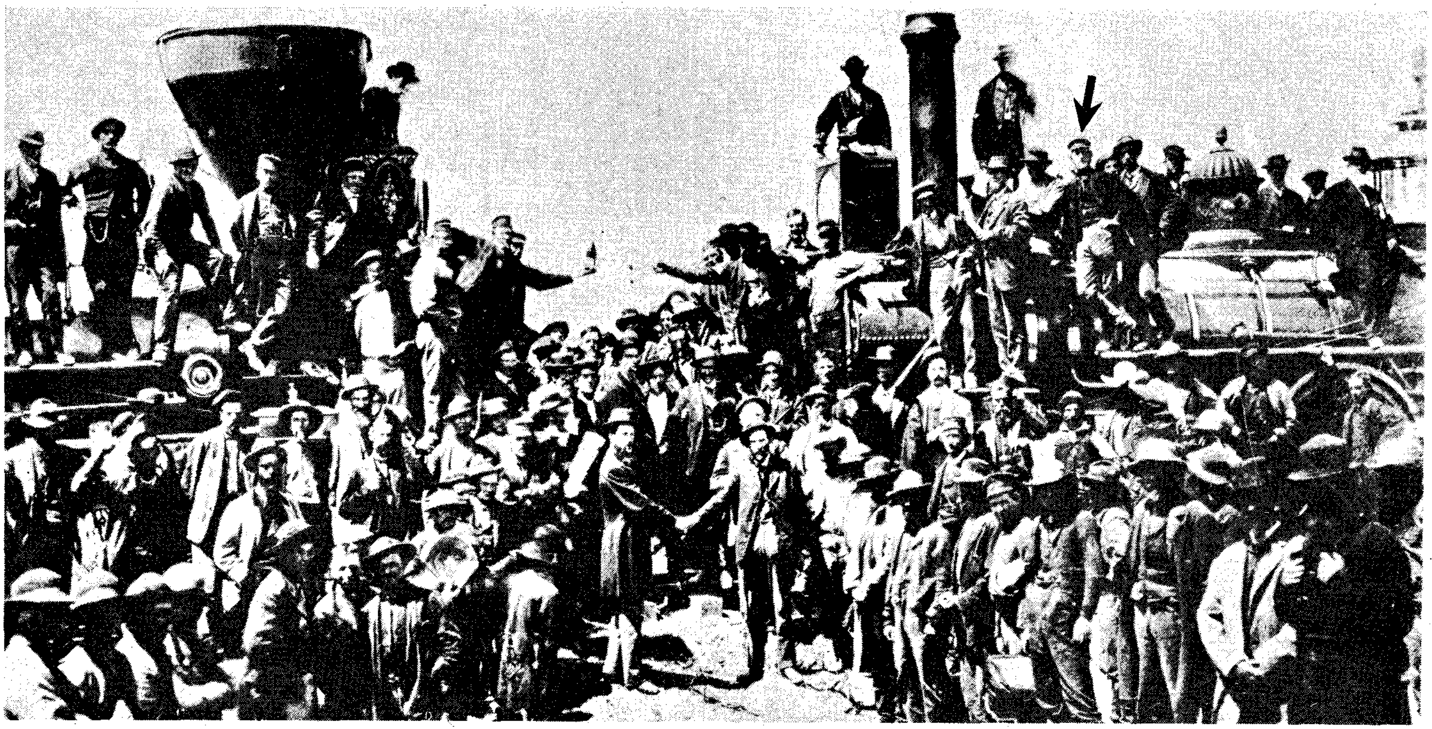
MY GRANDFATHER, Nels Lindgren, sailed from Sweden and arrived in Chicago, Illinois, the first week in January 1869. He hired out to the Union Pacific Casement Company the latter part of the week and worked until the Golden Spike was driven. After completion of the railroad work he took up a homestead three miles from Ortonville, Minnesota with his wife; son John, five years old; and daughter Emma, three (who was my mother), in a sod hut among the Indians who had not as yet left the territory.

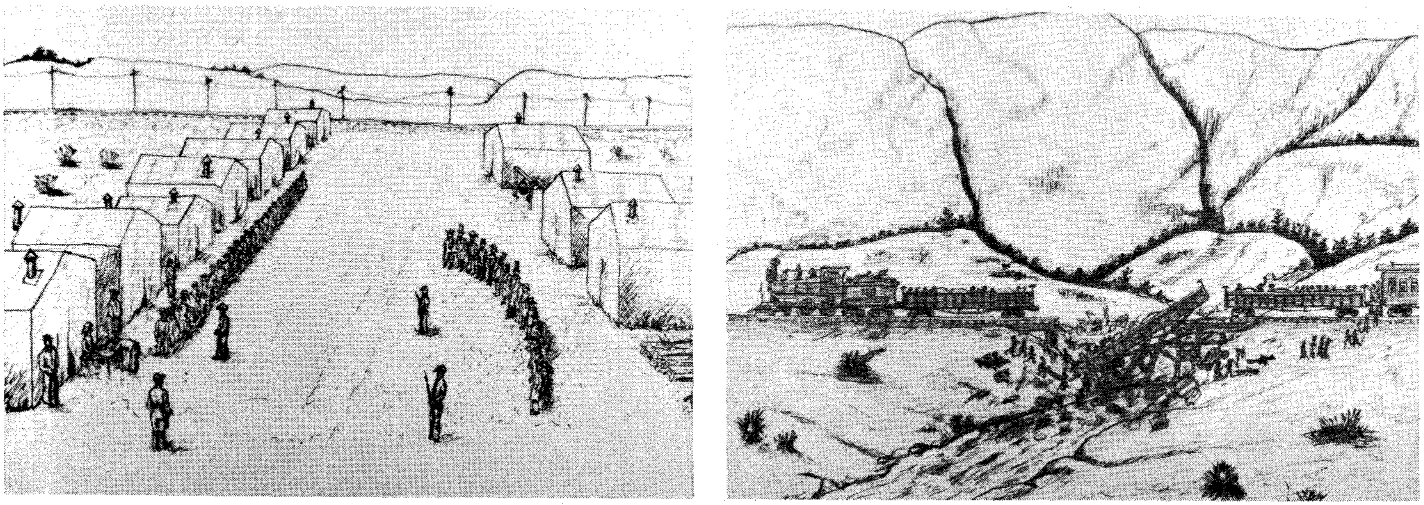
During his railroad employment payday was always the last Saturday of the month and usually by gold or silver, unless the worker preferred part paper currency. The pay car on the rail line was heavily guarded by regular soldiers. As each man showed his dogtag, calling out his name, he stepped forward to receive the envelope and sign the voucher, the paymaster scrutinizing the signature to see if it tallied with the previous one. This was done to prevent ringers from swindling someone else's pay. When the workers were paid in paper and silver, spying renegades watched the pay line so they could plan which victim to rob. The victims were usually judged by the size of the envelope they received and if they appeared in line every payday. Indian scouts were always paid in full by silver, as is done to this day on the Indian reservations.

Strict discipline was necessary to protect workers from all types of thieves and robbers who were out to relieve them of their money by every kind of trickery imaginable. There were always the scalawags with loose women whose cheeks had forgotten to blush, ranging in age from eighteen to madams of forty-five who were housed in tents to ply their profession. They lovingly enticed the paid workers or off-duty soldiers to relieve them of their earnings. Soldiers were supposed to break up any sign of force on

Nels Lindgren about 1900 on his farm in Ortonville, Minnesota.

Courtesy Library of Congress





Railroad camp payday (left) and the wreck beyond Weber River Canyon on May 11, 1869.

on the U.P.

—to some it was the not-so-golden spike!

the part of "happy girls" dragging men too intoxicated to know what was good for them. Many soldiers, who had a weakness for the girls themselves and were known by the women, did very little to help the intended victim, merely looking the other way. Many men became so confused by the low grade of drinks mixed with cigar ashes, or cigars steeped in liquid opium and dried, that they were out cold in a very short time. Many were found out in the brush with their pockets turned inside out minus a watch or valuables which could be hocked.

Soldiers who were unaccustomed to seeing hourglass-shaped women entertainers who could coo "sweet nothings of love" would sometimes succumb, and were themselves victims. The garrison army men were not one-hundred-percent pious and, slowly pretending to resist, would finally yield to a pretty face. Those who stayed at the brothels longer than permitted by regulations of the army had to pay the following penalties at that time: Lying out of quarters: Private, forfeiture of $2.00; corporal $3.00; sergeant $4.00. Not reporting for reveille: A forfeiture of 50c for private, corporal $1.00, sergeant $2.00, first sergeant $3.00. For drunkenness on guard duty: Six months' confinement at hard labor, or extra guard

(Continued on page 54)

Present for the golden spike ceremony May 10, 1869 at Promontory, Utah, symbolizing completion of the first transcontinental railroad, Nels Lindgren stood atop the U.P.'s Engine 119 (opposite page) and milled in the crowd in photo at right.

JOAQUIN MURIETA'S

By ROBERT E. PEARSON

Photos Courtesy Author

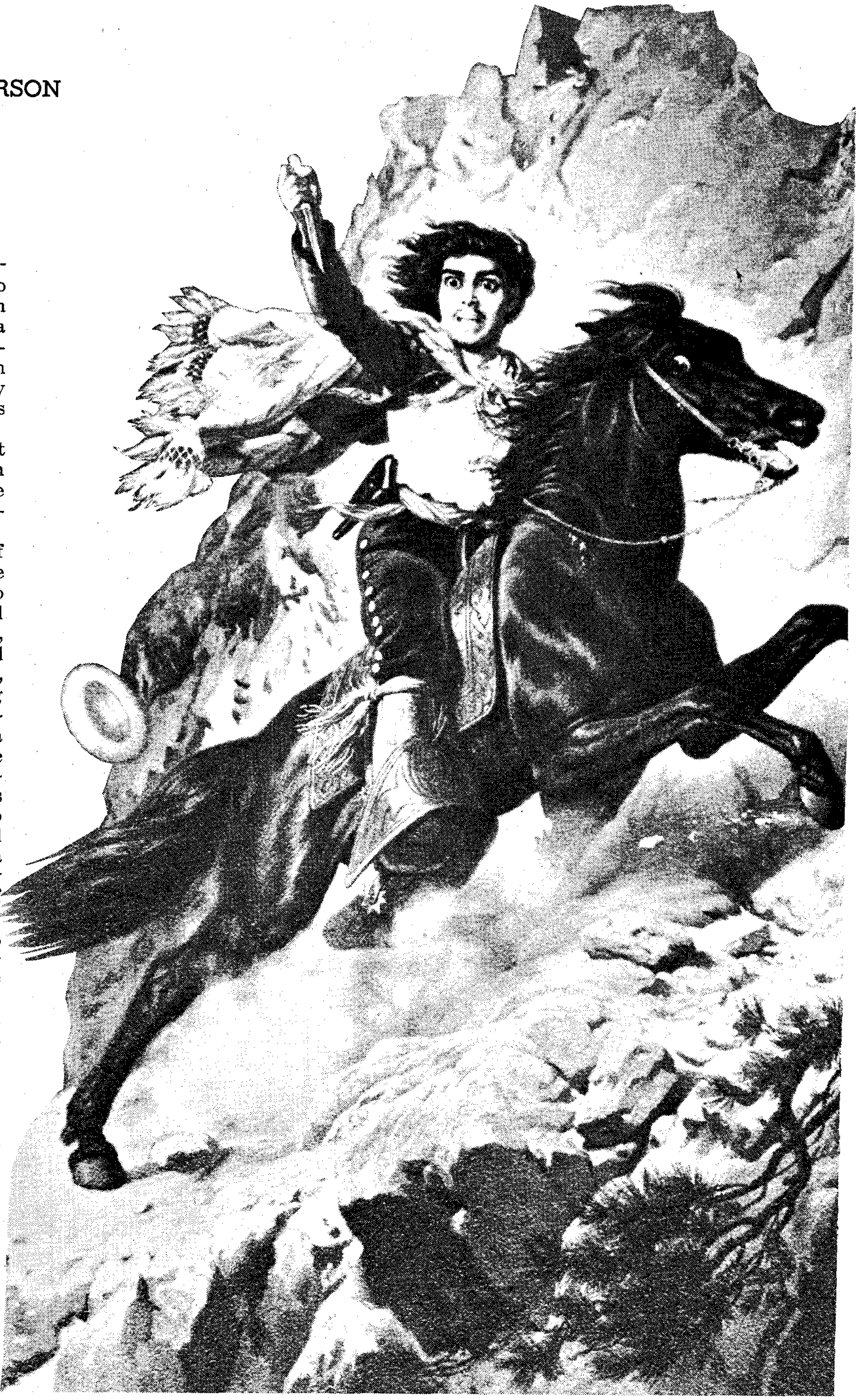
ONE FACET of early California history which many people find hard to accept is that the legend of the Robin Hood-like bandit, Joaquin Murieta, is a tall, tall tale. The truth is that the romantic saga of the *bandido* was written in 1853 by a man whose own life story was more fascinating than that of his literary creation.

The legendary hero was the product of the fertile imagination of John Rollin Ridge, a half-breed Cherokee on the dodge from a murder charge in Arkansas.

For over a hundred years the legend of Murieta has persisted. Supposedly the romantic young Mexican was forced into a life of crime when five miners ravished and murdered his beautiful mistress, Rosita, before his eyes while he was tied to a tree. After the murder of Rosita, the miners then horsewhipped the young man and killed his brother. Murieta recovered and hunted down the men in a bloody vendetta. After killing all five miners, Murieta—so the tale goes—became the leader of a gang of murderous Mexicans and made daring raids into the gold camps to carry off untold wealth. Of course, the usual legend of a "lost treasure" hidden away in a cave by the Merced River is part of the saga of this man bent on vengeance.

John Rollin Ridge was born near Rome, Georgia, March 19, 1827 on the prosperous plantation of his father, John Ridge hereditary chieftain of the Cherokees. His mother was Sarah Bird Northrup, daughter of a Cornwall, Connecticut schoolmaster. Ridge's father met Miss Northrup when he attended the advanced school headed by her father and carried her back to Georgia as his bride.

Ridge's childhood spanned the period of ferment in the Cherokee nation. He was a sickly child and his grandfather named him "Chees-quat-a-law-nee" or Yellow Bird. Settlers from the United States were encroaching on the lands belonging to the Indians. The Cherokees



Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room, San Francisco

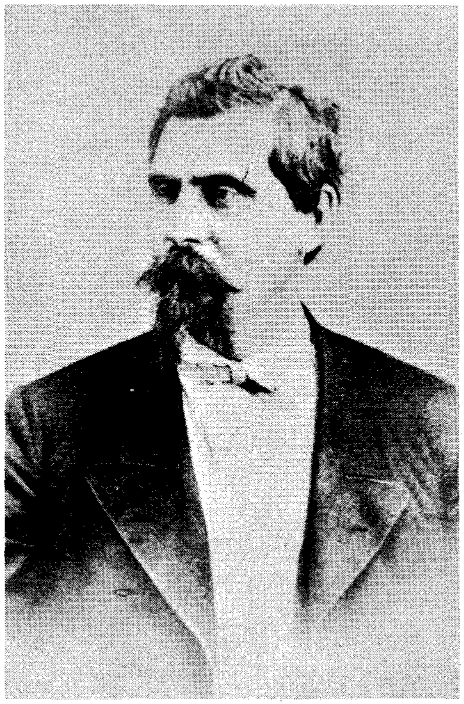
Joaquin Murieta, drawn glamorous and flashing by Charles Nahl in 1859 for the San Francisco *Police Gazette*.

Last Victim Was the Man Who Created Him!

Novelist John Rollin Ridge couldn't get his evil genie back into the inkwell!

were extremely enlightened people. Their civilization was based on agriculture and the landed gentry of the tribes owned vast plantations; their houses rivaled anything built by the white man. The Cherokees had a written language and a developed literature.

The Cherokees were dismayed by the avarice of the white men invading their lands. When the government stepped in and offered to settle his people in new lands to the west, John Ridge foresaw the eventual collapse of his nation and urged the tribes to move to Oklahoma Territory. A faction of hot-blooded young men led by John Ross opposed Ridge, vowing to fight to the last.



Courtesy California State Library

John Rollin Ridge, who as "Yellow Bird" wrote of Murieta, at age thirty-four.

On June 22, 1839 Ross led the insurgents on a series of raids against Ridge's supporters and against the leader himself. John R. Ridge witnessed the bloody murder of his father inside his own home. As his mother hid him behind her skirts, the boy saw the Ross faction stab his father twenty-nine times. The same night, Ridge's grandfather was murdered.

Mrs. Ridge fled westward with her son before he, too, was killed, but the memory of the gruesome night would haunt Ridge the rest of his life—it would be the spark from which sprang the story of Joaquin Murieta.

THE RIDGES settled near what is now Fayetteville, Arkansas. There the quiet and introspective youngster studied his sums, Latin, Greek and philosophy under the tutelage of the Reverend Cephas Washburn.

Young Ridge, though a brilliant student, was moody and given to long periods of silence. He wrote a great deal of poetry which showed exceptional talent. Though he wrote gentle verse, his head swam with blood-tinged visions of revenge on the Ross faction. The violent death of his father left a dark cloud in his mind which would never entirely fade.

One evening in late 1848 Ridge attended a dance in Fayetteville and became involved in an argument. The reason for the trouble is obscure, but there is a hint that Ridge's opponent had some connection with Ross. Whatever the cause the argument ended in murder. Ridge's opponent did not survive the young man's attempt to filet his spleen with a long knife known as an "Arkansas toothpick."

Ridge claimed self-defense and tried to persuade his relatives to help pay for the costs of his legal defense. The Cherokees in Oklahoma Territory were poor and Ridge was finally forced to flee to California and lose himself in the anonymity of the gold rush.

Ridge arrived in California in January 1850, hopeful of finding a fortune in the goldfields. He was not a robust man and the chill mountain streams sickened him; the rugged life in the gold camps and the meager diets of the miners soon drove him to seek other means of making a livelihood.

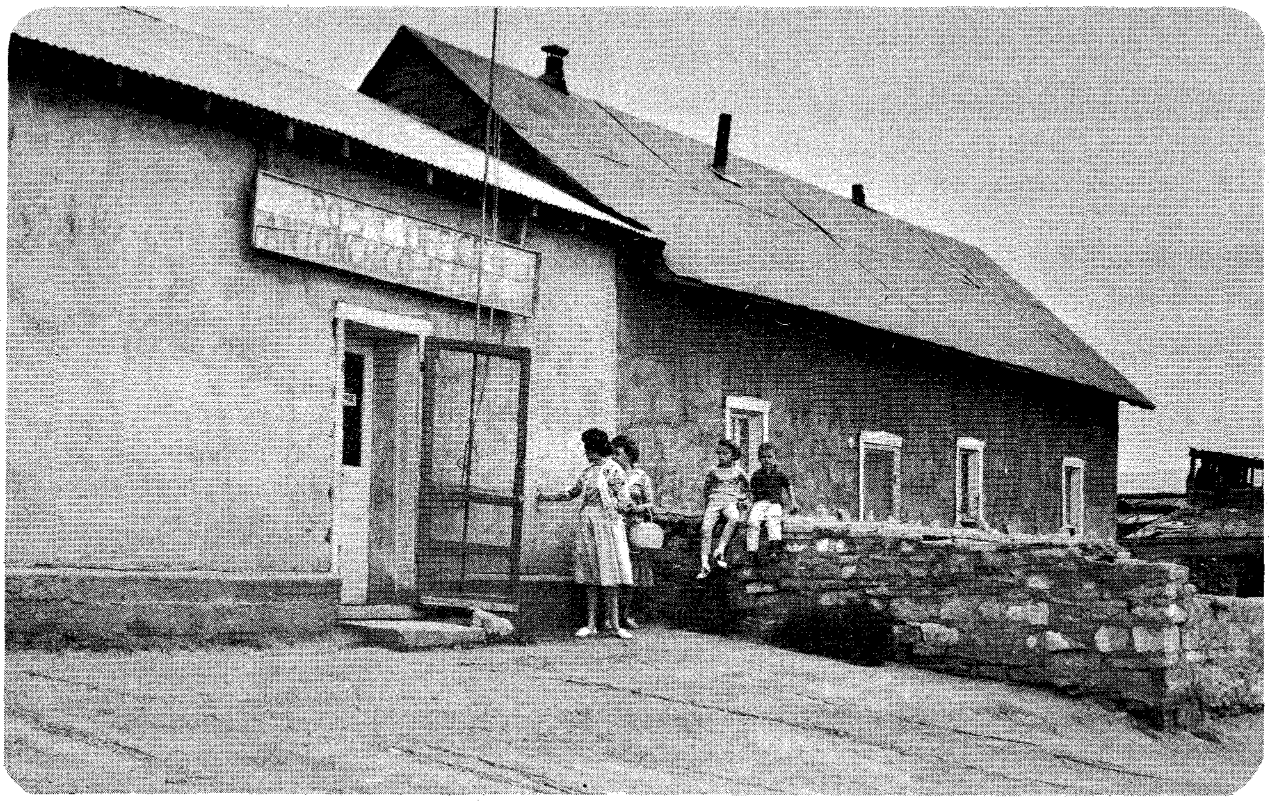
Sensitive and perceptive, Ridge had the talent of turning a neat phrase and was considerably better educated than the men around him. He headed downslope from the placer streams and settled in Marysville, the hub of the northern California goldfields at the junction of the Yuba and Feather Rivers.

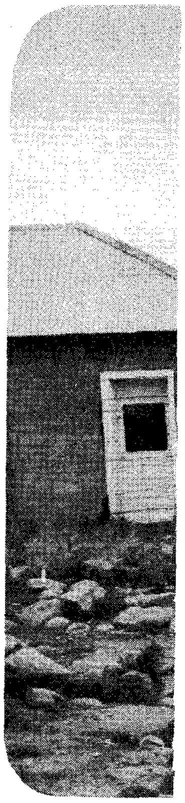
Ridge tried his hand at storekeeping and trading in Marysville and Yuba City. Success eluded him. He tried freighting supplies into the gold camps and failed. In desperation, he took a position in the Recorder's Office of Yuba County in 1852.

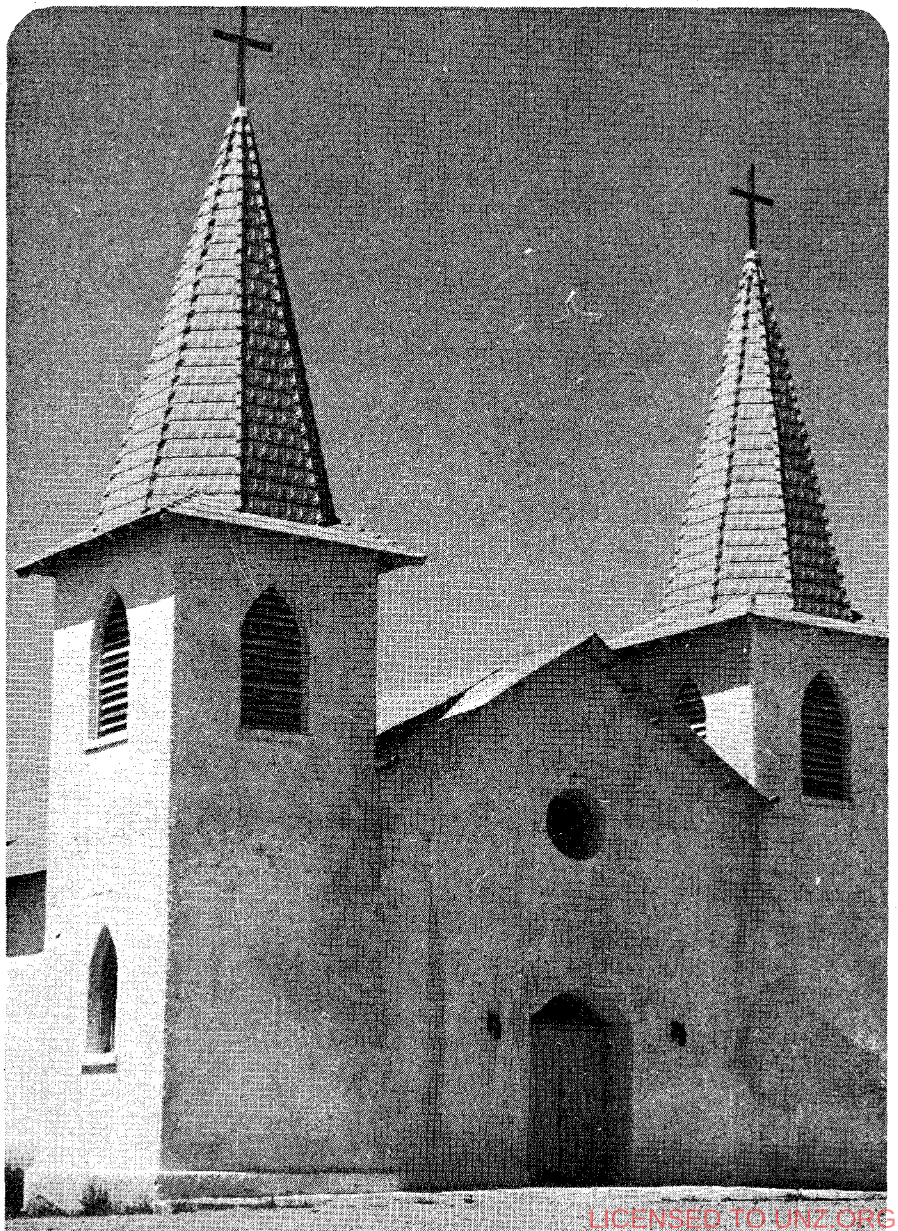
Ridge wrote a letter to his cousin, Stand Watie—who was later to become a Confederate brigadier general—and told him of his troubles: "I have tried the mines, I have tried trading, I have tried everything to no avail—always making a living, nothing more. I am at present deputy clerk, auditor and recorder in the County of Yuba, California at $135 a month. . . ."

WHILE a recorder Ridge heard an interesting tale from Yuba County Sheriff Robert Buchanan. In the latter part of 1850 seventeen men had been murdered in less than a week by four young Mexicans led by one Joaquin. Sheriff Buchanan had gathered up a posse and headed for the scene of the

(Continued on page 45)







Little-known

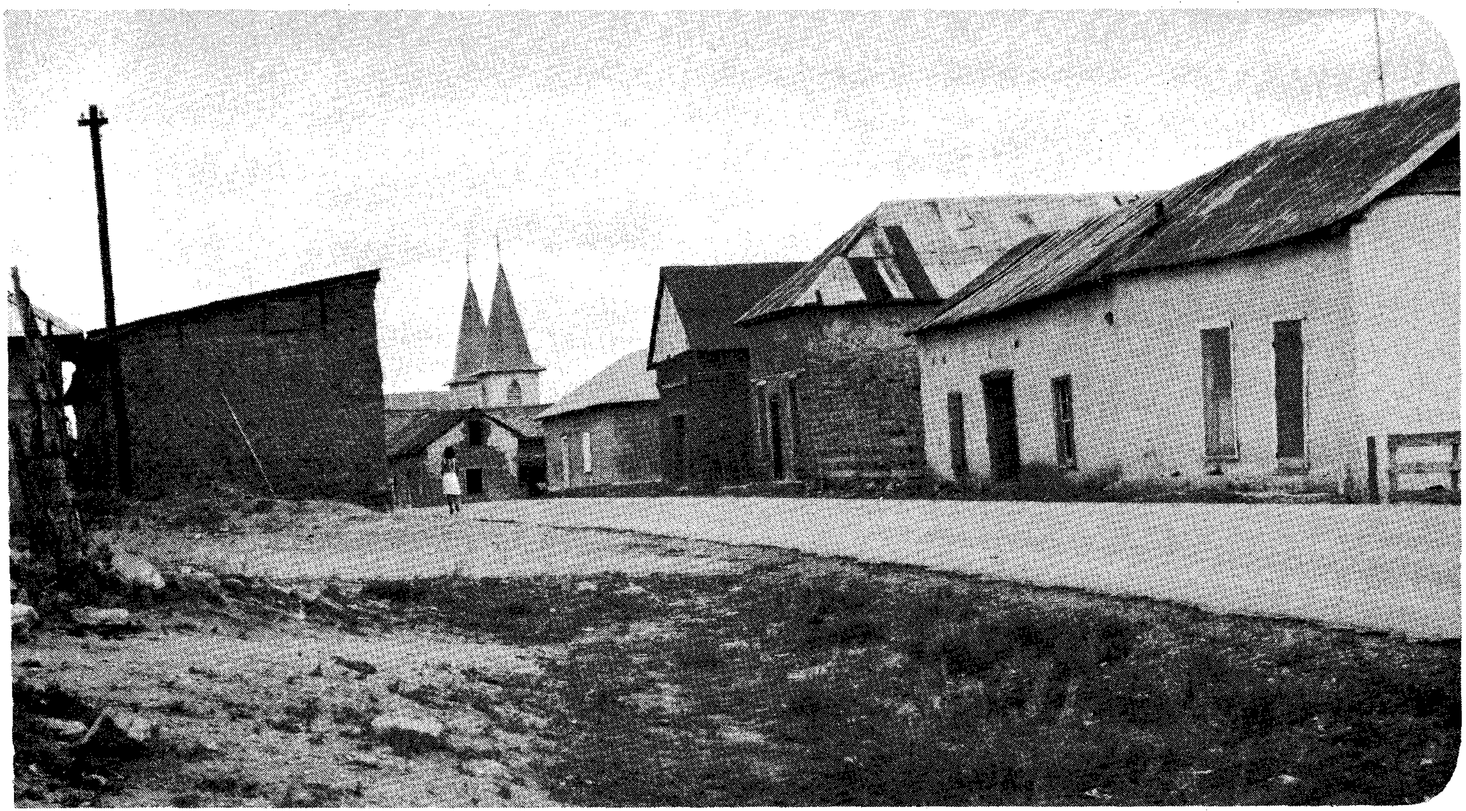
By KIT CARSON

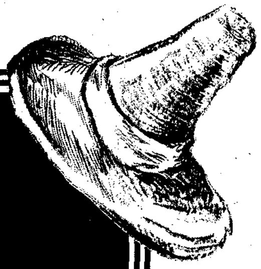
Photos Courtesy Author

ONE DAY in the 1870s a party of horse traders showed up with a sizeable herd of mustangs in Anton Chico, New Mexico Territory, southeast of Santa Fe. The questionable characters who made up the party had come to swap off some broncs to the settlers and have a little fling at settlement life.

The horse swapping group was not large but large enough to handle the wild ponies and stir up some excitement in town. Anton Chico was only a small village and from the beginning had been populated chiefly by descendants of early

Anton Chico today. Clockwise from left, church where Pat Garrett was married, post office, and main street with adobe buildings which once were saloons serving William Bonney and other notables.





ANTON CHICO

It's as if some omnipotent mapmaker looked down at all the rocks and sand and decided the empty land must have a name whether it would be remembered or not. A lot was going to happen there!

Spanish colonists. Here the people lived on the land and from the land; travelers stopped only for provisions or protection from Indians or for whiskey. Frontier rogues figured they could do anything in Anton Chico they were big enough to do, and this attracted more than the average number of shady individuals just to hang around. At the time the horse traders came along, the village was already rich in lore, having witnessed the passage of the first *Conquistadores.*

These traders had been there before and the settlers asked them no questions. In time the mustangs were bartered off without explanation as to their origin and the party pulled out of Anton Chico for other parts with plenty of cash jingling in their pockets. They'd made a good haul.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if *Anton Chico* is today more densely populated (475) than when the party of horse traders was there. Actually, there are two villages, Upper and Lower Anton Chico, both on the winding Pecos. History enveloped this area as far back as 1540-41 when Coronado passed through and built a bridge there to cross the river. The Spaniards were forcing their way across the unmapped country en route to present-day Kansas, feverishly searching for the Seven Golden Cities. The first known land grant was made to Don Salvador Tapia and sixteen others in 1822. Thousands of acres of fertile land along the Pecos were included in this Spanish concession. About 100,000 acres are still administered by the heirs of the original owners. Concern for the frontiersmen was expressed in the original document. Strict clauses required that settlers be provided "with firearms and arrows." The country was wild then and remained so for many years.

By the time the Anglos came onto the

scene, the Indians had become ferocious, and murderous attacks were frequent. The first general store in the settlement was a combination dwelling-business structure-fort. During the Indian forays it was necessary for the settlers gathered inside to chink the port holes with sacks of flour from the store to keep the arrows from coming in.

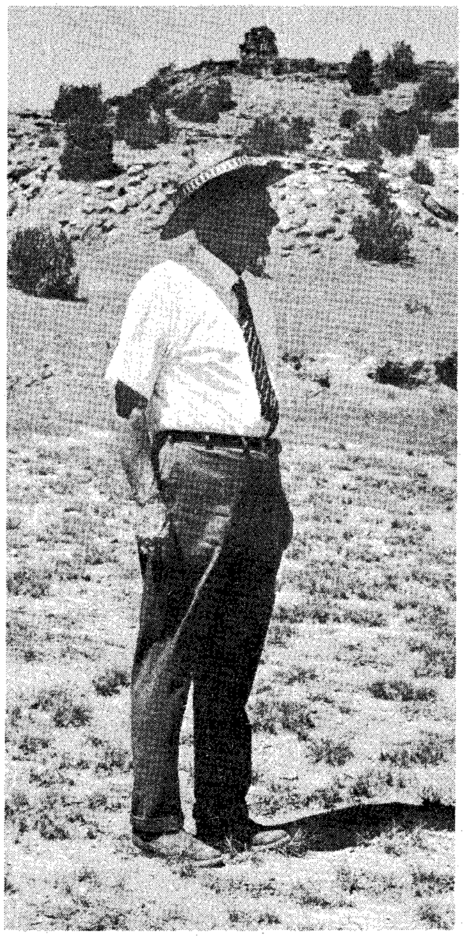
Old-timers Paul W. Dickens of Anton Chico and ninety-one-year-old Charlie O'Malley of Las Vegas know about all there is to know about this area's history. To hear them talk is to live again the day when settlers were never safe from the attacks of the Jicarilla Apaches and the Comanches. Warriors of these tribes treated herders and traders crossing the country as interlopers and inflicted bloodspill upon most every party encountered. To travel alone meant certain death.

Several miles up the Pecos was another old Spanish settlement, San Miguel, which was founded a little before Anton Chico. This village, a crumbling heap of adobe ruins today and the site of a recently discovered buried treasure, is sparsely populated. It figured in the execution of the Texan-Santa Fe Expedition scouts, Rosenbury, Howland, and Baker, in 1841—one of the most grisly affairs to occur since the Alamo.

In the early days a trade trail connected the villages, traffic on which became prime prey for the Indians. It was known on the frontier as the San Miguel del Bado Trail or Burro Path as it was called by the Anglos. Accounts of Indian massacres which occurred on this dangerous road would fill many pages. One wonders if at times during this era, blood didn't flow more freely in the Pecos than did water.

"Didn't the Texans surrender to the Mexican governor somewhere around Anton Chico?" I asked Dickens.

"Yep," he replied, "right over there across the river, on September 17, 1841."



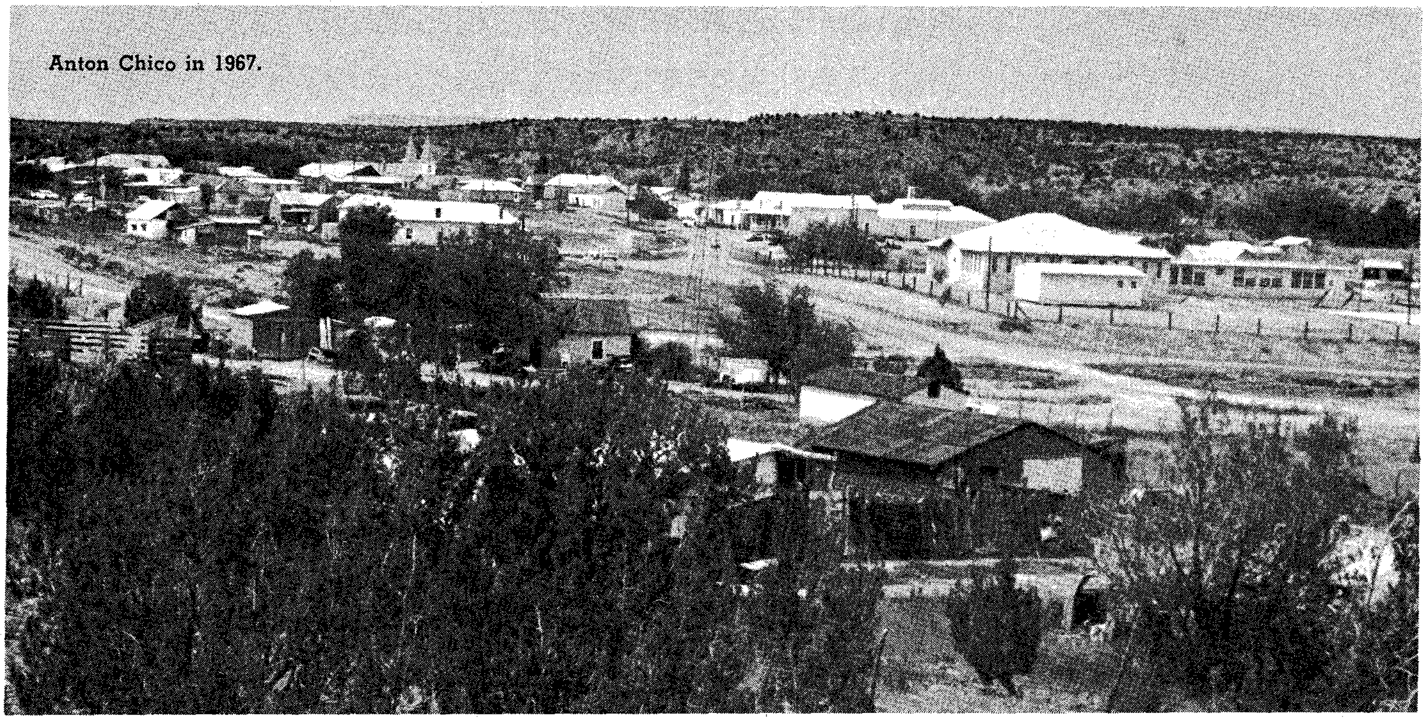
Anton Chico's Paul Dickens at the site of Texan-Santa Fe Pioneers' surrender to Mexicans in 1841.

GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL, who as a journalist was traveling from Austin, Texas with the foundering party of would-be Santa Fe traders of 1841 eyed Anton Chico in a very descriptive manner before he was captured. Deputy Sheriff Dickens pulled a volume from the shelf and pointed out Kendall's vivid narrative, which he wrote after being released from a Mexico City prison:

"A ride of another half hour brought us within sight of Antonchico, a village seated upon a little hill overlooking the Pecos, and probably contained two or three hundred inhabitants. As we caught a first glimpse of the village, a suspicious, piratical-seeming Mexican, armed with a double-barreled gun, broad-sword, and lance, and splendidly mounted upon a dashing black horse, passed within ten yards of us. Although he did not even nod at our approach, he still eyed us closely. Had he not been confident his horse could easily outrun our jaded animals, I doubt whether he would have come within gunshot of us.

"At a distance, on the rising slope of a hill, another man, similarly armed and mounted, was seen; and he, too, was evidently watching our movements. As we approached the little village, all was excitement and commotion. Women and children were seen running in every direction, climbing the low houses and hiding behind the mud fences and walls. A large horse-mill, at which the inhabitants were grinding cornstalks for the manufacture of *miel* (i. e. corn syrup), was deserted instantly, and everything plainly denoted that our sudden appearance had created the greatest consternation.

"We rode steadily up to the first door, as though not noticing we had caused the least alarm, and asked a man of more hardihood than the rest, who had the courage to show his face, although not enough to conceal his trepidation, whether we could purchase some fodder for our animals and bread for ourselves. This question, being in Spanish, was understood by several of the frightened inhabitants, who were peering at us through the chinks of the surrounding doors, and so, finding that we did not



Anton Chico in 1967.

ask them to surrender their lives and property at discretion, gradually gained colour and confidence, and began slowly to issue from their hiding places.

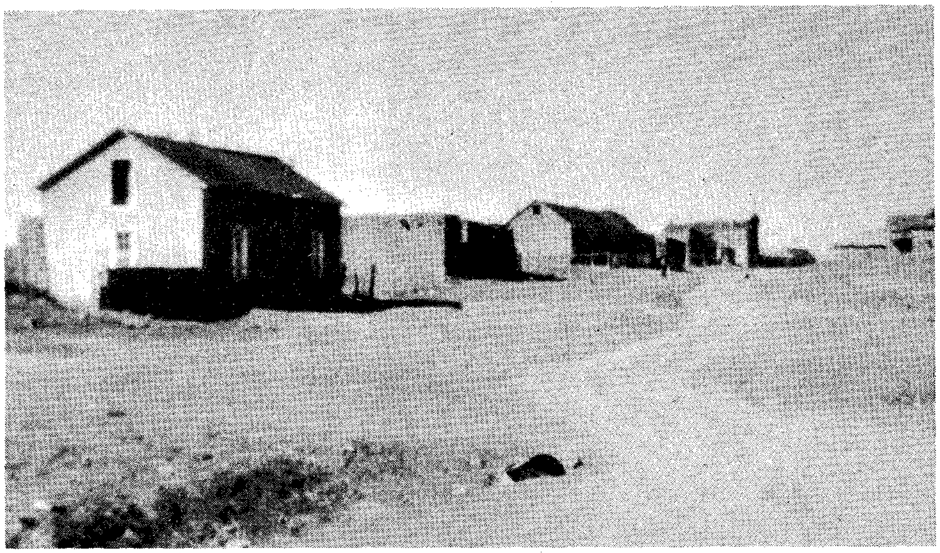
"In three minutes we were surrounded by half a hundred men, women and children, some inviting us this way, others that, all apparently anxious to serve us, either from love of money or love of life, for many, no doubt, were impressed with the idea that we had come on purpose to do murder. The women and girls were slightly clad, and many of the children were naked, while the men were so concealed in their coarse blankets that we readily could not tell what their dress might be underneath, or whether they had any. On the faces of many of the grown-up girls and women we noticed large, deep-red spots, apparently marks of their childhood, and disfiguring them greatly. I afterwards learned that these marks were not natural.

"The little village of Antonchico is built in a square, the houses fronting on the inner side, although there are entrances, protected by strong doors, on the outer. The houses are of one story only, built of adobe, a species of large, sun-dried bricks, while the tops are flat. They have neither windows nor floors, and in point of comfort and convenience are only one degree removed from the rudest wigwam of the Indian. In case of an attack from the savages, continually hovering and committing depredations upon the frontiers of New Mexico, these little hamlets serve as forts, the Indians rarely pursuing the inhabitants farther than their outer walls, as they carry on their warfare entirely on horseback.

"We entered the largest house in the place. It had but two rooms, the earthen floor and scanty furniture of which gave them a prison-like and desolate appearance. Not a chair or table, knife or fork, did the inhabitants possess, and we were given to understand that we were in the house of the 'first family' of Antonchico. We called for something to eat. Our dinner consisted of tortillas, boiled eggs, and *miel*, the latter somewhat resembling molasses and water, the water predominating. In the meanwhile, our animals were faring infinitely better than ourselves, for they had an ample supply of corn and fodder—good legitimate food for them, to which they did the most ample justice. . . ."

A short time later, New Mexico Governor Manuel Armijo captured the Texans across the Pecos from the village just described by Kendall. The captives were driven toward El Paso and then in a death march to Mexico City prisons.

DURING THE next few years many prominent explorers and Army officers passed through Anton Chico. Baldwin Mollhausen, who conducted a U. S. Government expedition from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast in the mid-19th century, stopped in the village and his party was met with great curiosity. It "drew the entire population of the adobe houses to their flat roofs, or out of their doors." Besides being a frontier stop for such people as Mollhausen, the Spanish settlement was a place where Anglos could get wives. U.S. Army Lieutenant Whipple "married a beautiful daughter of the land" during Mollhausen's sojourn there. And it is a wonder that the explorer didn't lose several of his men during the feasts and fandangos which followed the Whipple wedding. The merrymaking went on for several days.

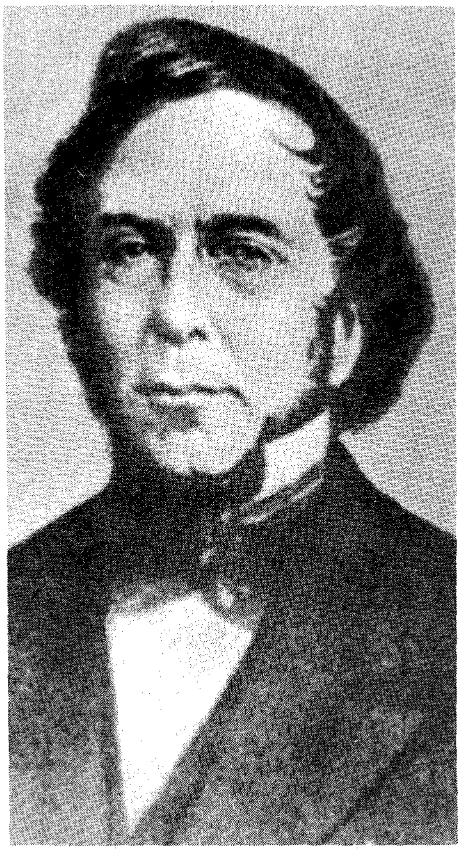


Courtesy Paul W. Dickens

Anton Chico's main street about 1900.

"Other Anglos married here, too, besides Whipple," Deputy Dickens told me. "See that twin-steepled church down at the end of the street? Well, that's where Pat Garrett married his first wife—right there in that church. The papers are still there."

Journalist George Wilkins Kendall.



War between Mexico and the States had its effect upon Anton Chico. A few villagers fled the country with the banished Mexican Governor Armijo. Others remained as citizens of the United States—some joyful, others not so well pleased.

A certain Anton Chico man named Manuel Cortez demonstrated his hope of picking up the shattered political ends where Armijo had left off. Records show that he plunged into a wide-spread horse-stealing business directed largely at the U. S. Army forces. The cavalry corrals suffered most.

On one occasion, Major G. B. Edmondson, a regional troop commander, ordered Lieutenant Brown and Privates Clanahan and Quisenbury to track down the horse thieves. The trio set out on a dim trail along the Pecos. Twenty-four hours lapsed and no report came from the vengeance seekers. More time passed and still no word; the disappearance of the men became a mystery.

The case was broken when "on July 5th a native New Mexican woman came to the post and told the major that she had seen the soldiers killed and their bodies burned to ashes. With them was also killed a native New Mexico man who objected to their deaths."

The New Mexican who was killed with the three U. S. troopers, as it turned out, was the lover of the New Mexico woman who told the sad story of the murder. Major Edmondson's forces went out with blood in their eyes, and the Mexican culprits were tracked down eventually and hanged on the Santa Fe Plaza, August 3, 1847. Records say six went to death in this public hanging.

THE CIVIL WAR saw remnants of the Confederate forces in Anton Chico. After losing the battle at Glorieta, a beleaguered party of Confederates pulled out of the country headed south. The defeated soldiers had been stripped of practically all their provisions. The retreating party stopped on the way out

(Continued on page 50)

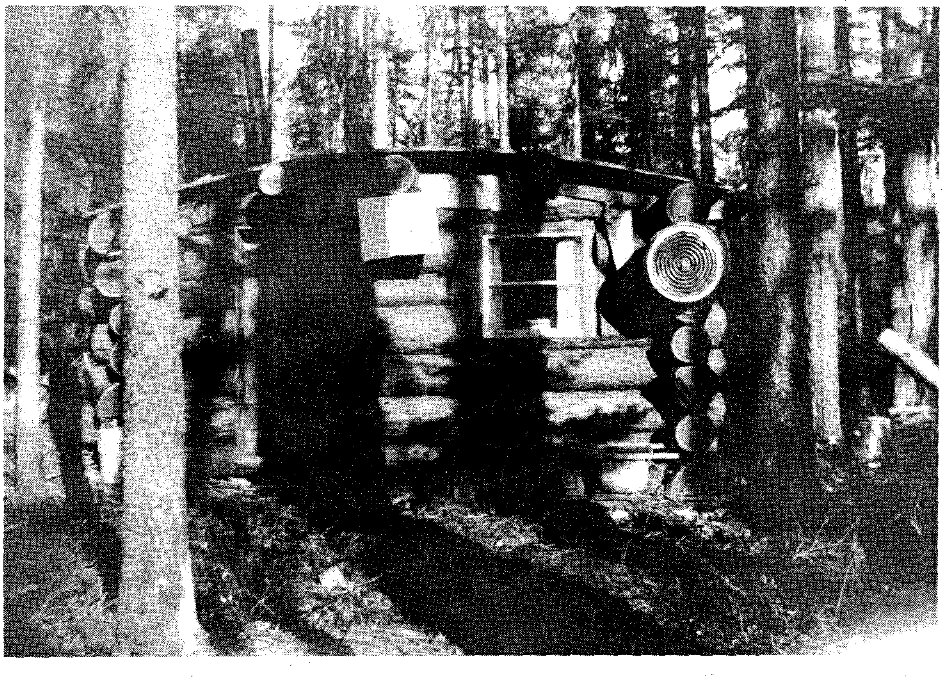
LAST LOG DRIVE to SOMERS MILL

There was still some "Old West" left along the Flathead River even forty years ago

THE WINTER of 1929-'30 was a cold one here in western Montana. With snow up to two feet deep and the temperature more often below zero than above, working out-of-doors was a real task.

Bill Plummer and my husband, Hank Byrne, operated a logging camp that winter on the South Fork of the Flathead River. The gradual slope from the south bank up the north side of Columbia Mountain had a beautiful growth of virgin timber of fir, spruce and tamarack. It was an ideal spot for the buildings. Bill and Hank, with the help of several lumberjacks, cleared an area for the camp. The cabins, which were only a few weeks in the making, were of logs with typical tar-paper roofs, board floors and small windows.

The Byrnes' camp cookhouse on the Flathead River.



A forest service trail branching off from the main road at the South Fork bridge served as a road, although hardly wide enough for a team and bobsled. This was a one-way road as long as the snow stayed frozen. Supplies were brought to camp by this route, hay and grain for the horses, a cook stove, dishes, pots, pans, groceries, bedding and all the other equipment essential to a logging camp.

The camp soon was ready and in one weekend the cookhouse took on a new look with stove set up and planed boards sawed and nailed to the walls for cupboards. The table, benches, washstand and work bench had white oil cloth tacked over the boards. In one corner was a bed for the cook. All food was kept in tin containers or sealed in jars just in case a mouse or other rodent decided to have a midnight snack. The bunkhouse was a busy place too, with men moving in with packs containing bedding, wool shirts, sox and other necessary clothing, shaving kit, usually a deck of cards and a few magazines.

The double-deck bunks were soon ready for occupancy. There was a big pot-bellied stove in one corner and a few wires strung from wall to wall behind the stove where the men could dry their wet clothing. Two kerosene lanterns hung from the ceiling for light. The barn and hay shed were a short distance from the bunkhouse, as was the "john."

The men hired were experienced woodsmen. Herb Watkins was the log scaler and Charlie Lund filed the saws in his spare time. Some of the sawyers were Buster Fordham, Swede Carlson, Lew Pilcher, Walt Anderson and Tom Sum-

By MARY A. BYRNE

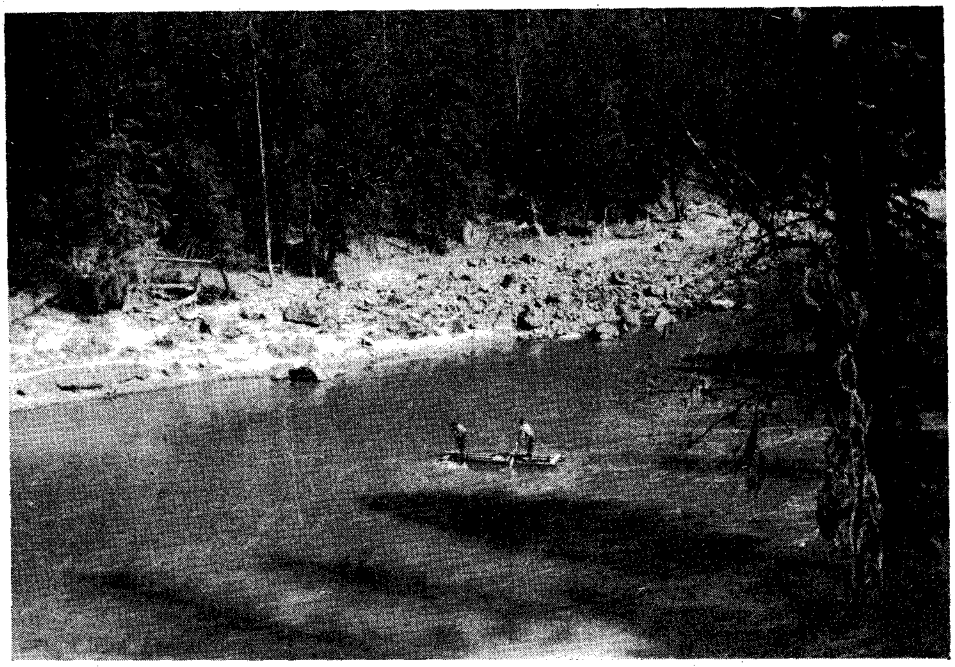
Photos Courtesy Author

mers. Mrs. Austin was the cook and her husband was the flunky.

THINGS went along nicely for a few weeks, then one weekend the flunky went to town and celebrated too much and didn't return. No one saw him again. Mrs. Austin needed someone to help her. Bill and my husband persuaded me to assist her for a few weeks. We became good friends and she taught me how to make pie crusts and I still use her method. She was an excellent cook, and we enjoyed working together.

One day she told me she didn't think her husband would come back, but if he did it would be to harm her or get her check. "I think I'll leave Friday night so he won't know where I am," she said. So Mrs. Austin went to town with some of the men and I became permanent cook. I was kept so busy I didn't have time to get lonesome, but I did miss her for awhile. The men were all wonderful and didn't complain when I made mistakes.

In a few days I knew what to do, and how much to cook. I soon learned that these hard-working men had big appetites and needed plenty of good food. They treated me as though I were someone special because I was expecting my first child. I never had to ask anyone to split wood or fill the water buckets for me. They always seemed glad to do it and, of course, as we got better acquainted they gave me a bad time with their teasing.



Tom Summers and Hank Byrne crossing the South Fork on a raft.

One day one of the men walked up the river about a couple of miles and found two trappers living there, an Indian woman and her husband. The husband was sick and the squaw was wondering, if she came to our camp, if she could get a soup bone. She was assured of help. The next day she came and knocked at the door and when I opened it, I faced the biggest Airedale (growling at me) I had ever seen.

The woman said, "Don't be afraid, he won't hurt you." I wasn't so sure, but she had the dog chained to her wrist and when she jerked the chain the dog would lie down, so I asked her to come in. The Airedale stayed at her feet, never taking his eyes off me. This made me very nervous, but the squaw and I had a nice visit.

(Continued on page 74)

Montana loggers (from left) Walt Anderson, Lew Pilcher, Herb Watkins, Charlie Lund, Bill Plummer, and Tom Summers.

The SHORT and MISERABLE

By N. M. NICLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

IF THE Oregon Steam Navigation Company could have foreseen what was in store for the unfortunate steamboat *Shoshone*, they probably would not have built her in the first place. During the eight years she was afloat, she saw more excitement than most steamers were likely to encounter in fifty. Yet she never turned a profit.

In 1862 gold was discovered in the Boise River Basin of Idaho and within two years about 16,000 people flocked into the area. It looked like good times had come to stay, as one boom town after another opened up.

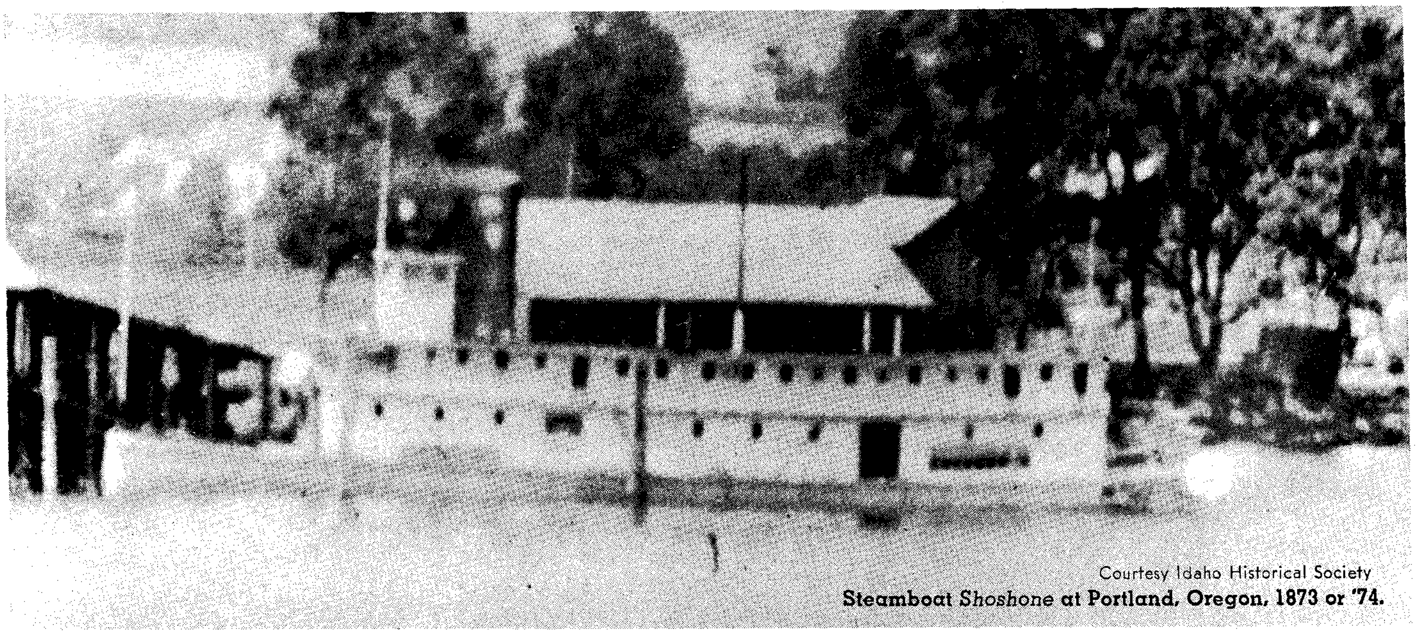
Over in Oregon, Captain John C. Ainsworth and the other men of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company (or the O. S. N. as it was known up and down the Columbia) were watching the Boise Basin rush with interest. They had built up their prosperous steamboat line largely by carrying men and goods to the gold fields in eastern Washington and northern Idaho. Since the early '60s, O. S. N. steamers had been churning up the Snake as far as Lewiston, Idaho.

Now the men of the O. S. N. thought they saw a good chance to make a killing by transporting supplies and men to the Boise Basin. The decision was made to put a steamer on the upper Snake. But the only way to get a steamer that far up the Snake was to build it there, and construction began in the winter of 1865 near old Fort Boise.

Timber for the planking for the new steamer was hauled down from the Owyhee Mountains. Fittings, hardware, and machinery were freighted overland from Umatilla, Oregon, on the Columbia. Even the mechanics were imported from Oregon. This part of the Snake, it seems, was a rather out-of-the-way place to build a steamboat. But by the middle of May 1866, the *Shoshone* was completed—a 300-ton stern-wheeler, 136 feet long and 25 feet in beam. On May 16 she was taken out on her maiden trip. What an impressive sight she must have made—a full-blown steamer riding an untamed river in the middle of nowhere.

RIGHT from the very beginning, the *Shoshone* was up against bad luck. The Snake proved to be navigable for a distance of only 200 miles or so from Old's Ferry to the mouth of the Bruneau River where it entered the Snake. The barren country along the banks didn't produce enough timber for firewood, and a steamer can't run on sagebrush. Worst of all, the gold rush was beginning to slack off, and the population boom was about over. The O. S. N. men found to their dismay that they had very little need after all for a steamer this far up the Snake. The problem was, how could

Courtesy Idaho Power Company



Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Steamboat *Shoshone* at Portland, Oregon, 1873 or '74.

LIFE of the *SHOSHONE*

—a born loser in navigation circles!

they get her down to the Columbia, where she could be of use? Between the *Shoshone* and Lewiston lay treacherous Hell's Canyon, the deepest and roughest river gorge on the North American continent. It was considered to be unnavigable.

The first attempt to get the *Shoshone* down to the Columbia failed when the captain stopped short of Copper Ledge Falls, claiming they couldn't be run.

The owners of the *Shoshone* hired a couple of men as guards and tied her up at Lime Point, a short distance above the falls, while they were trying to decide what to do about her. There she stayed until the spring of 1870, when Ainsworth sent Captain Sebastian Miller and Engineer Dan Buchanan up to bring her out or wreck her trying.

Captain Miller was a wise choice for the job at hand; he was already a noted riverman and had been pilot on the *Elk* in 1857 when her boiler blew up. The explosion scattered the stack, the cabin, and a good-sized hunk of the deck all over the Columbia. Miller was blown clear off the boat and landed up on the bank, a little dazed and skinned up, but all in one piece. After that, the prospects of a ride through any canyon, no matter how rugged, probably didn't worry him much.

Hell's Canyon of the Snake River, left, conquered by the paddle-wheel steamer *Shoshone* in 1870.

Miller and Buchanan left the Columbia at Umatilla, Oregon and came overland to the Snake. This trip in itself was no picnic. It is written that they traveled by buckboard, by sled, on horseback, and on foot before finally reaching the *Shoshone*.

The *Shoshone* was not in very good condition after four years of neglect. She was badly weathered. Her seams had sprung open and her machinery needed to be overhauled. Miller signed on the two guards and another man as crew, and they set to work repairing her. They managed to get the engines in running order, but they didn't have any caulking for the gaping seams. Buchanan solved this problem by rigging up hoses and pumping water over the planks until they swelled shut. The *Shoshone* wasn't in the best of condition, but at least her engines were running and she was afloat.

By now the river was high with spring waters, and it looked as good a time as any to start downstream. On April 20, Miller eased the *Shoshone* out into the current. Ahead of them lay a bone-jarring seven-day journey, and once they started there could be no turning back.

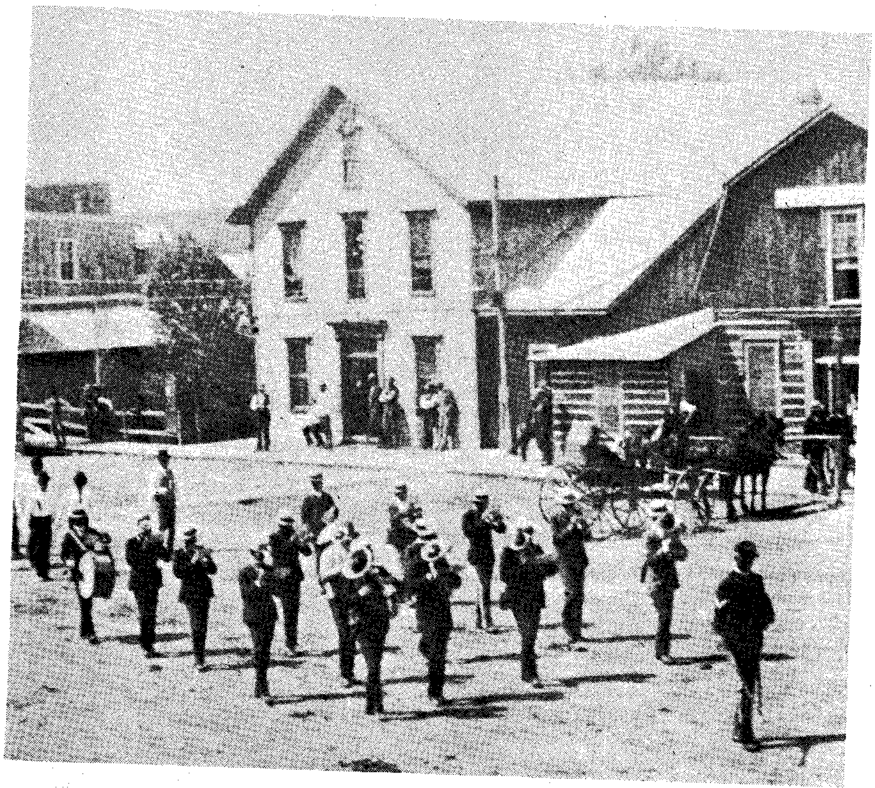
HELL'S CANYON, the grand canyon of the Snake River, deeper even than the Grand Canyon, reaches a maximum depth of 7,710 feet and has an average depth of 5,500 feet. The Snake River churns and rumbles its way down through rugged rock walls for about 150 miles, from Olds Ferry to the mouth of the Salmon River. This is the stretch of water the captain and crew of the *Shoshone* would have to run before reaching Lewiston and calmer water.

In order to watch for leakage, Buchanan had put lighted candles in the hold. Placing burning candles in the hold of a weathered boat in rough water wasn't customary procedure for obvious reasons. But Buchanan apparently feared water more than fire at this point. They probably didn't burn long, anyhow.

Miller thought he could keep control of the boat by drifting downstream with the engines running in reverse. This, he hoped, would build pressure on the rudders and help him steer the boat through

(Continued on page 50)

OLD TIMES AT THE OCCIDENTAL

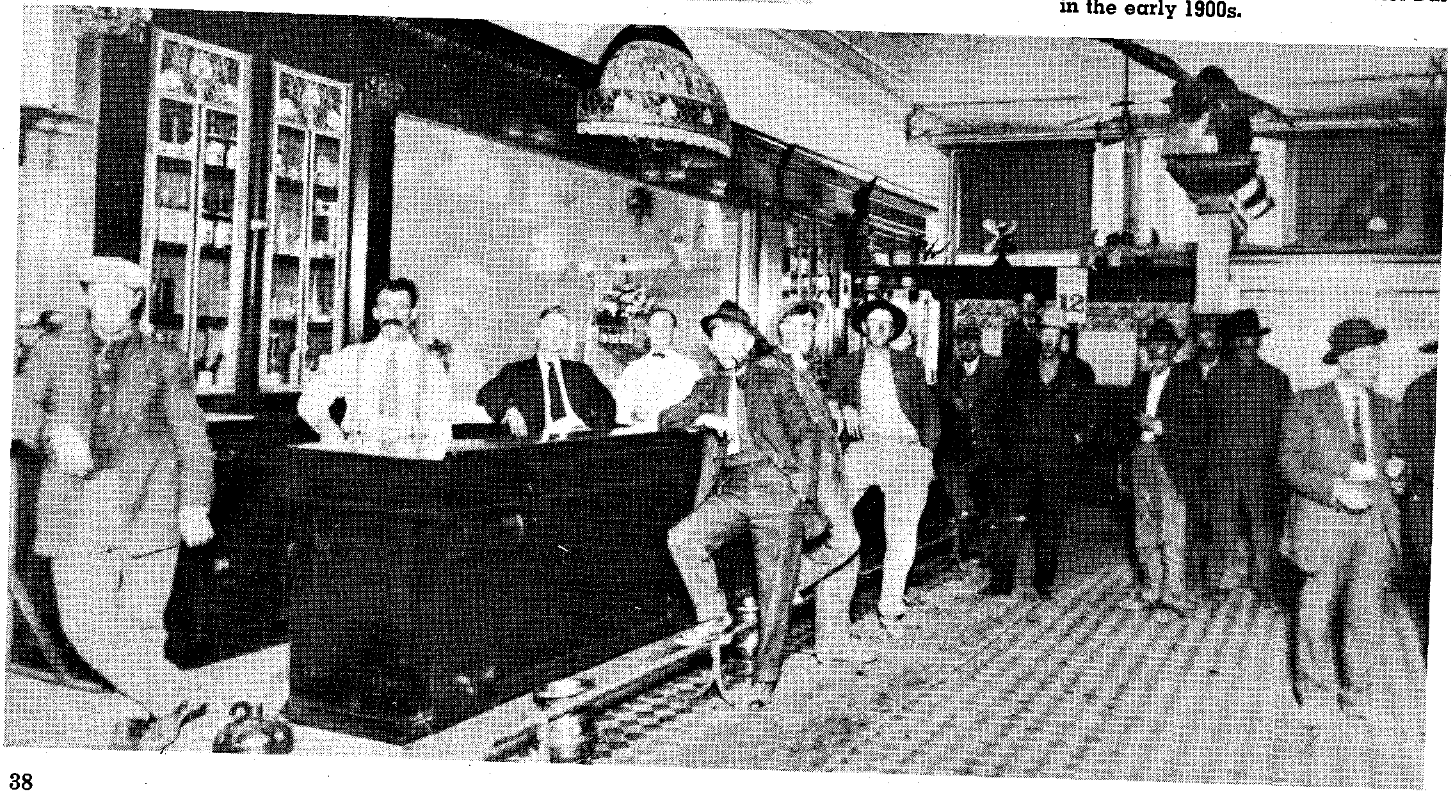


Buffalo, Wyoming had a hotel
than a hostelry. It was a pressure
County could let off steam—even
elegant—during the uninhibited days

IN THE SUMMER *of 1869,* a party of emigrants traveling over the Bozeman Trail in northern Wyoming paused one day for lunch on the banks of Clear Creek on the site of the future town of Buffalo. Charles Buell, recently of Wisconsin, exercised his culinary talents and cooked a fine meal for his companions.

Buell had examined the countryside as the group progressed over the recently reopened Bozeman Trail and he liked the area around Clear Creek. Even as he pitched his tent on the banks of that stream he had already decided to stay. His choice of a homesite was excellent. He was as near the recently rebuilt Fort McKinney as was possible without encroaching on the post reservation.

Fourth of July celebration in front of Buffalo, Wyoming's Occidental Hotel in 1888. Below, the Occidental Hotel Bar in the early 1900s.



By BENNETT R. PEARCE

Wyoming State Archives
and Historical Department
Photos Courtesy Author

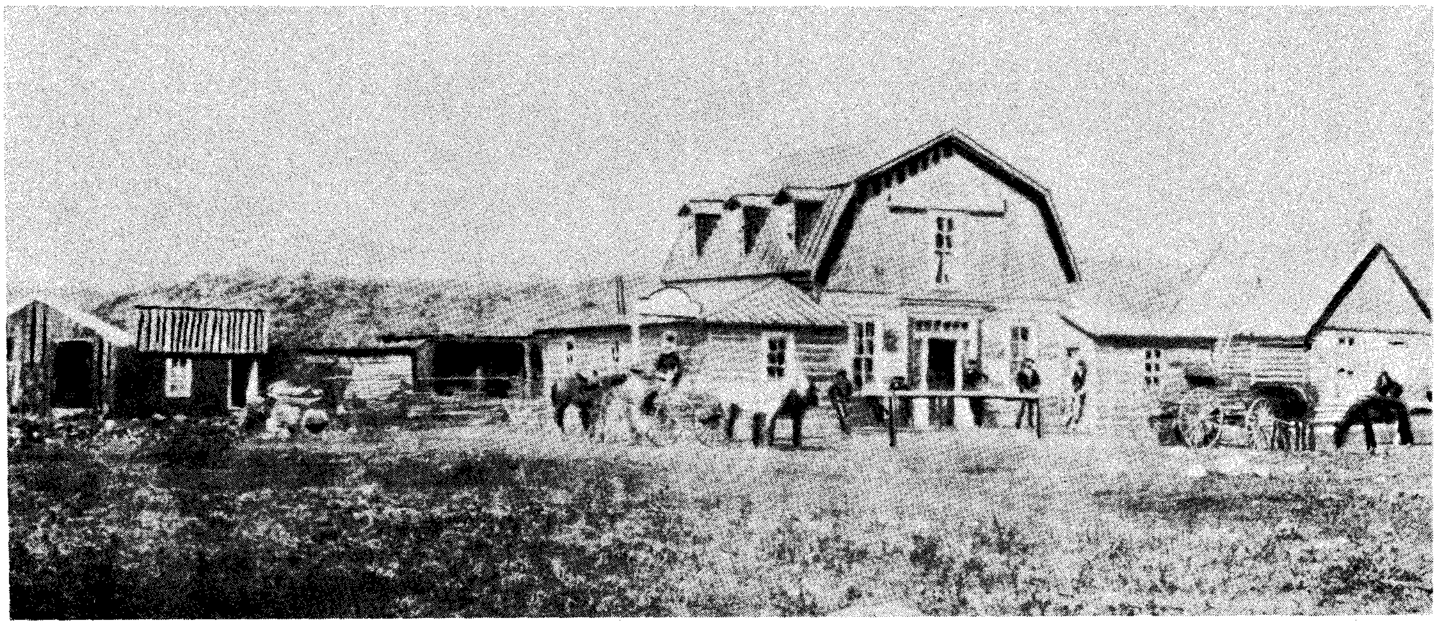
which was much more
valve where Johnson
once in a while be
of the cattle boom

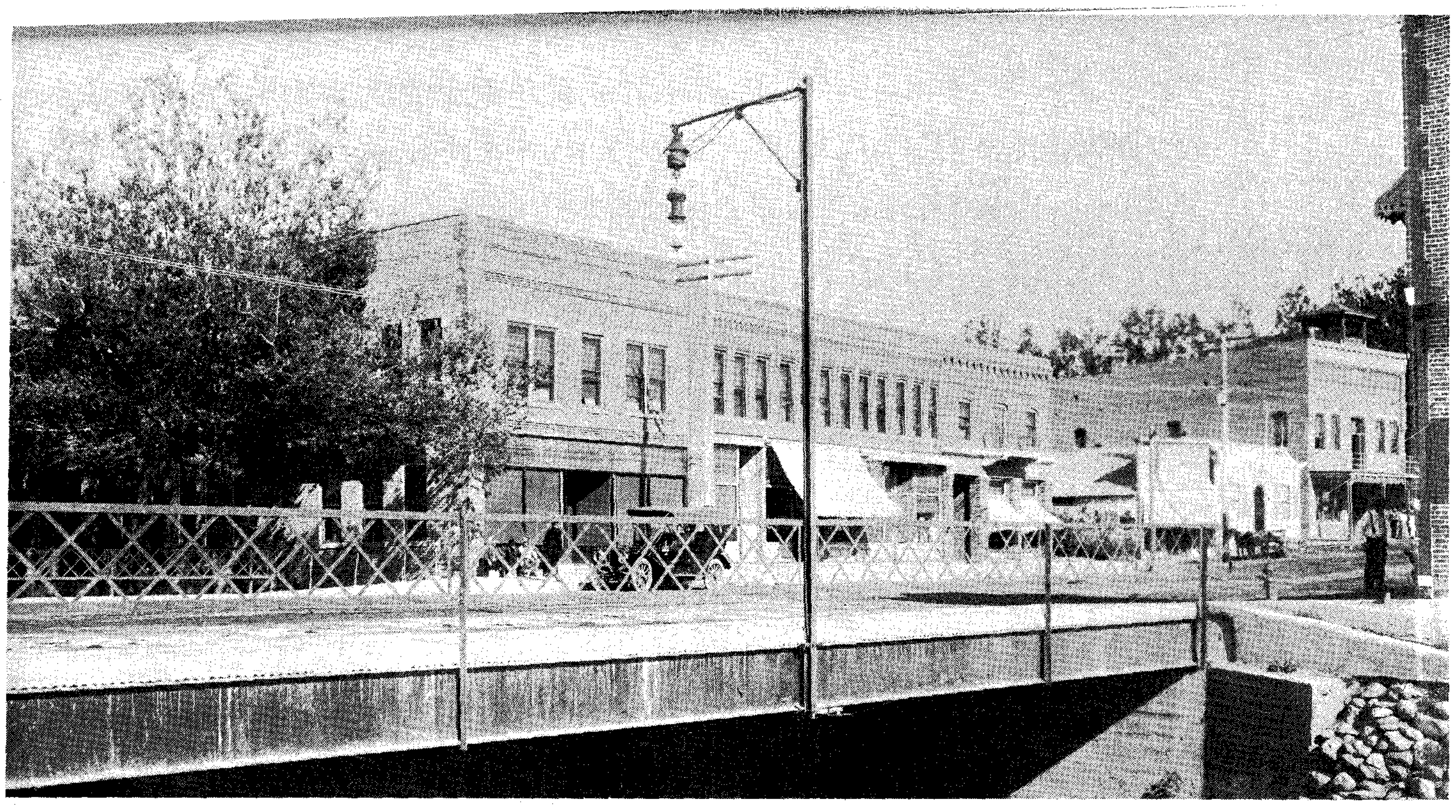
Buell was hardly settled in his tent before a group of miners arrived and inquired if they might board with him for a few days. Charles Buell was agreeable and the miners prepared to relax for a while. Buell hosted the group in his tent and prepared their meals.

One of the miners asked Buell if there were someplace he could cache some gold that he had mined in the Big Horn Mountains which lay to the west. Buell led the man to the back of his tent and removed a buffalo robe from the ground. Under the robe was a hole dug in the ground. The miner was told that he might cache his gold there until he was ready to leave and no one would bother it.

For several days thereafter, Charles Buell made coffee, bacon and eggs, and flapjacks for his guests. When they departed, he was liberally rewarded for his hospitality and services. In his tent, Buell had provided the first hotel and bank in

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buell. Buell, one of the first pioneer settlers of Buffalo, Wyoming, founded the town's original Occidental Hotel, completed in 1880 (below).





Courtesy Stinson Photo Collection, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Buffalo, Wyoming's new Occidental Hotel rebuilt of brick in 1906-10.

Johnson County.

From this simple beginning, the famous old Occidental Hotel in Buffalo, Wyoming was established. Buell decided that a hotel and restaurant business might be profitable in the new town. He replaced the tent with a temporary frame shack and then proceeded with more permanent construction. Buell's temporary operation proved to be successful from the beginning. In a short time, the hostelry became a stage stop on the newly established Rock Creek-Junction City Stage Line.

THE LOG HOTEL was two stories high, twenty-four feet wide and twenty-eight feet long, with dormer windows on the north and south sides. Behind it was a stable built in an excavation on the banks of Clear Creek.

The hotel entrance was through a large door surmounted by a panel consisting of small panes of glass. There was a window on each side of the door and also a window on the second floor directly over the door. The roof was shingled. There were six bedrooms on the second floor, each with a dormer window. The lower floor consisted of a lobby, dining room and kitchen.

Along the south and north sides of the building were two sets of rooms constructed in a lean-to fashion which could be entered without going through the main building. Outside, the traditional hitchrack was set in the street to serve as a tie-up for countless cow ponies over the years. Sometime in the fall of 1880 the pioneer hotel was completed and began operations as a partnership between Charles E. Buell and A. J. McCray.

Buffalo was organized in 1879 and its name was decided by election. On December 13, the Sixth Legislative Assembly established Johnson County, named in honor of Edward Payson Johnson, an outstanding and respected attorney of Wyoming Territory who had died on October 3 of the same year. Prior to 1879, no attempt had been made to organize the new county as it was occupied by hostile Indians.

The little community on Clear Creek wanted their town to be the new county seat but for several weeks had been unable to agree upon a name. One evening in the Occidental Hotel saloon, Buell solved the dilemma by suggesting that the citizens each write his choice of a name on a piece of paper and place it in a hat. When the votes were counted, it was found that there were only two names alike on the pieces of paper. Two men from Buffalo, New York had voted for their own home town. Buffalo had the most votes so Buffalo it was.

The Occidental soon became the center of activity. It became a stopping-off spot for newcomer, soldier, gambler, and in later years, for cowboy and cattle baron. In the famous Occidental bar, men conversed, drank and played faro. Whiskey sold for two-bits a drink. As was the custom in frontier bars, no one asked the other fellow's name, business, or inquired about his family. Such subjects were considered the other's personal business.

The late John C. Van Dyke, who was an early-day clothing merchant in Buffalo, enjoyed telling some of his experiences in the Occidental Hotel. He told of a well-known traveling salesman who called upon him one day and invited him to the hotel after supper to see his samples. Shortly after Van Dyke arrived, he noticed an impatience on the part of his host to show his wares and take the order. The salesman kept looking toward the bar where the sounds of shuffling cards and clattering poker chips could be heard. Van Dyke finally asked the salesman if he were in a hurry. The salesman replied that he was holding up a poker game in the bar and gave Van Dyke his key and order book and told him to write up his own order. He told Van Dyke to leave the key at the desk when he left and that he would see him in the morning. "Business" was informal at the old Occidental.

The first cook employed at the hotel was a character named Jacob Schmerer, known to his friends and patrons as "Dutch Jake." Schmerer was liked by Buell and presided over the kitchen until 1885. In April of that year, Dutch Jake disappeared from his squatter's claim on Dry Creek, about eight miles southeast of Buffalo. He had spent the winter on his claim poisoning wolves, and the discovery that he and his belongings were gone caused concern among his friends in town. Suspicion centered on a questionable character known as Bill Booth who had spent the winter with Dutch Jake on his claim.

After Schmerer's body was discovered by Burrell Madden that spring, Frank Canton, sheriff of Johnson County, traced Booth to Miles City, Montana. He was returned to Buffalo and tried for the murder. Canton was able to get a written confession from Booth and he was convicted and hanged on a gallows erected just outside the west door of the new courthouse on October 2, 1885.

THE BUELLS were known as gracious hosts and the Occidental Hotel parlor was opened to public meetings, social gatherings, weddings and a few funerals.

One special event occurred at the famous hotel in 1883. Helen Buell was born there on August 9, the daughter of Charles and Jennie Herrick Buell. She

(Continued on page 72)

The Tramp Girls

(Continued from page 21)

not cross this bridge, we will be obliged to walk a mile out of our way. After taking a picture of our hostess, we once more take to the road and wander on toward Hunnewell.

It is hot and we rest by the roadside, then on again. We see two men reclining near a cave about a quarter of a mile from the highway, and Norah—selected as spokesman because of the carrying qualities of her voice—inquires of them if we can cross the bridge ahead some distance. They gaze at us amazed, and after answering in the affirmative, shout an inquiry as to where we think we are going. Norah informs them as to our destination, and we move forward.

We again rest in the shade of the trees on the banks of the historic Shoo-Fly Creek. Maudine and Lou pose for pictures. Forward once more, and again we rest under the shade of a hedge, where Norah reposes on a bed of sand-burrs, and we dispose of a couple of lemons. On again. This road seems to be very little travelled, at least on this Thursday afternoon. We rest again just outside the city limits of Hunnewell, and find that we have chosen a very busy ant-hill for our resting place. We quickly and unanimously decide to move on. We next rest on a small bridge and Maudine takes our pictures.

Just at the limits of the city, at 6:15 P.M., we are met by one fat man, Mr. Clark, who stops and inquires if we are from Blackwell, and upon being informed that we are, in return informs us that he has just received a message from Blackwell, telling him that we are on our way and that it would be best for Hunnewell not to let us enter. This is very discouraging, but he relents and tells us where the Galloups live, and asks that we call on him before we leave, as he edits the paper, and wishes to write up our trip and visit to his town.

He also informs us that if we can find no other place to rest our weary heads, he will see that we are cared for for the night, which lifts a great load from our hearts and minds. We proceed to the Galloups', where we settle on boxes around the well, and Miss Lina, a few minutes later, discovers us with much surprise. We fish for an invitation for supper and lodging, and Norah calls Lena home from the neighbors. After considerable delay, and worry on our part, we secure the much desired invitation which we accept with great alacrity. This invitation is followed by the offer of water, soap and towels, which invitation is accepted with almost as much alacrity as was the first.

We are now invited to the table where we partake of a larrapin' supper composed of salad, salmon, radishes, peanut sandwiches, onions, graham bread, and peaches and cream. Norah says the peaches are crabapples, and Lina informs us they are plums. After supper, we illustrate our post-cards and mail them with "Iky-the-mail-clerk" on the southbound passenger train. We meet most of the people of Hunnewell, who comment on us in various and sundry ways, one misguided man calling us a "flock of geese," some taking us for Indians, and one lady (?)—thinking however that we were Hunnewell girls—said we didn't have "a lick of sense." The kids follow us around as though we might be a circus parade, and call us the "scout girls."

WE GO back to the Galloups' and, after bathing our feet as far as the knees, we go to bed, tired but happy.

We learn from Mr. Clark that Mrs. Ella Wilson, the Mayoress, is expecting us, having had a card from Mrs. Arnold telling her that we were coming. We, therefore, proceed to call upon Mrs. Wilson, who welcomes us cordially, shaking hands with us. She signs our letter, and we have our pictures taken with this famous lady, after she has dressed for it.

We now repair to the post office where Maudine calls for our mail, informing the post master that he will probably find it in the General Delivery, though he has but six boxes in all. Here we receive a letter from Isabel, containing four sticks of Spearmint gum and lots of good advice. The letter is addressed to "The Tramp Girls, Hunnewell, Kansas. c/o General Delivery," and is as follows:

"Blackwell, Okla., May 23, 1912

"11-50 A.M.

"Oh you Tramps:—

"It is just about time for me to go home to such a *nice good* dinner, and I couldn't help but think of you and wonder whose potato patch you were hoeing or picking the bugs off, in payment for your dinner. Gale just passed and said that you got started out of town all right. Well I must go home now, will tell you what I get that is good to eat when I come back.

"5-50 P.M.

"Had a fine dinner and thought of you kids when I was eating it. Have had to work steady all afternoon so will not make this as long as I had intended. My boss came home this forenoon and put me to work.

"Haven't heard anything further about Rag this afternoon, so suppose he is getting along all right.

"Hope you don't snore too loud tonight and keep the people awake.

"Do you think you will get to Wellington all right? How is walking anyway? The boys said you looked real cute when you started off this morning.

"Well everyone is putting their books away and shutting up their desks, so I will have to do likewise.

"Don't speak to strangers and hold on to your pocket books, etc.

"Goodbye, little tramps, goodbye.
Isabel."

After reading our letter, we go back to the Galloups' where we again take a picture, and with our sticks and knapsacks depart for South Haven, leaving at 9:35 A.M., with four biscuit sandwiches and lot of good wishes.

CHAPTER II. All up and able to wriggle, this Friday morning, May 24th, 1912. Jessie's neck is stiff and Lou's nose is red and slick. All are more or

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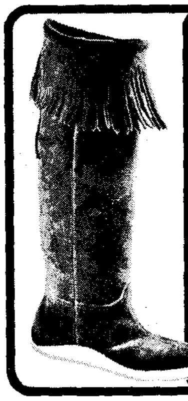

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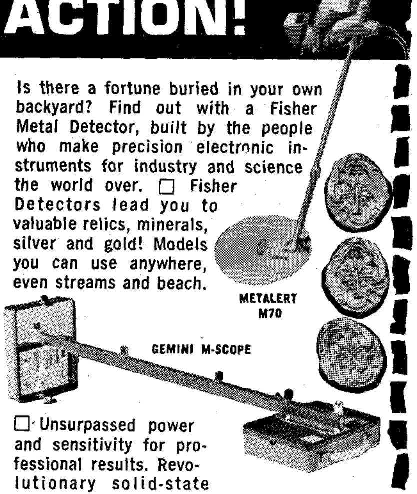

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less stiff and feeling aged.

Yum! Yum!! Such a breakfast: hot biscuits, syrup, bacon, and coffee. Jessie proceeds to wash the dishes, Norah and Lou drying them and putting them in the cupboard; Lou sweeps the kitchen and Maudine hoes the potatoes; all in payment of our board and lodging. Norah and Lou proceed to shake the rugs, and for fear this may be doubted, we take some pictures.

It is hot and the roads are freshly worked, making them uneven and rather rough. We rest by a bridge in the shade of a hedge; we wander on; no chance to ride; rest under another hedge; still no ride; it is getting cloudy in the northwest; another rest under another hedge; still no ride; it is thundering; Jessie's great toe pains her. Eureka! South Haven in sight; another rest and we take a picture.

The way is hilly and distance deceiving; at last we cross the Missouri Pacific R.R. Co.'s tracks, and are in South Haven. We call at the post office for mail, receiving a card from Bertha Whipple. We wander into an ice-cream parlor and sit down to rest. The proprietor of this emporium reads our letter and gives us a drink of water, AFTER WE ASK FOR IT. An old blind man wants to know who we are and all about us, and Lou offers him our letter to read.

After a short rest, we find our way to the Santa Fe Depot and wait for the local. The Western Union operator talks to Wellington, and tells them to tell Sheeney Sherman that we are on our way and will arrive to-morrow.

The local freight, Wellington bound, pulls in and we board it, locating ourselves in the smoking compartment, which up to now is empty. The train crew refuses to let us ride here, and an accommodating traveling German Jew lets us have his seat. The conductor comes after our tickets, and Norah carefully searches in her knapsack for them, the others all remaining idle while she does so. She fails to find the tickets, and Lou proceeds to search her knapsack with the same result. Maudine next looks, and after she has given it up, Jessie looks carefully through her sack, and brings forth the Letter of Recommendation, and gives it to the conductor. He refuses to accept it for transportation, and tells us that if we ride he will have to pay our way or lose his job, or he will have to put us off at Rome. Of course we would not cause him any trouble for anything, and we assure him that we will get off at Rome.

Now comes our accommodating traveling German Jew, with four tickets, which he informs us has been paid for by taking up a collection for us. Consternation! We are determined to walk into Wellington, and firmly, though politely, refuse to accept this great gift. The kindhearted brakeman now comes forward to remonstrate with us, thinking that we have perhaps been misled as to the distance. He tells us that the conductor did not want to put us off, that he had to be cross to hold his job, and that he didn't think when he told us we would have to get off at Rome; that we must not think of walking to Wellington, "Why, it is SEVEN MILES!" and awfully hot; and that there are very few houses between Rome and Wellington, etc., etc. Alas! Alas! It cannot be! We are obdurate, and steadfastly refuse to ride farther than Rome.

We proceed to disembark at Rome, and take the picture of the accommodating conductor who "didn't think" when he told us we would have to get off. He refused to pose and we were forced to get such view as we could.

WE leave the railroad, and Maudine proceeds to inquire from a woman who has been there but once and knows nothing about it, the most travelled thoroughfare to Wellington. Since we can gain no information from this source, we go on to the store and are directed to the state road between the two towns. Lou, Maudine and Norah get a drink at the town pump, and Jessie takes their picture.

It is just noon, and the sun is shining straight down with great power, and, as the brakeman admonished us, the houses are few and shade trees less. We stop at a bachelor's house for a drink of water. We are hungry, but being timid maidens, are too bashful to ask eats of a lone lorn bachelor. We walk on until we are too tired to go farther, and sink beside the roadside in the hot sun, and indict a post-card to Precious-Skinny-Thinny-Jimmy Richmond, which we hand to the rural mail carrier who passes our way.

The highway at this point, for a good long half-mile, lies between tall hedge fences which serve to keep out all breezes and makes no shade at all, at all. A red cow follows us along the thinnest and scantiest of the hedges, bawling dolefully. Several slight attacks of heart failure follow, and at least one timid soul begins to wonder why we ever left the safe shelter of home.

At last we reach the home of one Mrs. Carringer who, upon request by Lou, gives us some bread and butter, and after reading our letter of recommendation, some jelly. Lou here calls the First National Bank at Blackwell, and Max Murray informs us that they are having a machine come out from Wellington to meet us. We tell them not to do it, but even while talking, John A. Murray goes by the house with their machine, and in a short time comes back for us. There is nothing now to do, of course, but to climb into the machine and thus end our hike to Wellington.

John A. circulates us around town in the car and finally deposits us at the Security State Bank, where Mr. Burks signs our letter of recommendation, and exhibits us to many of his admiring friends.

We call at the post office for mail, and there being none, call at the telegraph office and send, collect, a message to Mr. Dowis, informing him that we have arrived safely. We meet Mr. Lane on the street and talk with him. He is a nice man and appears not to be ashamed of us, though our suits are slightly soiled. We also meet a newspaper reportress, who gives us the following write-up in the Wellington *News:*

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(*See Below)

Do you know people who wake up to sunshine 355 days out of each year . . . people who don't know what it is to be oppressed by humid heat in the summer or by the cold clutch of winter damp? Do you know people who can say that in their State the rate of cancer and heart disease is half of what the Nation as a whole faces? Do you know people to whom a suntan is a year 'round commonplace? We know such people. They live in New Mexico.

There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page — live longer and better — fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. And, as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in, yet without the fever, without the tension.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, *naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter* —the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing a business and investment boom—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last few years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . ***a rise of 300% in 10 years****—and still growing.* Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area has the same desert allure, where pure air, pure drinking water permits lovely towns to flourish. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter, of Phoenix and Tucson.

Beginning 3½ miles from the flavorful city of Deming (population 10,000) are 24,000 acres of former ranches whose farthest boundary is 25 miles from town. Spectacularly set off by the breathtaking Florida *Mountains, this land is so typical of the romance of the southwest that* it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines. In this lovely basin every DEMING RANCHETTE fronts graded earth roads already dedicated to Luna County in widths of 50 and 80 feet. Every Ranchette has direct access to avenues leading to three major highways—U.S. Highways 80, 70 and brand new Interstate 10.

DEMING is blessed with water which is called "America's finest drinking water, 99.99% pure." *There are homes already built on* DEMING RANCHETTES and they all have electricity. When you are ready to build your new home, electricity will be made available to you. Schools, hospitals, churches, shops, movies, golf course, tennis courts—*are all located* in the growing city of Deming. Fertile soil is yours for the planting. Almost everything will grow here when watered — fruits, vegetables, flowers, trees.

Deming's friendliness captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union. To visit us is like going back to the warmth of one's own family. Here are the practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

GOLF—The Rio Members Country Club Golf Course is right in Deming itself. It is a beautiful course with the Florida Mountains towering in the background. You play 12 months a year and green fees are very reasonable.

HUNTING AND FISHING—What are you after? Deer, antelope, wild turkey? Or maybe bear, mountain lion? Well, you can get deer, quail and big jack-rabbits right in your own backyard, in the Floridas. For really big game, and great fishing, try the Gila National Forest 60 miles directly north. Almost 2,000,000 acres set aside for camping, hunting and fishing. Just 65 miles away is the Caballo Dam-Elephant Butte Reservoir, the second largest man-made lake in the United States where you can rent a boat, fish, swim or go water skiing.

HORSEBACK RIDING—You'll find the Florida Mountains enthralling. Bring along a treasure pouch and join other rockhounds seeking amethyst, agate and opal.

INVESTMENT — More than 18,000 people have bought Ranchettes through the mail and on site.

The new U.S. Interstate 10 is now being built with interchanges right in the heart of Deming. Consider other developments such as the new Retirement Home and the new road being built from Palomas, Mexico (33 miles south of Deming) into the interior of Mexico and you will agree with us that Deming has a tremendous future.

And the price of your Ranchette? Just $299 for a full half-acre and low monthly payments of $5, including interest at the **annual percentage rate of 6%.** At this moment you may reserve as many half-acre sites as you wish but please bear this in mind: DEMING RANCHETTES is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast. At these prices, you may want your Ranchette to be larger—one, two—even five acres. An immediate reservation will guarantee that your half-acres will adjoin each other. And you take no risk. *Your reservation does not obligate you.* You have the unqualified right to change your mind within 45 days after we send your Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps and Photographs—15 days to go through the portfolio, check our references, talk it over with the family. If, during that time, you should change your mind your reservation will be cancelled with absolutely no obligation. Then you have an **ADDITIONAL 30 DAYS AFTER** you have made your *first monthly payment to change your mind and request a full refund* of every dollar you have paid in. If this makes sense mail the coupon today.

*The terms for each ½ acre are:

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"A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider. **NYA #882-3 and 884-3**

THESE GIRLS ARE WALKERS

- - - - - - - - - -

Out on a Jaunt They Go From Blackwell to Wellington—Cold Drinks Suffered.

- - - - - - - - - -

Wellington, Kan., May 27—At 6:30 in the morning, the weather being pleasant, Misses Jessie Hunt, Laura Hood, Maude Ricks and Norah Kinnan, attired in khaki suits and walking shoes, each with a dollar in her pocket, started out from their homes in Blackwell, Ok., for a little jaunt. Soon they reached Braman, where they loitered a few minutes, then on to Wellston and towards evening they neared Hunnewell, where they stopped for the night.

Not being at all tired they were up with the birds next morning and on their way. They stopped for a short time in South Haven and Rome and reached Wellington in the afternoon at about three o'clock. They didn't carry anything with them and their lunches were procured by request from the homes they passed and each still possesses the round dollar that was in her pocket when she started. A rumor is afloat that they were frequently seen in stores where lemon juice, face powder and cold creams were sold. The party expects to return on the train after a visit at the home of the Misses Marshall.

We call on Misses Margaret and Evelyn Marshall and then Mr. Burks asks us to come back to the bank, and from there he takes us to dinner at the Antlers Hotel, and from there to a ball-game between Mr. Spear's Sunday School Class and the post office and court house officials. We consider Mr. Burks a very brave man. A storm drives us away from the ball-game and we arrive at the Marshalls' just in time to avoid a soaking, and are informed that they have a quantity of water heated.

We, each, have a nice warm bath, and after a great deal of fussing on the part of Norah and Lou, we are safely put to bed. The storm rages and keeps some of us awake, particularly Lou.

CHAPTER III. Saturday morning, May 25th. Up this morning, to find the creek just south of Wellington out of its banks, and all trains out of commission. Upon investigation, we find that the train from Blackwell is but a mile and a half from Wellington but can come no nearer until the water goes down, at least to some extent, and the track is repaired, and that it may possibly go back to Tonkawa. As Mrs. Kinnan is on this train, with all our Sunday clothes, this is a very depressing piece of news.

We walk down to the bridge to look at the water, which is not so very consoling, and then back again to visit the depot and inquire about the train. We help put up strawberries for our board, and sleep and read and moan and groan and bewail our fates because we have no clothes.

The Santa Fe officials tantalize us by saying that perhaps we can get a train home late in the evening, but at last about eight o'clock inform us that there will be no trains out that night. This settles the matter and we go to bed contented, with the exception of Maudine, who is entertaining Sheeney in the hammock, and while she appears to be contented, no one can tell just what time she will get to bed.

CHAPTER IV. Sunday morning, May 26th. A bright morning and everyone feeling O. K. News from the depot informs us that the train with Mrs. Kinnan and our clothes will reach us about noon.

Miss Evelyn generously stays at home from Sunday School and Church and arrays us in her clothes and sends us in her stead. Norah wears a white linen embroidered dress; Lou wears a white serge dress; and Jessie an embroidered waist and suit skirt, with a diamond pin and silk hose and brand new shoes. Maudine wears Miss Daisy's rose colored silk. We make a great show, and Daisy proudly escorts us to Sunday School where we make her class the banner one of the school.

From Sunday School we make our way to the Presbyterian Church to hear their new pipe organ, and a memorial sermon preached by Greer and Spike Stewart's papa. We come home by way of the depot, where they tell us the train will be in sometime during the afternoon, probably about three o'clock.

Back home and Miss Myrtle has a splendid dinner for us, and we are just finishing our shortcake when the bus drives up with Mrs. Kinnan and our clothes. We give them a hearty welcome, finish our dinner and quickly array ourselves in our own clothes, and prepare to make our way homeward on the night train.

Norah decides to stay over Monday with her mother, for a further visit with her cousins; Maudine, Lou and Jessie "hot-foot" for the train, accompanied by Norah, Mrs. Kinnan, Evelyn, Margaret, Daisy and Harry Marshall, and Sheeney Sherman arrives at the depot in time to bid us a fond farewell. Lena Galloup meets the train at Hunnewell, with Lou's shoes and some bottles belonging to Maudine and Norah.

Upon our arrival at home, we find that the press has kept the public advised as to our progress, with the following articles which appeared in the Blackwell *Daily News*.

GIRLS ON A HIKE

Four Blackwell girls started on a cross country hike from Blackwell on Thursday morning bound for Wellington, Kansas. The girls are Miss Jessie Hunt, stenographer in the office of John Burger, Miss Lulu Hood, Secretary of the Blackwell Oil & Gas Co., Miss Norah Kinnan, a school teacher, and Miss Maudine Ricks.

They will cover the entire distance on foot, returning by train Saturday night. The girls are provided with certificates of good character, signed by prominent citizens of Blackwell. Each girl is dressed in khaki, slouch hat and walking boots and carries a knapsack, walking stick and camera.

GIRLS ARRIVE AT WELLINGTON

Blackwell's tramping quartet of girls reached Wellington Friday afternoon, according to a telegram received this morning by Mr. G. E. Dowis, Cashier of the First National Bank. The telegram is as follows: G. E. Dowis, Blackwell, Okla.: Arrived safely, located in the county jail under one thousand dollar bond. (Signed) Tramp Girls.

While we will take the latter portion of the telegram with a grain of salt, it is certain they have made the trip in a little less than two days. When the girls return home Sunday night they will meet with a warm reception.

AT a later date, each girl received a copy of the Hunnewell paper, containing the following article:

FOUR GIRL TRAMPS

Four girls, Miss Nina Kinnan, Miss Julia Hood, Miss Maudine Ricks and Miss Jessie M. Hunt, all residents of Blackwell and representatives of the best blood of the town, took it into their heads that it would be nice to be a girl tramp for a few days. So their thoughts were put into actions. They dressed themselves in brown duck suits with hats to match. They wore heavy leather leggings and carried a sack made of the same material as their suits in which they carried their belongings. They carried a recommendation with them from about 20 of the leading citizens of Blackwell setting forth the fact that they were girls out for a good time and asked people with whom they might come into contact, to help them accomplish their purpose.

They pulled into Hunnewell just as the father of day had hidden his face in the west Thursday night, hungry and tired from their first day's tramp, having walked from Blackwell to Hunnewell over the wagon road, a distance of 23 miles. They hunted up the Galloup family. Misses Lena and Lina Galloup were alone and to say that they had a good time and a good supper would be putting it too mild.

The next morning they called on a few of the people, the editor being one of the lucky number, after which they started on their tramp. On their way back on the train they reported to us that Wellington sent an automobile out six miles to meet them and showed them a good time.

The following letter was, after our departure, found in the pocket of the Chief of Police of the City of Blackwell, Mr. Frank Kinnan; but, fortunately for us, Mrs. Kinnan dissuaded him from his cruel purpose, and the letter never reached its destination:

"May 23, 1912

"TO ANY OFFICER:

If you meet these girls who are on a hike,
Please turn them back down the pike;
Then kindly use the telephone
And let me know you have sent them home.

City Marshall, Blackwell, Okla."

Joaquin Murieta's Last Victim

(Continued from page 29)

murders, Honcut Camp on the Feather River twelve miles above Marysville. The young outlaws were warned of the posse's approach by barking camp dogs and they lit out for the hills. The posse trailed them for twenty miles to Brown's Valley and cornered them in a dry wash. The Mexicans, though outnumbered, put up such a spirited defense they dispersed the posse and wounded Buchanan in the leg. Disgusted, the sheriff returned to Marysville to nurse his wound. The Mexican bandits went on to Grass Valley, where they tried robbery and got lynched for their pains.

Ridge questioned Buchanan closely and elicited the information that the bandit leader Joaquin was named Murieta "or something." The idea for a story began to stir in Ridge's brain.

California in the early 1850s was a dangerous place to live for the gold rush had attracted numerous cutthroats, murderers, and thieves. There were no banks and miners were obliged to carry their hard-earned gold on their persons or hide it near their claims. Torture murders were not uncommon, as thieves would inflict savage pain on their victims to force them to give up the gold.

In 1851, the California legislature passed the infamous "Foreign Miners Tax Law," which imposed a confiscatory tax on ". . . all those who are not . . . natural born citizens of the United States." The law was clearly aimed at dispossessing the Chinese, Mexican and Chileans of their rich gold claims. The patient Chinese became servile and accepted their fate, but many of the hot-blooded Mexicans, incensed by the unfair law, began robbing the white miners and slitting their throats for gold and vengeance. Most Mexicans remained hard-working men who found employment on farms and mines, but others turned to organized banditry. The Mexicans had a case: the Americans were depriving them of their birthright. California had been controlled by Mexico and Spain for nearly 300 years. To the Mexicans, newly conquered by the United States in 1846, the robbing and killing of the *gringos* had a patriotic tinge.

Bandidos, after committing a crime, usually could find sanctuary in the hut of a humble peon. Banditry became so widespread that it could be ranked as an informal guerrilla war. Most of the bandit gangs were small and poorly led, but five or six of them were successful in their bloody work. Mostly, the gang leaders were called "Joaquin." American miners had a penchant for tagging names on things: meadows and mesas were called "flats," Chinamen were called "Johns," the Mexican bandits were "Joaquins."

The California legislature, having created a Frankenstein, was forced to destroy it. A company of California Rangers was formed, led by Captain Harry Love, an adventure-fillibusterer and former soldier in the Mexican War. The company had twenty men of varying talents and intelligence. Love's men were

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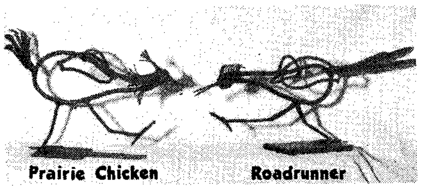

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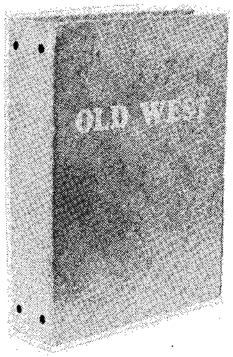

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to be paid $150 a month and found for their horses.

A member of the legislature proposed that a reward of $5,000 be paid to the men if they captured or killed Joaquin. Another member of the legislature, Senator Juan Covarrubias, protested. The senator, of Spanish-Mexican descent, pointed out that the company had only one man who "knew" Joaquin by sight. The ranger, Bill Byrnes, supposedly had glimpsed the bandit one evening while enjoying a little redeye in a mining camp saloon. Covarrubias argued that the Rangers might be tempted to execute some unlucky and anonymous Mexican to claim the reward. The California legislature prudently withdrew the reward money, though there is a reason to believe that a secret agreement was reached between Captain Love and certain other senators regarding the money.

RIDGE was caught up in this turmoil. Prompted by Sheriff Buchanan's story of the bandit Joaquin and the actions of the legislature and the Rangers, John Rollin Ridge began to write a romantic tale of derring-do.

By early 1853 he had gained minor fame as a poet and writer. His poems and articles were being printed in local newspapers around Butte and Yuba Counties, and he was picking up a little pocket money by writing articles for Boston and New Orleans newspapers. Soon Ridge quit the county position and took a flyer into newspaper work. He joined the staff of the Marysville *Express* and bolstered his reputation by his smooth and expert writing. San Francisco newspapers took note and began printing his articles for handsome fees—sometimes as much as $8 a story, which was big money.

Ridge also gained attention as a vociferous exponent of the South and the southern Democratic Party platform. He constantly reminded his readers that the rising Republican Party was tending toward a coalition with northern Democrats which would eventually spell doom for the Union. In some ways Ridge was a visionary.

Ridge finally became editor and, in this position, was continually writing hair-raising tales of the banditry in the Mother Lode. Not infrequently the name of the bandit leader in his stories came up as Joaquin.

On May 11, 1853, Captain Harry Love and his twenty Rangers started downstate on their hunt for the elusive outlaws. They had written orders from the state legislature which stated that they were to ". . . capture the party of robbers commanded by the *five* Joaquins. . . ." During the debates in the legislature, irrefutable proof had been found that five Joaquins (whose various last names were Ocomorena, Carillo, Murieta, Valenzuela, and Boterillas) really existed.

The Rangers were spurred by a $1,000 reward posted by Governor John Bigler himself, but Captain Love and his crew had their work cut out for them. They rode up and down the length of the state in search of the elusive banditti. They followed many leads and became saddlesore proving them false. After two months of fruitless wandering and hard riding, Captain Love was understandably disgusted.

Finally, the Rangers rode into the *puebla* of Los Angeles. On the third day of their well-earned rest they were given the news that a party of Sonorans had crossed the border and were trailing northward through Tejon Pass in the mountains northeast of Los Angeles. Love's Rangers saddled up and went after the suspicious party of Mexicans. On July 25, 1853, Love and his men surprised the Mexicans relaxing around a campfire in the Arroya Cantina, a watering place by a small stream just south of what is now Tulare Lake. Love called for the Sonorans to surrender. The Mexicans answered by opening up with their rifles. In the ensuing gun battle, four Mexicans were killed and two captured. The leader of the Mexican party put up a defense which required Love and Burns to chase him several hundred yards and wound the man three times before a bullet in the back finished him. The man was identified by Burns as "Joaquin"—later it was established he was Joaquin Valenzuela, a part-time horsethief and mule-trader. One of the other dead men was found to be "Three-fingered Jack" Garcia, a known criminal. The latter had earned his sobriquet because of his deformed right hand.

The Rangers were anxious to show the legislature they had done their duty, but they were stumped as to how they could preserve the remains to show as evidence. Obviously, the dead men would be a bit gamy after a 400-mile trip to the capital in the summer heat. The matter was settled when the Rangers decided to hack off the head of Joaquin and pickle it in a jar of whiskey. For good measure, they chopped off the deformed hand of Three-fingered Jack and put it in another whiskey jar. Garcia's head was not taken because it was somewhat damaged by a pistol ball. (Another version of this story is that Love's men were given alcohol in a jar by the post surgeon at Fort Miller, ninety miles away on the eastern edge of the San Joaquin Valley.)

THE MORNING after the gunfight, the Rangers started on their journey to the capital, then in Benicia forty miles east of San Francisco. Almost immediately, one of the Mexican prisoners managed to commit suicide by leaping off his horse and drowning. This left only one survivor according to the official story related by Captain Love.

The Rangers rode into Benicia in triumph, showing their grisly souvenirs. The ill feeling of the Americans toward the Mexicans boiled over immediately and the lone prisoner of the Rangers was lynched the night of their arrival.

Captain Love proudly presented the head of Joaquin to Governor Bigler and collected the $1,000 reward. The Rangers collected three months' pay and a share of the reward—a handsome stipend for their work. In quick order, the legislature resurrected the motion to pay the $5,000 reward.

California newspapers immediately put up a howl at this travesty of justice. The shenanigans involving the reward and the pat manner in which all the bandits were dead and could tell no tales aroused the newspaper California *Alta* in San Francisco to editorialize:

> **"It affords amusement to our citizens to read . . . of the capture and decapitation of the "notorious Joaquin Murieta." The humbug is so transparent that it is surprising any sensible person can be imposed on. . . . Three of the party have returned and report they were attacked by a party of Americans and that the balance of the party, four in number, had been killed; that Joaquin Velenzuela, one of them, was killed while endeavoring to escape, and that his head was cut off and held as a trophy by his captors. . . . It is all too well known that Joaquin Murieta was not the party killed by Captain Harry Love's party."**

A poster advertising the "Murriatta" head on display in a Stockton Hotel was circulated and survives to this day. Another poster which survived the era, advertised the head as being on display at King's Saloon in San Francisco. Some consternation was evinced by curiosity seekers when it was discovered the moustache and sideburn hair on the head of "Joaquin" grew an inch or so in the following months. It is not uncommon for the hair of corpses to continue to grow.

However, Love's Rangers accomplished what the legislature had desired the depredations and murders in the gold camps ceased. The cold-blooded actions of the Rangers in summarily disposing of their victims had a salutary effect on the numerous bandit gangs in the state.

RIDGE incorporated the demise of the Mexican party into his romantic novel. The book was published in 1854 by the W. B. Cook Company of San Francisco.

Ridge's *Life and Adventures of Joaquin Murieta* when read today evokes only laughter, containing as it does such bloodthirsty sequences, hairbreadth escapes and headlong adventures as to exhaust a platoon of thieves.

However, the novel was published in the romantic period of California's history and was an immediate success. The first edition quickly sold out. The new state, assuming importance in the affairs of the Union, wanted a folk hero. Joaquin Murieta, the dashing Robin Hood bandit, filled the need. Almost immediately, plagiarized copies of the book appeared, with characters and events only slightly changed. Joaquin's mistress became his gentle wife Clarissa or Carmela; and the number of men killed mounted with every retelling.

The Cook company managed to mulct Ridge of the enormous royalties he had earned by pretending bankruptcy or at least insolvency. Ridge's life continued to be one of bad luck and failure. Though bitter and frustrated, Ridge went on to edit several newspapers in the Sacramento Valley and was eventually co-owner of two newspapers in northern

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2 bedroom home, barns, stables, corrals and one of best shipping facilities. 4 small gathering trap pastures, one large pasture. Only $45.00 acre for deeded land, plus $12,000 for 640 acres state land which is contoured, reseeded and snow water irrigated. 29% down payment. Remainder, 5 years 6½% interest.

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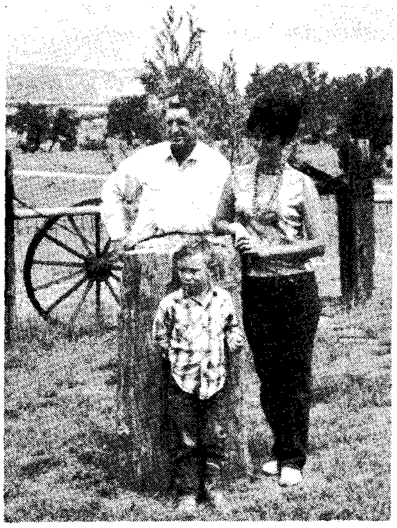
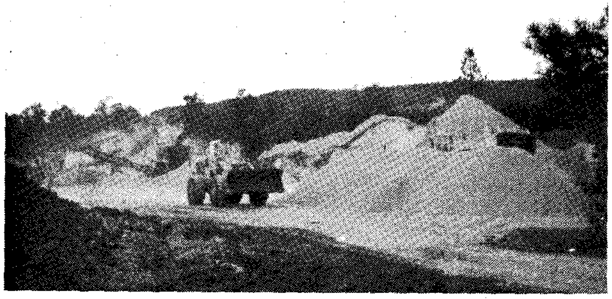
Phone 505 862-7533 (Gallup)



Wilson and Julie Brock and Tony.



Commercial interests include gravel.

California. He also had a political interest in the state printing office and was informally considered the first State Printer.

As Ridge's book on the bandit circulated in the state, publicity seekers and crackpots slithered out of the Sierra woods to claim they were the real "Joaquin." One bewhiskered cattle drover named Dan Morgan swore he was the famous bandit and that he had led a passel of Mexicans into Nevada to commit the Mormon Crossing Massacre. He was laughed out of Coloma. Others came forward and claimed they "positively" knew that Joaquin had escaped and was living the good life with Rosita in Sonora.

Ridge married a young woman, Elizabeth Snow, and they had a daughter in the mid-1850s. His fame as an author was growing and his financial outlook improved somewhat. In 1859, Ridge founded the *Daily National Democrat* in Marysville. He campaigned strongly for the election of Stephen A. Douglas for President. The newspaper is still published in Marysville today as the *Appeal-Democrat.*

The sides were being drawn in California as well as in the North and South. Ridge, a strong Democrat and Georgian by birth, chose the part of the South. Following the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency, Ridge became active in the secret Knights of the Golden Circle. This group was a scabby batch of unsavory types who would meet in the Spring House, a saloon on "D" Street. This saloon is still in operation under the name of Chisler's Inn. In the saloon, the would-be saboteurs would plot to delay shipments of gold from California and silver from the Comstock Lode which were financing the war for the North. These amateur *agents provocateurs* were conspicuously unsuccessful.

As the war progressed, resentment against Ridge built up to the point that he was forced to sell his newspaper to B. P. Avery, publisher of the rival *Republican Appeal.* When it was rumored that Ridge had indulged in activities bordering on treason, he hurriedly bundled his family in a wagon and moved to the north end of the state. While employed on the Chico *Enterprise,* he wrote the epic poem "Mount Shasta," considered to be the best native verse ever written about the state.

IT IS conceivable that prejudice against Ridge's Southern sympathies prevented him from successfully combating the plagiarism of his book on the bandit Joaquin. In late 1859, the San Francisco *Police Gazette* published the first of a long line of "authentic" Murieta stories which were almost carbon copies of his work.

Ridge eventually settled in Grass Valley and edited a newspaper there. He gathered up all the poetry he had written as a youth and had it published as a book in 1866. The foreword in the book showed that Ridge was an unreconstructed Rebel to the end.

In the fall of 1867, Ridge rewrote his saga of the bandit Joaquin Murieta and made arrangements to have it published by the Henry Payot Company in San Francisco. The book was published in 1868 a month after Ridge died of "a softening of the brain." Commissions from its sale provided a livelihood for Ridge's wife and daughter for several years.

Ridge was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Grass Valley. About fifty years after his death, the Native Daughters of the Golden West made a monument of the Ridge family plot in the cemetery. Ridge's headstone was carved from a block of native quartz and a bronze plaque commemorating him and his epic poem "Mt. Shasta" was affixed.

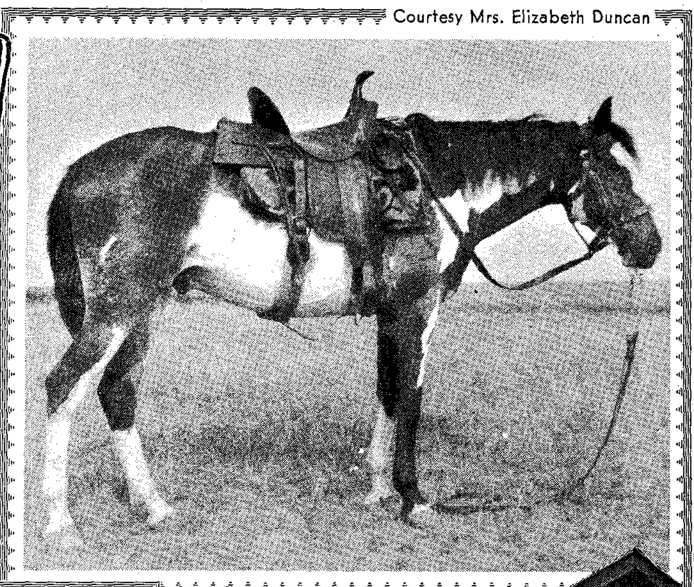
A member of the Ridge family survived until 1962, a grandniece who died that year in a home for the aged in Grass Valley.

As for the California Rangers who had killed "Joaquin," Captain Harry Love married a woman considerably older than himself and they settled on a seaside ranch near Santa Cruz. In the late 1870s, Love went violently insane and his wife was forced to hire a young man to act as her bodyguard and protector. She and the young man would chain Love to an oak tree during the day to "give him some healthful air." Late one afternoon, Love broke loose and was shotgunned to death by the bodyguard.

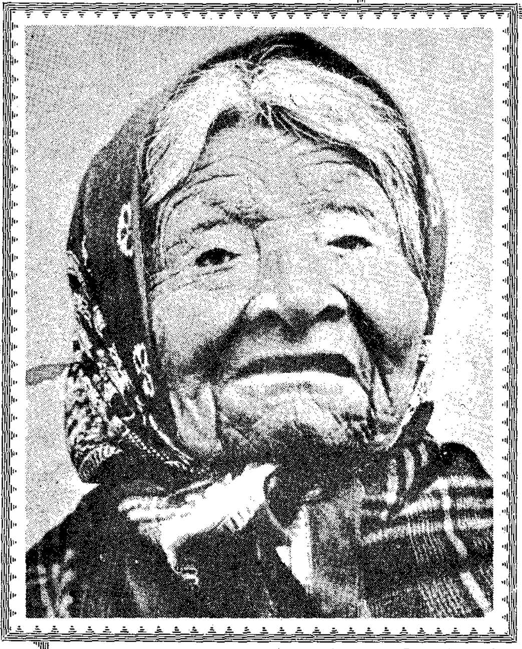
All but three of the other twenty Rangers met violent deaths by drownings and murders, and one was killed in the abortive filibustering expedition of General William Walker in Panama.

OLD WEST Scrapbook

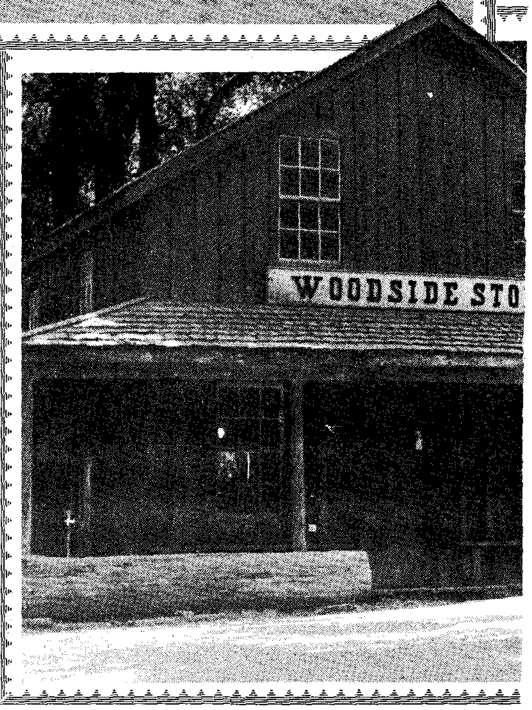
Courtesy Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan

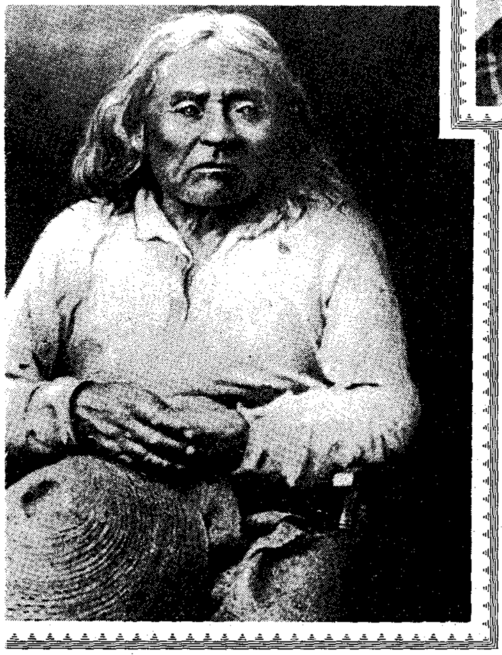


The white settlement, still very small, was a bustling, promising place. The town council, discussing a fitting name for it, decided to honor the great chief of the Dwamish tribe from the east side of Puget Sound. The new town was called Seattle. Hearing of this honor, Chief Seattle (Sealth) was very upset. He believed that to have a town or person bear his name would in future life disturb his ghost. To settle the issue, he asked for a tax to be levied on the townspeople for the use of his name. He demanded payment before his death to help relieve any suffering in his old age and thus compensate for what his ghost would suffer afterward. Chief Seattle is shown below. His daughter Princess Angeline is shown at right.



Courtesy D. T. Manning

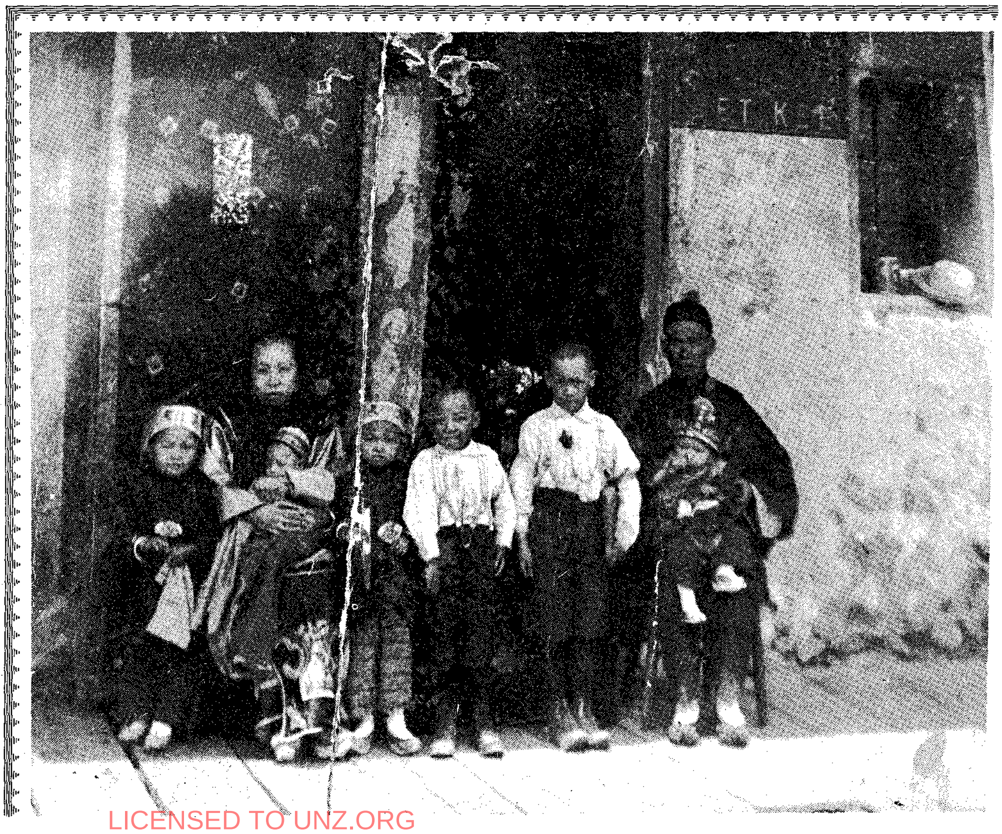




From Washington State Historical Society,
Courtesy Lois C. Ryker

Right, Mr. and Mrs. Yet Kee of Placerville, Idaho, photographed in front of their shop in the 1890s. Arriving penniless from China, it took ten years of hard work and self-denial before Yet Kee could construct this crude store of mud, sticks and stones.

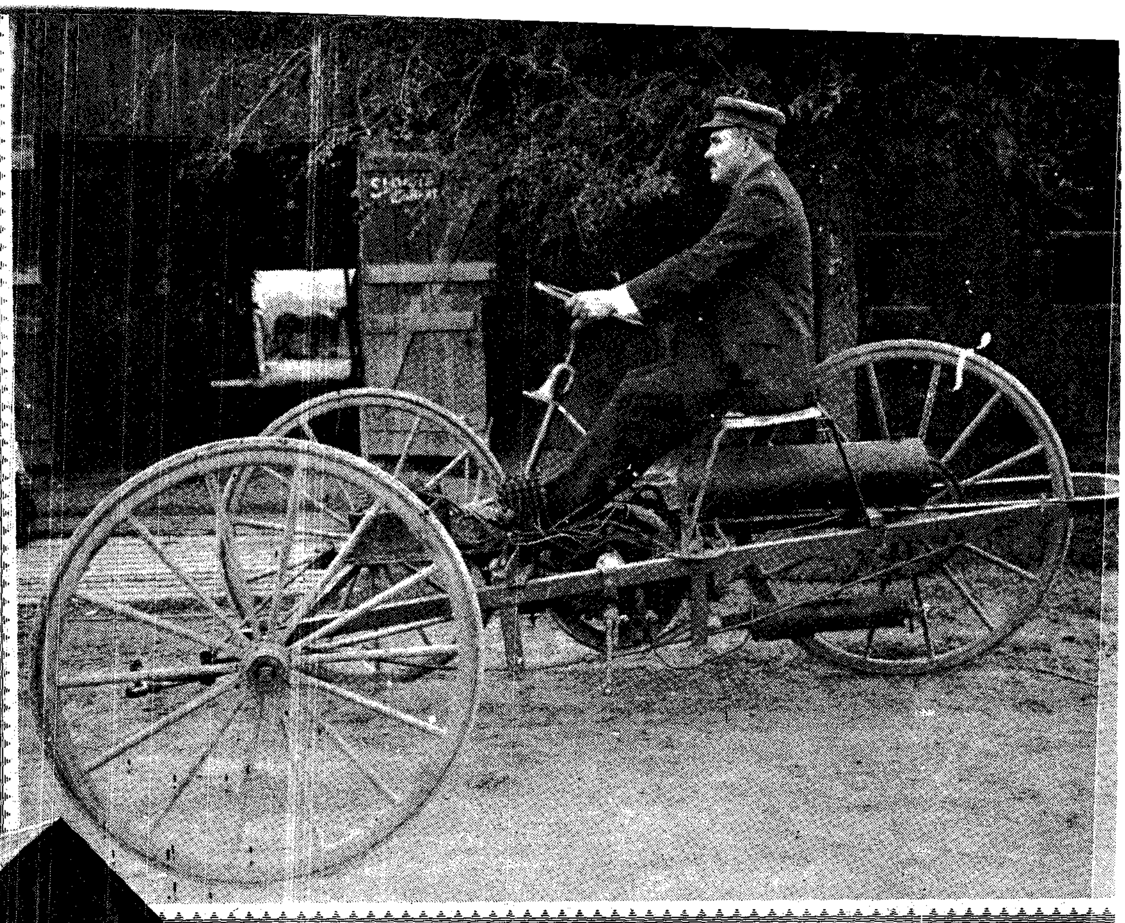
Courtesy Orin John Oas



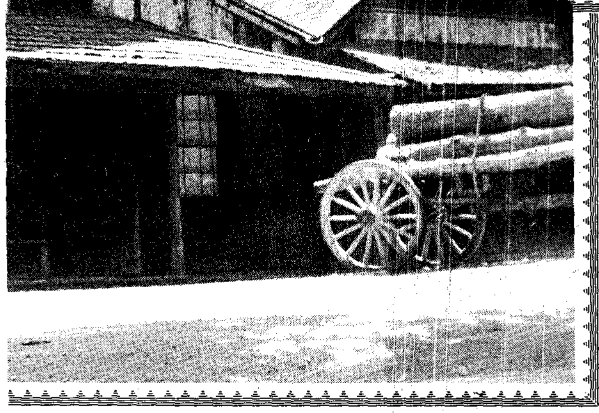
Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan of North Surrey, New Westminster, British Columbia owned and rode the Pinto "Montana Jack" (shown at left) during most of his 27 years.

The old horseless carriage shown at right created quite a stir when it first appeared on the streets of Seguin, Texas in early 1909. C. F. Blumberg, founder of the town of McQueeney, is the operator.

Courtesy D. H. Moore

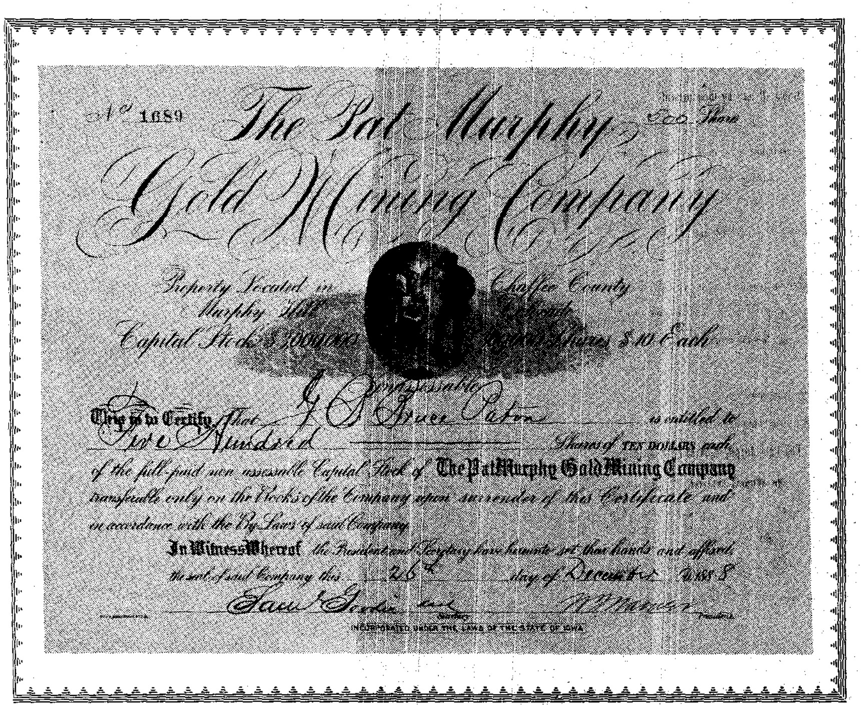


Courtesy Howard J. Wood



The frontier store at left was built in 1854 by Dr. R. O. Tripp and M. A. Parkjurst. Dr. Tripp served as postmaster, librarian and dentist. The store, located on the outskirts of Woodside in San Mateo County, California, remains today as a public museum. Below, Englishman Dick Bird crossed the Atlantic to homestead in British Columbia in 1905. The woodsman always sported a striped broadcloth shirt, black tie and braces (suspenders). The stock certificate (below, left) represents the hopes and dreams not only of the miners who held the picks, but of the men who held the pens on the 26th of December, 1888. One man placed $5,000 on the line to back his belief that the Pat Murphy would be another Black Hills "Homestake."

Courtesy Tom Bird



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Gold Mining Company

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Non-Assessable

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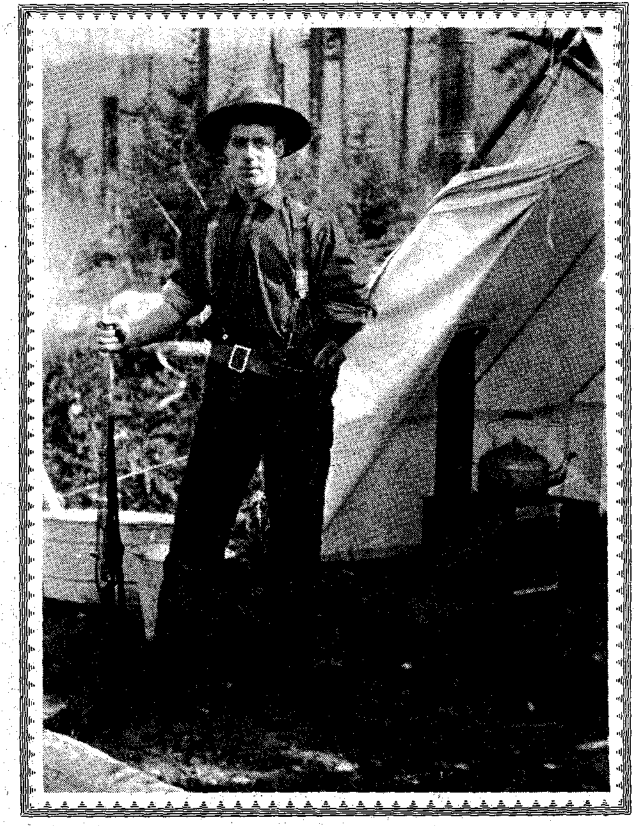
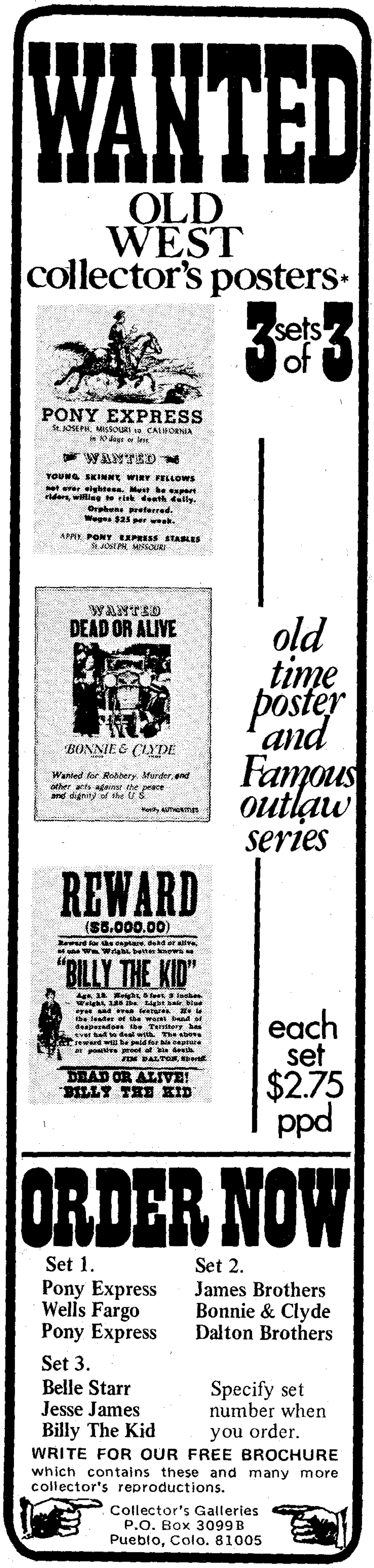
In Witness Whereof the President and Secretary have hereunto set their hands and affixed the seal of said Company this 26th day of December 1888

Secretary President

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF IOWA

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Short Life of the *Shoshone*

(Continued from page 37)

the fast water ahead.

Almost before they were started, Miller misjudged an eddy above Copper Ledge Falls, and the *Shoshone* was caught up in the swirling water, and spun completely around three or four times before she got clear. Then the creaking stern-wheeler and her little crew moved out into the *bad* water.

At the first dip of the falls, the paddle wheel rose completely out of the water and spun in the air. A moment later it hit bottom and the weathered part of the paddle snapped off. The boat, out of control, hit some rocks that took off eight feet of her bow. Understandably, Miller landed for repairs as soon as he was below the falls. The hole in the hull was safely above the water line, but it took the crew a full day to repair the wheel.

On the third day, they pushed out into the water again and managed to get safely through the next rapids without much trouble. At lunchtime they stopped again to rest and cut some timber along the riverbank for fuel before going on. They were really into the canyon now, with the steep, rough walls rising thousands of feet above them. Before the day was over, they shipped enough water to run the crew out of the hold.

Miller and his men prepared to fight the water all the way down the canyon, but it seems the land was out to get them, too. While they were stopped to cut firewood on the 24th, a log rolled on Miller. He was knocked unconscious and didn't come around until the next day.

ON THE SIXTH day out, the battered boat passed the mouth of the Salmon River, and the canyon was at last behind them. The *Shoshone* was much the worse for wear, with the big hole in her bow, planks sprung loose and the makeshift patches on the paddlewheel, but she was still in one piece.

On the 27th the *Shoshone* came through Wild Goose Rapids, and two hours later she reached Lewiston and civilization. What a welcome sight this muddy little town must have been to the weary crew!

Miller and his men were accorded a heroes' welcome at Lewiston. They had been given up for lost several days before. It seems that the jackstaff of the *Shoshone* had broken off high up on the Snake and had beaten the steamer down the river. Four or five days before the *Shoshone* reached Lewiston, her jackstaff had been fished out of the Columbia near Umatilla.

Now that she was down in suitable water, the *Shoshone* was really put to work for the first time in her life. She served as a cattle boat on the Columbia for a while. Then she was sold to the Willamette River Transportation Company. In order to get her to the upper reaches of the Willamette, the new owners took her out around the Oregon City Falls on skids.

The poor old girl must not have had much heart left in her. Maybe she missed the adventurous life. At any rate, after shooting the rapids of the Snake and running the falls at Celilo on the Columbia, in the fall of 1874 she hit a rock in quiet water and sank near Salem on the Willamette.

In January of the following year the rising water lifted the hulk free and carried it downstream to Lincoln. As a final insult, her cabin was hacked off by a farmer and made into a snug chickenhouse.

One other steamer, the *Norma*, ran the Snake out through Hell's Canyon. This was in 1891 with Captain Gray at the wheel. But the *Norma* had the rough example of the *Shoshone* on which to base her preparation and made the journey safely.

Little-Known Anton Chico

(Continued from page 33)

at Barclay's Fort to purchase trail supplies.

Watrous, the proprietor, belligerently refused to sell the defeated soldiers any food. In a land where their force was indeed a minority, the hungry soldiers could do nothing except hit the trail southward.

In Anton Chico, like the Kendall scout party, the Confederates found food and shelter. Accounts indicate that Anton Chico was always well known for hospitality to distressed travelers.

As ranching interests developed in the Anton Chico region, Indian forays became a constant menace. Regional redskin smoldered over the fact that the rapidly developing country was being controlled by white people. Local livestock producers had contracts to supply beef and sheep to the military posts located at various strategic points on the frontier. Delivery of herds became a dangerous task because of Indians. The military posts found it necessary to send out troops for escort.

Anton Chico grew and spread out on the mesa along the Pecos. By 1884, the population was said to have reached its highest mark, 1,500. The settlement at this high point boasted a water-driven power mill, a couple of churches, and a tri-weekly mail service, governed by arrival and departure of the weekly stages. Don Luis Emmelheinz was the postmaster for several years at that time.

There was also a prominent village lawyer named John Mink; a blacksmith by the name of Fernando, who was also a carpenter and operator of a general store; a town constable, Albino, whose life might have been short—this is not known; a livestock dealer, Louis Duran.

"Banks never attained a foothold in Anton Chico," Deputy Dickens said. "The people were always afraid to do business with them. They'd rather keep their money hidden around somewhere on the premises."

Then he told of a strange theft which occurred in the settlement. A certain widow had $7,000 stolen from her. A careful search was made for the money, but neither culprit nor the money could be found. Time went on and the eye of suspicion settled upon a certain bachelor. But nothing could be done about this as the people could not get the deadwood on the suspect.

Years later the suspected man died and his remains were hauled north to Las Vegas, to a mortuary. When the body was stripped of clothing in preparation for burial the $7,000 was found, neatly bundled up in a money belt, strapped securely around the waist.

And this is the way Anton Chico has been, a small little-known village of strange occurrences, a place of peace and a place of violence inalterably intertwined.

---

700 Miles to San Simon

(Continued from page 9)

all night here." That's the only time I stayed in a house on my entire trip. It was made out of crossties stuck in the ground. I ate with that old man that night and it tasted mighty good. He had beans cooked and I sure enjoyed them! I left the next morning and I never saw the old pumper again.

FIVE days later, I rode into San Simon late in the evening. It was April and I had been on the road for almost two months. The cowboys were all eating supper. They told me to turn my horses loose in the *cienega*, which I did after I unpacked and unsaddled. The boys all got up and introduced themselves. I noticed that each one had on a six-shooter and cartridge belt. They told me to wash up and come have a bite to eat. I stepped over to the wash table on the porch and as I reached for the soap, I saw that the soap bowls were made out of men's skulls. I told the cowboy standing next to me that I'd spend the night, but I was pulling out and heading back home next morning! But by morning, I had quieted down and decided to stay.

The San Simon Cattle Company headquarters was in Cochise County twenty miles from San Simon Station on the railroad. About three-quarters of the ranch was in San Simon Valley and the other quarter was in the Chiricahua Mountains. The ranch headquarters was built of adobe, about eight rooms in size, and surrounded by big cottonwood trees a hundred feet high and making a dense shade. This old *cienega* was a marshy place that grew tules and watergrass. There were hundreds of springs from three inches to six inches across. In these wells or springs were thousands of blind fish. Once in awhile you'd find one with one eye. They were scaly and looked like perch. This was the most wonderful cattle place I ever saw. It was about five miles long and from a quarter of a mile to a mile in width.

Since all ranches furnished their cowboys with a string of horses, I didn't need my ponies any longer. I tried to sell them to the San Simon but they would not buy them because they were too small. There was a little man who lived nearby who did buy them and he kept them until they died.

The wagon pulled out from headquarters the day after I arrived and left me there. After a month of doing nothing, I went to Jess Henley, my boss, and told him that I wanted to earn my pay. He

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told me to get my bed ready and pack a horse and we'd move to the horse camp the next day. I could shoe horses until the wagon came back in, then I would join the roundup. A few days after the cowboys arrived, the boys began to rope out their mounts that they'd ride to gather the big steers in the new roundup. Mr. Henley took a rope and caught five different horses. As he led each one out, he asked me, "Will you know this horse when you see him again?" I said I would. They were each cutting horses that he had trained himself. He said, "If you hit one of these horses over the head, I'll take them away from you." He next told the wagon boss to give me six good drive horses and a night horse. We started our roundup at the Mexican border and worked up the valley to San Simon Station on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The town had three saloons, one store, a hotel and a post office. It had taken us twenty days to get there. By that time, I was an old hand.

With the San Simon roundup over, our boys were scattered to help the other big outfits that ran from 10,000 to 40,000 head of cattle. We were sent as "stray men" to bring back San Simon stock that had strayed. I was sent to the Erie Cattle Company, forty miles away across the Chiricahua Mountains in the Sulphur Springs Valley. Many of the cowboys who worked for these big outfits were outlaws. They cowboyed in the summers and worked just as hard as the next guy. Then in the winters, they robbed trains and banks and mines and did the rest of their dirty work. Most of the men went by aliases, often known only by the name of the outfit they rode for. Even I, who had nothing to hide, became known as Brigham Young!

THE Erie Cattle Company was owned by Californians and worked all California cowboys except for the wagon boss, Jim Muscal, who seemed to be part Indian. As I was heading for the Erie wagon, I met a wiry little cowboy from the J H Cattle Company who was also a stray man and headed for Erie. J. H. and I joined up and often worked together.

When I had left San Simon, Jess had given me four big brass cowbells. San Simon had four big steers that they hadn't been able to keep in the herd. He wanted me to bell them and bring them back with me. They stayed at a spring of water down near the Mexican border with a small bunch of cows. I told Muscal that I wanted to put them in the herd and he and his cowboys said I was just wasting my time, that we could not catch them or keep them.

I had worked with J. H. about ten days and I had seen that he was a real cowboy. The boys with the wagon offered to go with us to get the steers, but I told them that J. H. and I were enough. The wagon was camped about two miles from the spring. J. H. caught his good strawberry roan, a Roman-nosed horse that weighed 1,400 pounds, and I caught my best horse. We worked back up into the mountains and got above the cattle. I told him I would get on one side of the cattle and he could get on the other side and we'd run them downhill and right through the cow camp into a pen by the wagon.

We started our horses on the run right toward them. We had taken them by surprise. They turned down the ridge and we crowded them so tight that they couldn't turn back and we thundered right through camp. I roped one and J. H. roped another when we got near the pen. We led the steers into the corral and tied them down. The California cowboys had taken out after the other two steers and by the time we caught up with them, they had two or three ropes on each steer and were trying to get them back to the corral. It took them as long to get the steers back to the pen and tied down as it had for us to bring them clear out of the mountains to the wagon. Anyway, we put the bells on them and turned them loose and put them in the herd.

They were big ol' fellows! They'd weigh 1,200 to 1,400 pounds. We belled them to keep them from slipping off from the herd at night. When they'd try to leave, the boys would hear the bells ringing and go after them and bring them back. That was the only way we could hold them. They were smart. They'd watch and if they caught a boy slacking on one side of the herd, they'd slip off and in a few minutes be long gone. But with those big, brass bells, they couldn't sneak off at night. About thirty days later, I drove the steers and the rest of the San Simon cattle I had gathered into headquarters, much to Henley's surprise.

The ropes we used then were bigger than these ropes today, about the size of two of them and heavy. They had five strands, one in the middle and four on the outside. You couldn't break one of them. You could rope a stump, by golly! I saw a boy, coming down a mountain, rope at a steer and catch a stump instead. Boy, it jacked him back up that hill about fifteen feet, horse and all.

Nobody dallied and we all used one cinch. We roped anything on earth—going downhill or any way. Now they've got to have two cinches. In my whole life, I've never used a flank cinch on a saddle. But then we had square skirts that came down in front and made the saddle sit down better. And the rig sat back about an inch and a half to two inches from where they put it now. You can rope anything with that saddle. I've never had a saddle jerked off of a horse yet. The front of the tree should catch right down on the horse. I know because my dad was a saddlemaker and I saw him make them. The rig has to be right to catch the weight of the rope.

WHILE I was working for San Simon, they'd send me down to old John Slaughter's ranch. Slaughter was in his sixties when I knew him. He had served in the Confederate Army and been a Texas Ranger. In 1877 he had established his San Bernardino Ranch in Arizona and had served as sheriff of Cochise County for four years. His house was right on the Mexican border about fifteen miles east of Douglas, Arizona. You could get on a horse and ride through his barn and you were in Mexico. I'd stay at his ranch for a week or two at a time. About all I did was to play with his kids. There was a butchering outfit in operation at Douglas, killing four cows a day to sell at their meat market. My boss sent me down there to keep them from killing our cattle. When I wasn't down there, they'd eat San Simon beef and when I was, they wouldn't.

That country was all open range then. There was not anybody in our valley but San Simon. All of it was leased land, but I don't guess they paid anything for it. If you drilled a well on a piece of land, you'd file a permit for forty acres and you could hold it. If you held so many permits, nobody could run a fence around you. When I was out there, we didn't worry about anyone else's cattle. There was a string of mountains and then a big valley, then a string of mountains and a big valley, and a big ranch was in each valley. We were between the Animas and the Chiricahua Mountains. The next valley west was Sulphur Springs. Bisbee was established and Nogales. And Tombstone had been going strong for twenty years. But Douglas wasn't there when I first went to that country. But I happened to be there when Douglas began. It was started with a liquor wagon.

We had camped near the Mexican border about six o'clock one night with a big herd of cattle. There wasn't anyone else in sight when we went to bed that night. The next morning I saw a wagon not far from our camp. Our horses had been running so much at night that we had been hobbling them, and they were down below camp about a half mile. We'd keep herders with them and then in the mornings, we'd all go down and unhobble the 200 to 300 head that were in the bunch. We had started down to the herd when I saw this wagon. Being the only kid with the outfit, I went by the wagon to see what it was.

The ol' boy had a big goods box out in front of his covered wagon. It was just about as big as a card table and the top was all covered with liquor.

He said, "Get down and have a drink with me."

I said, "No thanks. I don't drink." I got down and talked to him for a little while. I asked him what he was doing way out here, and he told me there was going to be a big town right where we were.

"Why do you think there's going to be a town here?" I asked him.

"All this land's sold." He pointed to the stobs set up everywhere with strings on them.

After we talked a few minutes I told the man, "I'm going to buy a pint from you to take to the boys." So I stuck that in the pocket of my chaps and got on my horse and lit out down to the remuda. I got down there and after we had each caught us a horse and gotten the rest unhobbled, some of the boys looked down and saw the liquor in my pocket and asked me where I'd gotten it.

I said, "That wagon up yonder is loaded with it!" I thought I had gotten enough for all the boys to have a drink, but four of the boys turned my bottle up and drank it like it was water. Well, instead of the boys making the roundup

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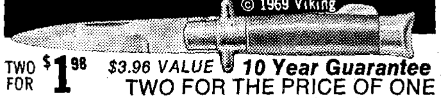

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that day, they headed straight for that wagon to get a drink. I went back to camp and told the wagon boss what had happened and he asked me if I'd herd that day, and I said, "You bet!" We had a big herd of cattle, and we laid up there with those cattle and the boys just drank. I made $3 or $4 extra money herding. About a third or a fourth of the boys didn't drink, so we all helped hold the cattle for two or three days until the whiskey ran out.

I was back there in about a year and that town had almost 3,000 people in it with stores and houses and everything. The people worked in the smelters. There was a big mine just across the border in Mexico and they'd bring the ore over and smelt it in Douglas. But the town started with that open-air saloon and a bunch of drunk cowboys!

ANOTHER time when I was wagon boss I took my wagon down near the Mexican border and stayed about a week. We were having trouble with lobo wolves, so most of the boys slept on cots or in the wagon, but I had a heavy, forty-two inch tarp that I slept under. One night another fellow had put his bed roll by mine and we were asleep under the tarp when I was waked up by something walking across my bed. I hit the tarp with the back of my hand and a wolf grabbed that tarp and just ripped a big piece off before I knew what was happening. I hollered at the boys in the wagon who had their guns with them. I had my Winchester but I didn't have it by my bed. I hollered at them but they couldn't shoot because it was too dark to see the wolf which had run away from me by then.

About that time, a volcano erupted somewhere down in Mexico, and it was so light that you could pick up a pin even where we were. I jumped up and grabbed my gun and I never thought that big wolf would turn around and come back, but that's what he did. I don't know if he heard us talking or if the volcano scared him but he came right toward us. The boys began to shoot at him and he didn't get very far until they brought him down. That big, ol' grey lobo was twice as big as a coyote.

We never did find out where that volcano was down in Mexico, but it was just as light as day. I've never seen anything else like it. It was just like the Lord gave us light to see that wolf!

The only Indians I saw while I was in Arizona I saw one evening when we were camped at the south end of the San Simon Valley at what they called Skeleton Canyon. When I was there the people out of Mexico had to go through that canyon coming east, and they'd lay for one another and kill each other there. The Apaches had done this also. There were bones and skulls of men scattered in the canyon. That's where the soap bowls at headquarters had come from.

San Simon had a camp about a mile from there at a little well. They'd send four men at a time down there, and we'd always carry guns and ammunition. One evening just as we got to camp, we saw four or five Indians riding into the canyon. They must have gone on through into Mexico. They stole lots of horses in that country but never at that San Simon camp.

I stayed in Arizona for four years. When I first got to San Simon, I was required to buy a Winchester carbine and the ranch let me have it at their cost—$17.50. They said that when I got ready to leave, if I didn't want the gun, I could just turn it in and get my $17.50 added to my last check. If a man wanted a six-shooter, he had to buy that but I never did buy one even though most of the boys wore them. I found one after I was there awhile but I gave it away. I didn't want it. I figured it would get me killed. Guns and whiskey were causing a lot of trouble. Most of the boys carried a bottle in their leggin's pocket all the time. When I got to drinking, too, is when I decided to leave Arizona.

My boss, Jess Henley, was the best friend I had. He sure hated to see me leave and I hated to leave him, but I knew that if I stayed there I was going to get killed. My last words to him were, "Jess, you ought to get away from here. There have been eighteen of the ranch's men killed. Your time may be next." Seven years after that, Jess was killed too. Gunmen, whiskey and six-shooters caused it all. It was a hard country.

None of the boys left with me that fall when the roundup was finished but I knew it was time for me to pull out. My destination was the San Simon Ranch at Carlsbad, New Mexico. I had gone to Arizona horseback, but I left there by the train. I guess that's a sign of progress.

Trouble on the U.P.

(Continued from page 27)

duty and a forfeiture of $10.00 per month during that period (also applied to noncommissioned personnel). For drunkenness at the post or in quarters: Forfeiture of $3.00 regulars, $5.00 noncommissioned officers.

THE HIGHEST ranking officers were not mentioned in public print if they strayed away from the straight and narrow path with mistresses, and in fact seemed immune to penalties.

Grandpa Nels said that some of the troopers must have been in cahoots with the bad elements and would look the other way when a victim got a sandbag mugging and was relieved of his money, usually at night. Grandpa always stated in his letters that his money was well spent and he had very little cash. It seemed that men who mentioned how much they had saved of their wages were prone to be robbed more than others. He suspected that the mail was steamed open in the company post office by informers getting a percentage. Letter postage was twenty-five cents to a distance of 500 miles.

Soldiers who were conscientious and did their duty in keeping the rogue element in line and couldn't be bought or sweetened by a pretty face and feminine charm were as popular as a skunk at a church tea party. They were all given the evil eye by the crooks and swindlers, and many had warning potshots taken at them to scare and get them into line.

With the arrival of warm weather during the latter part of April 1869, the snow began to melt along with the ice that had kept the railroad bed fairly solid during the winter. Fill and crushed rock mixed with snow during the hasty construction began to cause the roadbed to sink, which had a big bearing on the speed of travel. Approval by government officials of federal allotments for payment of mile trackage completed meant nothing, although much of it was shoddy construction.

A few days in March 1869 were mild and had given the first warning of danger ahead when the rails began to move out of line and tilt. Crushed rock was immediately called for from the tunnel borings and mountain cuts to solidify the weak spots in the tracks. Retamping of the roadbed went on long after the Golden Spike was driven, resulting in a greatly reduced speed of the trains and disrupting the train schedule. This was true along the banks of Echo Creek and Weber River Canyon shorelines.

On May 6, the last day before the meeting on the rails, the Casement Company sent repair crews back to bolster the sagging rails and bridges. Volunteers were sent to stiffen the large wooden bridge at Dale Creek on May 7, two days before the climax. An excessive amount of water from the mountain streams had raised havoc with the embankment, river abutments and bridge shorings.

WHEN THE TRAIN pulled out for Omaha late in the afternoon of May 10, after the Golden Spike ceremony, the train proceeded cautiously until it got beyond the Weber Canyon area, at which location some Eastern excursionists became stranded on the day of the driving of the Golden Spike.

As the tracks were downgrade all the way to Omaha, the train began to pick up speed to make up for lost time. The next day, May 11, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the flat car on which my grandfather was standing was given a terrific jolt and the train came to an abrupt stop amid the dust and noise of crashing timbers. The locomotive and one flat car were standing on the other side of a demolished creek bridge. The second, third and fourth flat cars were smashed to bits. The fifth car which Grandfather was in was up-ended into the creek, with the flat side of the bridge timbers slanting into the water. The engine and one car on the other side had just enough momentum to land on the other side without backing into the heap of rubble. Two persons were killed instantly and about thirty were injured.

Most of the damage to individuals was caused by bales of skins which weighed from 250 to 300 pounds sliding forward to the front of the flat cars and squeezing people in between, crushing anyone who fell down or who couldn't get out of the way. Grandpa volunteered when men were requested for a wrecking crew. Doctors from stations ahead were called. The able men worked feverishly to get the wounded out and administer aid. The engine by some miracle had not been damaged. By late afternoon a long train had arrived to take the injured and dead to Omaha, along with the workers.

One reason the railroad employes rebelled against the Casement Company was that they were shipped out to rail's end in freezing weather in boxcars like cattle, with eight inches of straw on the floor and side benches and were returned like pigs among smelly bales of skins in coal cars. The company bragged about free passage both ways, which was for laborers only. Officials rode free, and paying guests in coaches at 10c a mile.

From that day on Grandpa Nels had misgivings as to the safety of railroad travel. The railroad hinted at Indian sabotage and paid no personal damages. For fifteen years I have searched but have not been able to locate any American newspaper which printed anything about this wreck.

Death of an Outlaw

(Continued from page 17)

son, from whom the substance gets its name, found that the finest paints, lacquers, and varnishes could be made from this product from Uintah.

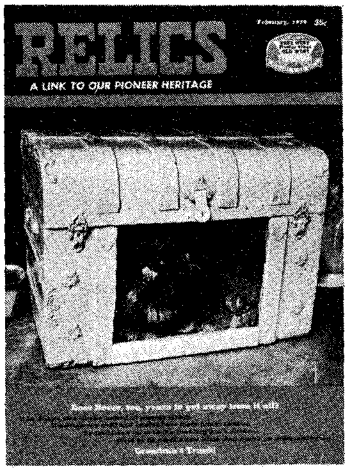
In far away St. Louis, Missouri, lived Adolphus Busch of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company, makers of Budweiser beer. To help the widow of a very close friend by the name of Murphy, Busch bought into the Murphy Paint Manufacturing Company. Through the paint business, gilsonite came to the notice of Busch, who hoped to acquire the carbon vein. The trouble was that the gilsonite, along the entire length of the lode, was on the Ute Indian Reservation. No white man could be given title to it or even mine it.

Somebody was powerful in the halls of Congress, for an act was introduced excluding from the Ute Reservation, by purchase, 7,000 acres of dry, barren land. The purchase, according to the act, had to be ratified by two-thirds of the enrolled, adult Indians on the reservation. The price to be paid was the unbelievably generous sum of $20 per acre. The land included the gilsonite vein.

The act passed Congress, President Cleveland signed it, the Utes ratified it in 1888, and title passed to the government of the United States of America. The Gilson Asphaltum Company, headed by Adolphus Busch and Mrs. Murphy, soon acquired under the mining laws the ebony mineral of Uintah, after which the St. Louis Mine, the first gilsonite producer in the world, went into operation.

Busch was a remarkable person. In 1888 gilsonite was a speculative product. Neither its future nor the quantity of the lode could be predicted. Considering everything, the purchase of the land was more than fair.

NOW CAME an unparalleled situation. The eight mining claims, each 600 feet wide and 1,500 feet long, went into the private ownership of the mining company over which the territorial law and law officers had jurisdiction. But the vast excess acreage was held by the U. S. government by right of purchase, and it was not a part of the public domain. As the laws stood then, neither the territory of Utah, Uintah County, the military of Fort Duchesne, nor the Indian Service had the right of law enforcement outside the mine property. On the excess acreage of purchased land, the only laws which applied were federal statutes, and



This is just a sampling of what you will find in the February 1970 Issue.

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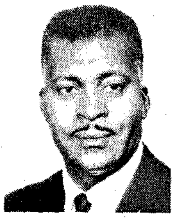

Before his retirement as Master Sergeant, U.S.A.F., ELIJAH WILLIAMS from Bradley, Ark., began his I.A.S. training under the new GI Bill. "While still in service I started seeking an interesting second career. Thanks to the I.A.S. program and the excellent training I received, I am now employed by one of the largest auto insurance adjusting companies in California."

Former self-employed truck driver and farmer, WALTER J. HOEFS, age 60, is now employed as a claims adjuster for a large company in Sioux Falls, S.D. after completing his I.A.S. course. "I love my work and owe all my success to I.A.S. The excellent Home-Study program and training I received gave me a real chance to get ahead in life."

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there was none of these in those days covering common crimes. The land acquired from the Utes became the famous Strip. It was a no-man's-land, as wild or wilder than anything since Tombstone or Deadwood.

Sharp men, knowing the legal implication, started pleasure palaces off the mine property, but on the excluded land. They were mere squatters so they built nothing plush, just shakedowns, using the sticks and stones the country afforded. They were rough, frontier establishments, but they are a page from the past of the Old West; a unique and rich page, now famous and legendary. The Babcock Place was one of these.

On the military reserve of Fort Duchesne beer was served at the canteens but the enlisted men were forbidden to have anything stronger. As a consequence, the soldiers, a hard-bitten lot, gathered at the bars on the Strip during their off duty hours. Here they drank, gambled and visited with the ladies. There were times, especially after paydays, when the golden stream of coin ran fast and free with all the rambunctious hilarity which that implies.

By the Uintah River near Fort Duchesne, at either end of the "Red Bridge," were campgrounds. Freighters and travelers, driving the road between Price and Vernal, camped here for one of their overnight stops. After the long, dusty miles across the deserts of the Indian reservation, most men were ready to wash the dirt from their throats with something a little livelier than clear river water. These men were wont to try the bright lights of the pleasure emporiums on the Strip and add their voices and money to that of the Boys in Blue.

There were always the curious, some from far away places, who stopped to watch the goings-on at the wild, boisterous houses, growing more notorious as time went by. Sometimes these men got more than they bargained for. Not that the people at the dens of iniquity were especially quarrelsome, it was only that a man could get what he wanted, be it drink, a song, or a fight.

THE STRIP stood athwart the "Owl Hoot Trail," used often by wideloopers, longriders and bandits heading for the safety of Robbers' Roost in southern Utah, Brown's Hole in northern Utah, or the Hole in the Wall in Wyoming. As they moved from one hideout to another they stopped at the bars on the Strip to dally awhile. They could drink, play poker or visit without fear of a lawman shoving a gun in their ribs. To the outlaw, this was a safe haven.

Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, Elzey Lay, Harvey Logan and others, all members of the noted band of outlaws called "The Wild Bunch," were seen quite often at the saloons on the out-of-bounds land.

Elzey (Elza) Lay, Butch Cassidy's right-hand man, and Pat Johnson had been partners in a saloon on the Strip before both chose the outlaw trail. Elzey, after he was pardoned frm New Mexico State Prison, returned there to deal cards for Tom Nichol at Tom's gaming tables. It was here Lay decided to go straight.

Harry Tracy, the mad-dog killer, the Dillinger of his day, spent a long time at Babcock's while the heat cooled on his back trail. He robbed and beat a well-liked Chinaman near Fort Duchesne and had to break and run for the Northwest and ultimate death in a wheatfield. In his lifetime he had killed more than twenty-two men.

There were many mysterious riders using the names of Smith, Jones or Brown who rode in, stayed an hour, a day or perhaps longer, then rode out again. Nobody ever knew who they really were, where they came from, or where they went.

At times there was music on the desert air, some fiddler having come to scrape away till dawn. There was the thrumming banjo. Always there was the harmonica and Jew's harp. Occasionally there were sweet-voiced strangers such as Tommy Birchell, later the celebrated "Cowboy Baritone," who sang the tear jerkers "Lorena," "Aura Lee," "Genevieve," and other sentimental melodies.

Often the coyotes howled from the top of the big, brown hill, either in answer to the music below or at the lamplight streaming across the barren land from the windows. Sometimes the roistering went on until the lamps faded in the morning sun.

THERE WERE FIGHTS, many with fists and some with guns. Records show ten deaths by lead poisoning, but these cover only the demises in which Indians from the reservation or soldiers from Fort Duchesne were involved. There were others, and no authority had the right to investigate them. These went unnoted, except by those who were there and saw them. Today they lie in the realm of hearsay. There was no boothill; the dead were buried not far from where they fell. By now the wind and sand have obliterated all marks of the graves.

The ill fame of The Strip reached all the way to the offices of the mighty along the banks of the Potomac. It was vowed to the Mormon elders that this Sodom and Gomorrah in their midst would be destroyed at the first opportunity.

True to their word, the lawgivers in Washington put the land of the Strip up for sale at $1.25 an acre. As soon as the land was purchased and went into private ownership, regular law became effective on the purchased land. Beginning in 1901, piece by piece the old Strip died.

A townsite was formed called Moffat, after the railroad magnate responsible for Moffat Tunnel through the Rockies. Many of the business houses moved to the new town. Finally, in 1905-06, the rest of no-man's-land was thrown open for homestead entry. Law came to all the outlaw land. The Babcock Place was hard hit, it gasped for breath, but it stayed on, paying fines regularly to the proper authorities of Uintah County.

The final stroke came when Fort Duchesne ceased to be an active army post. Its soldiers marched away in 1910, leaving behind them empty houses and barracks. The Indian service filled them, but one couldn't sell liquor, not even beer,

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Our congratulations go to Doyle Williams, Rt. 1, Box 67, Okemah, Okla., who was last year's champion at the Prospectors Club Meet. This year, he EARNED FIRST PLACE AT BOTH THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MEET AND THE INTERNATIONAL PROSPECTORS CLUB MEET. To see Doyle work with his detector is a joy. Previously, Doyle had used other brands of detectors. His choice of instruments this year was one of our NEW BREED OF HUNTER DETECTORS.

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to Indians without risking a trip to the federal pen.

The Strip had a short life at best—only twenty-two years. Then, like some of its human, outlaw counterparts, it was shot down in the full vigor of life. The Babcock Place was the last to fall.

All traces of the other wild, old establishments have vanished since 1910, leaving nothing behind to show where they were. Only this isolated place by the side of the road still stands.

Captain Cooney's Fate

(Continued from page 16)

back to the stockade, but they got him before he had gone very far.

The Indians stripped both bodies and scalped both heads, as was their custom, and one can imagine their glee as they lifted the scalp-lock of Jim Cooney, a man they had tried to get on numerous occasions in the past, and the war dance the tribe joined in celebrating when they knew that their old enemy, Big Hat, was killed at last. Being appraised of the near approach of troops from Fort Bayard the Apaches scattered to the mountains, and the siege of Alma was ended.

Michael Cooney enlisted in Company "C," 23rd Illinois Infantry, in 1861 and served his newly adopted country until the close of the Civil War. After being discharged with the rank of captain, he took a leading part in organizing the fighting Irish of Chicago into the Fenian Troops and was with General O'Neil in that patriotic but ill-fated raid on Canada. The United States government headed off the entire expedition before it had gone very far.

Michael returned to Chicago where he remained until 1870 when he was appointed United States customs inspector for the port of New Orleans and moved to that city. While stationed there he met Miss Ann Jane Donnely whom he married in 1879. Two children were born of this union, John D., who died at Mogollon camp in 1891; and Charles who is [1931] married and lives in Silver City, New Mexico.

Before his death Sergeant James Cooney had kept up a correspondence with Captain Cooney so that the latter knew considerable about mineral possibilities of the Mogollon Mountains. As soon as he received news of the untimely end of his brother he made preparations to leave New Orleans, resigned his position as customs inspector and in the summer of 1880 arrived in the Mogollon district to take over his brother's interests in the Fanny Mine. So began his career as a prospector and mine developer. With limited capital and long distance from supplies and a longer haul to get his ore to a smelter, it was a hard struggle to keep going. He finally got Eastern capital interested, erected a mill at the mine and conditions were greatly improved. He soon opened up other veins, for the fame of the Mogollon had spread over the mining regions, and it was not so difficult to get capital for development.

In the spring of 1883 a man named Turner who was working for Captain Cooney wanted to go prospecting and try his luck in a different part of the Mogollon Range. Captain Cooney outfitted him and gave him a grubstake and was to be equally interested in anything that Turner found. But that was the last Captain Cooney ever saw of Turner.

In the fall of 1884 Captain Cooney was elected to the Territorial legislature. During the time the members were getting organized he was approached by a man who operated a printing office in Santa Fe and who was trying to get some share of the printing of the legislature and had come to ask the Captain's help. During this conversation he found out Captain Cooney was from the Mogollon country. The job printer told what had brought him to New Mexico. He said that he was living in Ohio operating a job printing plant in the spring of 1883 when he received a letter from his nephew, dated at Silver City, New Mexico. The nephew's name was Turner. Captain Cooney naturally got interested at the mentioning of the name Turner. The uncle went on to tell him that Turner had advised him in the letter that he was prospecting in the Mogollon Range and had discovered a vein of gold-tellurium ore and it was very high grade. He advised his uncle to dispose of his printing plant, come west, and meet him in Silver City on July 4, 1883, and he would give the uncle an interest in his find on Sycamore creek.

The uncle immediately proceeded to follow his nephew's advice and was in Silver City July 4, but the nephew failed to show up and there was no word from him. By most diligent inquiry the uncle was not able to locate his nephew or

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anyone who had ever known him or heard of him. After waiting around Silver City several weeks he left there and finally located at Santa Fe where he opened up a job printing plant. To confirm what he had told Captain Cooney he showed him the letter that he had received from his nephew.

Turner was an experienced miner and a good judge of ores, but Captain Cooney could not figure out why Turner had taken the long trip to Silver City for supplies when he knew that he could get them at Mogollon camp. It is very reasonable to suppose the Indians discovered him on his way back to his find of high-grade and followed him to Sycamore Creek and killed him. In the spring of 1889 the skeleton of a man was found on the middle prong of Sycamore Creek by Charles Powell and other cowboys employed by the T. J. Cattle Company. The remains were supposed to be of Turner. Around the remains the cowboys found eighty-eight empty cartridge shells, mute evidence that he had died fighting. The remains were buried where found. The mine and Turner himself were soon forgotten by all but Captain Cooney, who quietly made up his mind that at some future time he would take a hunt for the lost mine.

IN the fall of 1889 Captain Cooney, accompanied by John Stout and John Foster, two well-known prospectors and experienced mountain men, made the first effort to locate the lost mine. They stayed out looking for it until stormy weather set in. At one place John Stout found some marked trees, with blazes quite dim, indicating that they had been made a good many years previous. Assuming that Turner had made the blazes, they tried to trace out for several days the blazes in some definite direction, or to a more distinctive mark, or possibly to a dump or quartz ledge, but they were not able to do either and gave it up. Subsequently Captain Cooney made several more trips, accompanied by his son Charlie, who was a husky young man by that time, a natural born mountaineer, a good horseman and handy with a rifle.

Sitting by the campfire after a strenuous day they were discussing the fate of Turner and other prospectors who had gone into the mountains alone and the many kinds of accidents that could happen to render a lone man helpless, or to die of thirst or starvation.

"Charlie," said his father, "if you should get killed or die a natural death in the mountains alone, what would you want done with your remains?"

Charlie replied, "If anything like that happens to me bury them where you find them, Father. That will be the easiest and quickest done."

"All right, Son, I will do my best to carry out your wishes, but I don't want it that way for mine. If you outlive me, Charlie, and I think you will, I want you to promise me that if I should die out here in the mountains you will see to it that my remains are taken to Socorro and buried in my lot in the Odd Fellows Cemetery."

Charlie said, "All right, I will do as you wish, if it is possible."

Some years after the death of James, Captain Cooney discovered a large boulder near where James was killed. He conceived the idea that the boulder would make a fitting mausoleum for the remains of his brother. Accordingly he put two of his most skillful miners at work to cut a vault into the big bolder. When it was completed he had his brother disinterred and placed in the vault. He also had the remains of his son, John D., and grandnephew placed within the vault, then the entrance was permanently sealed.

The high altitude and severe winters were beginning to go against Captain Cooney and he disposed of his mining interests and moved to Socorro, where his son could have the advantages of a course of study at the State School of Mines.

The Captain was a Republican of the Abraham Lincoln type, and after moving to Socorro served the county as collector and treasurer, but the call of the mountains was so strong upon him he often told his son that he believed he was destined to find Turner's lost mine. He planned a trip for the spring of 1914. No snow to speak of had fallen the preceding winter, no spring rains, and a dry summer followed. About the middle of September a rainy season set in and the Captain began to make preparations for another trip into the mountains. His wife and son did all within their power to dissuade him.

Charlie said to him, "Wait until spring, Father, then I can go with you and we can stay all summer. If there is a shortage of water I can pack water on one of the animals and you can devote your entire time to looking for the mine. It is getting late in the season and a big snow is liable to fall at any time and you know that there are many things that can happen to a lone man that would put him in a helpless condition. You and I have talked over these things before; you know what they are and so do I."

Thanksgiving day was the one holiday of the year that Captain Cooney had made a rule to spend with his family, and his wife reminded him of the nearness of the day and what a short time it would leave him to look for the mine, but he was obdurate to all their entreaties and replied, "This is to be a very short trip. I will be out of the mountains before the snow falls and will be at home before Thanksgiving day and we will have our regular family reunion and dinner."

He would not be dissuaded from his purpose, so he left his home at Socorro October 26, 1914, with his two old faithful horses, Tom and Jerry.

On his trips he always kept a diary. On October 30 he camped at the Abb Alexander cattle ranch where he left his wagon, packed his camp outfit on horses and started up into the mountains. That was the last time, as far as is known, that he was seen alive.

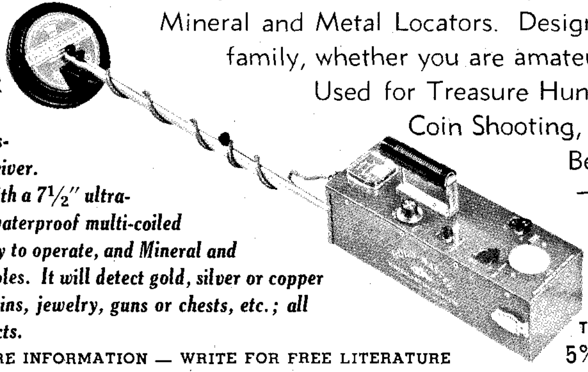
THANKSGIVING DAY arrived and Captain Cooney did not reach his home. His wife had prepared a fine dinner. Charlie and his wife were there. All day they waited and late that night they ate in silence, without joy, what was to have been a happy Thanksgiving meal. When the day had passed and his father had not reached home, Charlie became convinced that something had happened.

As soon as Charlie could make arrangements to go to the mountains he started a search. He found a lot of snow in the mountains and progress was slow and difficult. Every few days fresh snow added to that already on the ground and a search became not only more difficult but also dangerous. He was compelled for a time to abandon his quest and wait for more favorable weather. All through the month of December the weather kept stormy. About the first of the year of 1915 there was a very favorable change. Warmer weather set in and what the old-timers called a regular January thaw began in the mountains. On February 1, preparations were made to resume the search. Charlie left his home at Magdalena, New Mexico on February 8 accompanied by Charles Powers. On February 12 another party under R. L. Lewis left Cliff, New Mexico, composed of Eli Clark, Ray Bell and Frank Beach.

On their second day in the mountains Lewis' party came upon the body of Captain Cooney on the middle prong of Sycamore Creek, about 100 yards from where Charles Powell had found and buried the remains of Turner in the spring of 1889. Knowing that Charlie Cooney was in that section of the mountains, they made camp and waited for him to show. He reached their camp within two days and after reviewing the remains told the other searchers of his father's desire to be buried at Socorro, and of his promise to his father. All agreed that the captain's wishes should be carried out. A stretcher was made from tough young spruce saplings, the body was securely wrapped in a heavy tarpaulin and placed upon the stretcher, and the trip was made down Sycamore Creek to its junction with the Gila River.

At this point another serious problem confronted them. The river was at flood stage and the nearest point they could reach a wagon road was the ranger station eight miles down Gila River Canyon. The spruce saplings which had been used to make the stretcher were now used as supports or stays to hold the body rigid, and it was lashed to a pack saddle on the best swimming horse and then began the trip down the treacherous river canyon. In many places the river had swung its course tight to the perpendicular rock cliffs on either side of the canyon and it was necessary for the entire party to cross and recross the wild running river twelve times in making those eight miles to the ranger station. Here the body was transferred to a spring wagon and taken to Silver City, where it was placed in a casket and shipped from there by rail to its final resting place in the Odd Fellows cemetery at Socorro.

Captain Cooney died in the seventy-sixth year of his eventful and adventuresome life. His diary was found with his body. It had been written with an indelible pencil and, having been soaked by water, it was impossible to make out anything except on the last leaf. He had written on November 15 a short mystifying sentence: "It let in a little sunshine



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today it feels better."

That was all. Turner's lost mine has not been discovered yet. In the old home at Socorro, which sits in a well-kept yard filled with flowers, a white-haired, motherly faced old woman patiently waits.

Crimson Trail of Qual-chan

(Continued from page 13)

The latter, being married to a Yakima, was able to discover the plan and warn his officer who promptly retreated to the coast. Qual-chan was furious at Edgar's "treachery" and vowed revenge; indications were that he soon achieved it.

So serious had conditions become that the next invasion by white soldiers was the command of Major Rains, a detachment of 700 well-supplied men equipped with cannon. Native strength was mustered at Union Gap to face these overwhelming odds, and rifle pits were dug along the slopes to provide a flanking fire. Qual-chan's contemptuous bravery inspired his 350 fellows, and they gave ground reluctantly. Only when cannon shells began dropping on the rifle pits, scattering rocks and snipers indiscriminately, was the issue decided. The Indians retreated, sent their families to places of safety, and resorted to guerrilla tactics for the duration of the campaign. Short of supplies and with horses exhausted, Major Rains retired from the region, with the issue as yet far from being resolved.

A call for help came from the Walla Wallas who were threatened by an invasion of Oregon Volunteers. Frontier warfare was raging in Oregon, on the coast, in the Blue Mountains and throughout the area known today as The Inland Empire. Yakima warriors went to aid Peu-peu-mox-mox in the Walla Walla country but Qual-chan answered another summons, that of his cousin Leschi who was planning to attack Seattle. It was necessary to make the mid-winter crossing of the Cascades on snowshoes but the warm greeting he and his 100 braves received was convincing and prolonged.

Qual-chan pointed out some mistakes in strategy. The first action should have been a surprise attack on Seattle. With that settlement destroyed, settlers in the back country could easily be wiped out. Instead Leschi's cohorts had massacred a few people along the White River, Seattle residents were on the alert, and a U.S. war vessel, the *Decatur*, was anchored in the harbor in support.

QUAL-CHAN did his best. He pointed out a native he regarded as a spy and ordered him detained, a suggestion not obeyed. With a trusted companion he visited the town to determine its strength and possible weaknesses. They were accosted on the street by a patrol but explained they were "friends of Curley." Since "Salmon Bay Curley" was regarded as friendly and frequently provided information regarding the hostiles, Qual-chan was left free to complete his mission. He noted that cannon had been moved ashore from the *Decatur* and batteries set up, with the gun crews returning to the ship for meals. With this detail in mind he stressed the timing necessary if a successful attack were to be launched.

Instead of fighting, his coastal friends assembled to do a certain amount of dancing and drumming as a proper preliminary. The "spy," still free to prowl or participate, escaped from the gathering with word of the plans and the location of the plotting natives. A cannon ball, aimed with precise accuracy, presently dropped neatly in the center of activities, resulting in an abrupt pause. This missile, actually a shell with timed fuse, soon exploded, scattering red-hot metal and red warriors in all directions. It was useless to consider a massed onslaught against such weaponry. Qual-chan remembered the destruction of rifle pits at Union Gap. The only remaining tactic was sniping from the undergrowth, or attacking individual cabins. Seattle was subjected to a siege lasting many hours but there was little loss of life.

Qual-chan was bitter over his failure to destroy Seattle. He knew the residents were promoting a road to the interior over Snoqualmie Pass, with quite a few miles already surveyed and roughed out. He recognized the significance of the Oregon Trail on the Indian way of life and to him any white man's "medicine trail" was a thing to be prevented at any cost. Construction was definitely stopped, town dwellers clung to the settlement for security, and a feeling that danger still threatened dampened the spirit long after the Yakimas recrossed the Cascades to rejoin their own people. Back home Qual-chan learned the fate of Peu-peu-mox-mox, whom he had much admired.

The Walla Walla chieftain had once been friendly to the whites and very helpful to Col. John C. Frémont when the pathfinder was in the Northwest, but the death of his son at Sutter's Fort in a most treacherous manner aroused in him a thirst for vengeance. At the great treaty conference he had resisted the terms with all his strength.

In December 1855, when Colonel Kelly led his soldiers to Walla Walla country the old chief set up an ambush. He then went to the camp of Kelly with avowals of friendship, peace, the promise of food for all and excellent pasture for mounts at a near-by campsite. Since the Walla Walla warriors had very recently pillaged old Fort Walla Walla (Fort Nez Perce) on the Columbia the officer was suspicious. Peu-peu-mox-mox and his escort remained as hostages while the volunteers cautiously advanced.

Kelly's command encountered bitter resistance. From rifle pits and screening brush the redmen contested every rugged mile of the march. The weather was constantly below freezing, often below zero, and both sides suffered severely. The wily chief, relentless in his hatred, prisoner though he was, shouted encouragement and instructions to his braves with such effect that they continued the battle for days along the Walla Walla and Touchet Rivers.

Rumor started that Peu-peu-mox-mox was going to escape, that a massed attack would be made on his guards to assure freedom. Exactly what happened has long been disputed but assuredly the chief and his escort were shot, presumably while "trying to escape." For a time his warriors fought harder than ever but at last, discouraged, they broke off the engagement and headed for the Snake River where food and shelter could be obtained from Palouse Indians.

AFTER a few weeks of comparative calm the month of March 1856 ushered in a spate of serious fighting. There was scattered skirmishing throughout the Satus region near the Columbia. Of more significance was an attack on the blockhouse and settlement at the Cascades by braves from the Klickitat tribe. There was steamboat traffic from Fort Vancouver to The Dalles, with all freight moved around the falls, or cascades, by portage. Col. George Wright was mustering an expedition at The Dalles, moving men and equipment necessary for an effort which would end hostilities permanently.

As the military traffic abated, the Klickitats descended on the Cascades with a suddenness which found soldiers scattered, settlers clearing or tilling land, and community residents sure the recent display of military might would have curbed any hostile intentions. Initial success was with the natives but there were survivors and these forted up in the strongest buildings until soldiers from Wright's detachment, others led by Col. Steptoe, and some by Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, not only beat off the attack but captured and executed several of the ringleaders.

Qual-chan missed this action, for once again he and a picked band had crossed the Cascades to help his friends and kinsmen. Colonel Silas Casey was pressing the redmen severely and the fiery Yakima brave was asked to lead an attack on this persistent foe. The opposing forces, each numbering several hundred, met in a day-long battle on Connell's Prairie. Though far from defeated, the conflict being generally regarded as a draw, Qual-chan could see little chance of eventual victory or comfort for those he came to aid. He told them their best chance for freedom was to return with him, and many chose to do so.

March is a poor month to cross the Cascades. Qual-chan could not be deaf or blind to the groans and suffering of the aged, the sick, and the very young. He vowed, as death claimed the unfortunate, "Never will I make peace with the white men!"

Summer 1856 witnessed the forces of Col. Wright confronting those of Owhi and Kamiakin across the Naches River. The colonel was willing to parley and Owhi, reluctant to give up his land but equally unwilling to encourage bloodshed, chose to accept Wright's terms—namely to bring his band to the agency headquarters for his tribe, which would be the newly-built Fort Simcoe.

Kamiakin elected to pull out for the Palouse country to continue the war. Owhi's sons, Lo-kout and Qual-chan, less compromising than their father, sneered at the idea of peace and were supported by 400 warriors. Both chose to follow the great leader of the confederacy, Kamiakin, and rode proudly away, but Lo-kout presently decided to return and aid his parent in any way possible.

Accompanied by his brothers-in-law, Moses and Quil-ten-e-nock, with a youthful Klickitat named David to help handle their horse herd, a start was made toward the Palouse region. A few nights later the crafty David hazed the horses away from camp and drove them all to Fort Simcoe, leaving his erstwhile comrades to make their way on foot back to Owhi's camp. At least one member of his own race was now a target for Qual-chan's anger, but an even better mark was offered.

September found Governor Stevens bound from The Dalles to Walla Walla, his wagons heavily loaded with goods for the treaty Indians. Kamiakin went all out in his effort to destroy the train and its military escort. Qual-chan and Lo-kout distinguished themselves in this affray. The former hailed fifty Nez Perces allied with the governor and told them to quit the fight or their families would be wiped out. He was taken at his word and immediately there was only the militia to deal with. Strangely enough Col. E. J. Steptoe was encamped a short distance away but military and civilians held each other in rather low esteem and the governor's men battled desperately in their losing cause until dark, when Steptoe's troops relieved them. Kamiakin resented the colonel's interference in a "private war" and longed for a day of reckoning; meanwhile the governor escaped.

FOR A TIME Gen. John E. Wool was commander of federal troops in the Northwest. His policy was interpreted as one of enforcing Indian treaties impartially, with the natives leaving the whites alone and the Americans respecting the redmen's territory. Prospectors and drifters were no longer free to trespass, help themselves to horses or Indian women, loot food caches or steal gifts left at sacred rocks or other depositories. A most unusual representative of the U. S. government, Gen. John E. Wool's interpretation of the treaty defied its intent, according to the outraged settlers. Maledictions rained on the general, eventually leading to reassignment, but the year 1857 witnessed no serious fighting, even Qual-chan forsaking the open warpath to join his kinsman Moses in some discreet stalking of prospectors north of the Columbia's Big Bend and joining Palouse braves in raids on the horse and cattle herds at Fort Walla Walla, formerly Fort Steptoe and then Steptoeville. An uneasy but welcome peace prevailed even as forces gathered once more.

David, the Klickitat horse thief who had stolen Qual-chan's animals several months before, was stirred by a desire to gain more glory. Early in the spring of 1858 he rode to the Kittitas Valley and drove away 200 ponies, leaving harassed Chief Owhi without enough animals to move his camp and equipment. His sons were wrathful, while son-in-law Quil-ten-e-nock chose an immediate resort to violence. Believing the white men at Fort Simcoe encouraged David and condoned

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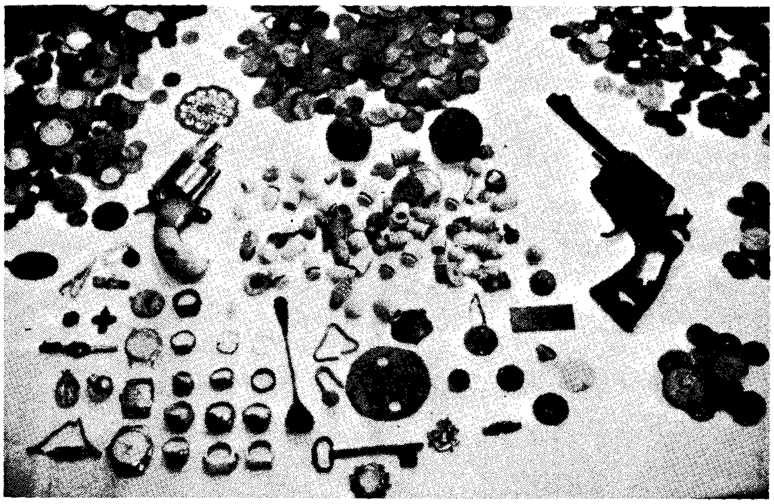

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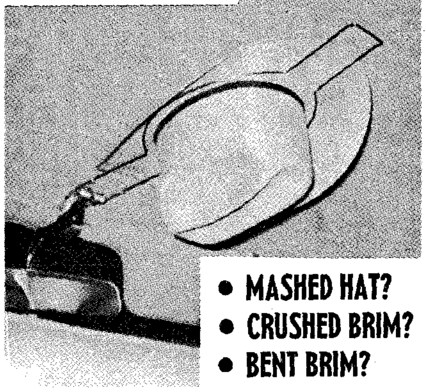
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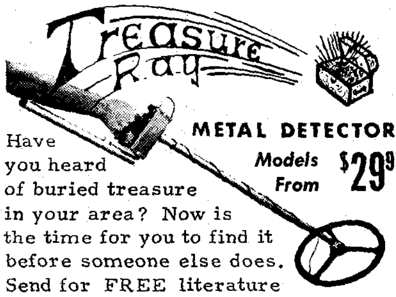

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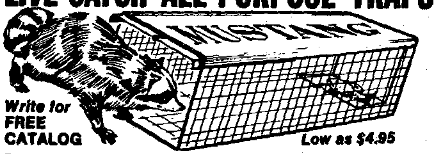

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his robbery, the outraged brave declared a personal war on all palefaces and headed over the mountains to the Wenatchee River where a band of prospectors was reported. Qual-chan and a few others followed, and the miners were routed and driven down the Columbia, suffering severe casualties.

Owhi arrived and tried to end hostilities, even persuading Qual-chan to desist, but Quil-ten-e-nock would not give in. He harried the miners through the rough country near Rock Island until the fugitives realized they were running from only one man. Some of them hid beside the trail while others lured their pursuer into the open where he was fatally wounded.

Qual-chan blamed himself for letting a comrade go to his death alone. He took up the trail and single-handedly drove the trespassers nearly to Priest Rapids where, in an exchange of shots he wounded three miners and received severe body wounds himself. So great was the terror he inspired that, though literally shot to ribbons, no attempt was made to finish him off, the miners being only too glad to escape such relentless pursuit.

Prompt attention by Chief Moses undoubtedly saved Qual-chan's life. He gradually recovered in the lodge of his benefactor and was ready for more action when a man named Pierson led two dozen miners to the Wenatchee country. Owhi met this party and explained the hostile mood of the redmen, and the horse thieving which had inspired it. Showing an understanding rare in the whites of that era, Pierson sent his comrades back to the coast and volunteered to ride to Fort Simcoe with an escort of braves and seek to recover the horses. Pierson was either naive or a man of rare courage, but with Qual-chan and numerous followers they made a leisurely journey, exchanging ideas, and demonstrating to the embattled Yakimas that at least one white man was worthy of trust.

At their destination Major Garnett refused to release the horses, nor would he let Pierson return to his erstwhile comrades, perhaps feeling the friendly white man would be the object of vengeance. Qual-chan understood the situation and was prepared to depart when the obnoxious David rode to the scene, mounted on a stolen horse and accompanied by a following of soldiers. There was a heated exchange of insults, shots were fired, and a day-long skirmish ensued with neither side the victor.

QUAL-CHAN rode to Priest Rapids with his band and sought out Chief So-Happy, his father-in-law, where he announced his return to the warpath. He demanded full support and when this was denied declared he would appropriate all of the horses in camp. Chief So-Happy immediately became Chief Un-Happy, protesting so vigorously that one of Qual-chan's impetuous followers shot the old leader dead on the spot. The Yakima firebrand was blamed for this atrocity but horses were a necessity to his plans.

The Northwest Indians were tireless travelers. They regularly visited Idaho, California, Montana and Canada to trade, hunt or make war. Their unshod, grass-fed mounts needed frequent replacement, be the mission food-gathering, plundering raid or social call. So now the hostiles rode from Priest Rapids richer by the acquisition of 200 fresh mounts.

Qual-chan's convalescence and trip to Fort Simcoe kept him from an adventure where his presence might have been decisive. In May 1858 Col. E. J. Steptoe mounted an expedition to march from Fort Walla Walla to the Colville diggings. Miners along that route had been waylaid, harassed and generally made to feel unwanted. A show of military might would undoubtedly improve the attitude of the natives.

Rather than travel north by direct route, Steptoe moved northeast to cross the Snake River and advance through the Palouse country. Near present-day Rosalia the command encountered 1,000 war-painted Indians eager to contest an invasion of their country. The host was composed of Palouse, Spokane, Coeur d'Alene and Walla Walla warriors and the leader was again the redoubtable Kamiakin. Following an unsatisfactory parley Col. Steptoe decided to move west and strike the old Colville road, but taking this as an indication of weakness the redmen launched a furious attack. The soldiers were beaten back and a complete withdrawal became necessary. Swarming along the flanks of the retreating army, inflicting numerous casualties, killing two fine officers, Gaston and Taylor, the hostiles finally forced the soldiers to take refuge on a small hill, where they dug in, waiting for an all-out charge.

In vain Kamiakin urged a final attack saying, "If the brave Qual-chan were here not a white man would escape." The chief wanted the life of Steptoe especially, blaming him for rescuing Governor Stevens' wagontrain a few months earlier, but his words were in vain. It was time to eat, dance, drum, and celebrate a great victory, and along the small creek near the foot of the bluff the warriors enjoyed their triumph and looked to the morrow when they would wipe out the invaders.

During the night Steptoe's men muffled the hoofs of each horse, wrapped every chain or bit of equipment that might jingle, buried their cannon, emptied the whiskey kegs which were more in evidence than ammunition cannisters, and stole away toward Red Wolf crossing on the Snake. No Indian sentinel took note of their departure. To the south loomed Pyramid Peak, so named by Lewis and Clark, but today called Steptoe Butte, providing an excellent guide for the first leg of the desperate journey.

Desperate it was, for three wounded men were abandoned to their fate along the route, while much baggage and many pack mules were left in the ill-fated camp. Pursuit was so long delayed that the command reached the river, nearly ninety miles away, and crossed safely, aided by friendly Nez Perces. By this means Steptoe missed a wonderful opportunity to beat General Custer into the history books.

AT FORT Walla Walla 150 miners watched the return of the Steptoe expedition but refused to alter their own plan, which was to cross the Big Bend country and follow the Okanagan Valley to promising Canadian gold fields. This nondescript band, poorly prepared and indifferently armed had chosen as their leader Dave McLoughlin, son of the long-time Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Vancouver, Dr. John McLoughlin, known to the Indians as the "Whiteheaded Eagle." Since the hostiles remained concentrated in the Palouse region the miners progressed without interference, though Qual-chan took up their trail in the Grand Coulee area. The career of this warrior had doubtless reached high tide but on the ebb more than ripples were to be created.

One miner was inexcusably careless; he roused himself after the others were ready to travel and often lagged far behind his comrades on the trail. There came a day when he failed to rejoin the expedition and by common agreement Qual-chan "got him." Concern for one miner was not long a matter of importance.

In the Okanagan country an aroused native population confronted them. Moses and Tonasket have by some writers been given credit for this resistance. There was severe fighting and serious loss of life but the miners won through, not entirely by their own valor, for word came that Major Garnett had marched from Fort Simcoe to punish all who were guilty of attack on travelers and prospectors, such events having occurred with alarming frequency.

Chief Owhi feared for his sons, Qual-chan and Lo-kout, when he learned of summary executions by the advancing soldiery. He moved east where it would be possible to observe Garnett's troops and still reach Kamiakin's forces if threatened. He then became aware of an even more potent danger. At Fort Walla Walla Col. George Wright had organized an expedition which would wipe out the stain of the Steptoe disaster, eliminating or driving from the territory every Indian upon whose peaceable intentions he could not rely. An advance base, Fort Taylor (now lost to the waters of Lower Monumental Dam), was established at the unction of the Snake and Tucannon Rivers. From this point Wright's men crossed the Snake, despite desultory fire from Kamiakin's braves, and pushed steadily toward the country of the Spokanes. His advance was only slightly mpeded by guerrilla tactics and grass fires.

To the dismay of the foe he soon reached Four Lakes. Here the redmen were routed from the high ground they occupied and the soldiers bivouacked. The warriors gave the invaders little rest. They worked up the timbered slopes, sniping at every bluecoat in sight, but heir weapons were inferior to the fine rifles with which the troopers had been recently equipped. The natives were pressed back and on the open ground to he north they massed for an attack on horseback. Painted, be-plumed, exhibiting all the garish panoply characteristic of their type of warfare, the same horde which beat back the Steptoe expedition failed to make a dent on Wright's well-prepared column. After hours of darting attack and group charge, often under the cover of smoke, the hostiles yielded the field, and victory credit for the Battle of Four Lakes fell to the grim New England officer who had been their nemesis since 1855.

After a three-day rest, welcome after marching and fighting under the September sun, Wright advanced northerly once more across comparatively open country. Again the Indians contested the way in what has been called the Battle of Spokane Plains. They were forced into the scab-rock and timber bordering the area, where a howitzer shot smashed into a tree, hurling limbs and fragments of trunks among the fighters. Kamiakin was stunned by one of the flying missiles and unable to direct further resistance. The beaten tribesmen retreated down the timbered defiles to the Spokane River and placed that swift-flowing stream between themselves and the enemy. Wright moved to a convenient tract of level ground, later the site of Fort George Wright and more recently of Spokane Community College, Fort Wright College, and the Spokane Lutheran School.

It was strictly a military, rather than educational setting which Spokane Garry encountered when he arrived to speak in behalf of his people. His long record of friendliness to the whites, plus countless instances of aid to Stevens, including token acceptance of the latter's treaty ideas was offset by the action of some of his young men. Terms approximating unconditional surrender were offered and the discouraged chieftain carried the word.

Colonel Wright resumed his march, proceeding eastward past the Spokane Falls into a valley that extends to Lake Coeur d'Alene. Within a few miles his troop overtook and captured a herd of horses comprising nearly 1,000 animals. For the Indians this was disaster of first magnitude, since all extra ponies were in this band. The warriors vainly sought to retake or stampede the cayuses and were almost successful. Since the tough little creatures proved intractable for use by whites it was ordered that all but a select few should be killed. There was wailing among the natives when, watching from afar, they saw the fate of their horses; nor did the soldiers relish the task of slaughter, but if the mounts had been recaptured the war would doubtless have continued.

COLONEL WRIGHT, veteran of the Seminole and Mexican wars and active throughout the Indian wars of 1855-58, should have earned more recognition. His tactic of putting the red raiders afoot was later adopted by Gen. Custer and Col. Ranald Mackenzie in their campaigns against the Cheyennes and Kiowas respectively, and proved effective. It proved effective now, for when the commander let it be known he was prepared to fight until there were no Indians left, his harsh conditions were accepted by gradually increasing numbers of the de-

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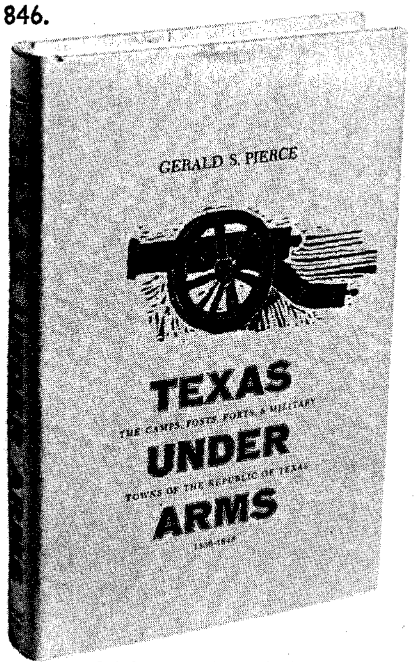
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feated.

By way of emphasis every tepee, blanket, buffalo robe or food cache which was discovered went up in flames. This brought special hardship to Spokane Garry's people for most of the action took place in their country. The ensuing winter would find many perishing of cold and hunger.

While pony carcasses rotted in Spokane Valley, a site marked by the "horse slaughter monument" after settlers sold the heaps of bones to a fertilizer plant, Colonel Wright marched swiftly into the land of the Coeur d'Alenes. It was rumored that Kamiakin, with a few hundred braves, had prepared an ambush in Fourth of July Canyon but this was never tested. Having cleared the immediate area of hostiles the invaders swung about to encamp in an attractive vale along Latah Creek, a few miles south of historic Spokane Falls. Here the colonel held court, admonishing the "friendlies" who came in to show their good will; administering "a long drop and short rope" to several whose deeds of violence were known or suspected.

Owhi, hovering in the Big Bend country, was well aware of Major Garnett's punitive measures in the Cascades. Eastward Col. Wright seemed inclined to similar stringent methods for ending the war, but the worried Yakima chief had dealt with the latter in the past and been accorded reasonable terms. Waiting until Qual-chan was absent on some mission to which his uncompromising spirit impelled him, Owhi and Lo-kout rode long miles to the Latah Creek headquarters. Their welcome was less friendly than they had hoped, and the father's plea for the lives of his warring sons was heard without comment.

Qual-chan heard with dismay that Owhi had entrusted himself to the mercy of Col. Wright and resolved to offer himself as a hostage for the lives of the others in his family. Mounted on the sturdy Appaloosa, accompanied only by his wife, he made the best speed possible to the camp of the palefaces. Pausing on the brink of a tree-screened bluff he looked down on pleasant groves, a meadow dotted with grazing horses, groups of soldiers busy at minor tasks or lounging about their fires. Clusters of Indians, moving among scattered tepees, kept well away from the neat rows of army tents. The scene was roughly bisected by a shallow stream, being low in September. Did the fierce Yakima warrior think back to another stream and a September day three years earlier? Did he think of other whites whose encampments he had scouted, a prelude to dire consequences?

Qual-chan must have known Col. Wright's opinion of him, as expressed in an official report: "This man . . . is the son of Owhi. His history for the past three years is too well known to need recapitulation. He had been actively engaged in all the murders, robberies and attacks upon white people since 1855, both east and west of the Cascades. . . . Under these circumstances I was very desirous of getting [him] in my power."

The time for second thoughts was past. Down the slope he rode and into the midst of his enemies. The sight of Owh and Lo-kout securely bound and unde close guard indicated how serious wa their situation as did the old chief' wail: "Why did you come? We are all a good as dead now!"

Qual-chan immediately asked direction to Col. Wright's tent. A soldier pointe the way and presently lithe tribesma and burly, gray-thatched peace impose confronted each other. Surely both recalled a parley on the Naches River i 1856 when hostilities could have ende without dishonor to Indians or whites There the two sons of Owhi had scoffe at their father's desire to avoid furthe bloodshed by accepting fair terms an had ridden away in anger, as was s often the reaction of young men.

Scowling, the colonel pushed aside reports he was preparing and glanced up

"Is this Qual-chan?" he asked.

"It is."

Wright selected a small scrap of paper scribbled a terse message and hande it to an aide. Within seconds a squa of soldiers surrounded the rash brave guns were thrust in his ribs, and he wa propelled toward a convenient tree. Qual-chan had come to save his father bu the chosen means had failed; there remained only desperation. Flinging asid his captors in a frenzied struggle whic reopened half-healed wounds, he battle toward Owhi, hoping to cut him free For frantic moments it seemed overwhelming odds might yield to fury, the a noose dropped over the head of th screeching Yakima warrior and as eage bluecoats grabbed the rope he was haule flailing and kicking toward that tree.

There was turmoil in camp, most unusual where Wright commanded.

CHIEF MOSES, devoted to Owhi, Lo-kout and Qual-chan, skulking on th outskirts hoping to be of help, suddenl found his "medicine" bad. It was time t "klatawa." Grabbing the best horse i sight he did just that and thus fo another thirty years was enabled to kee his paleface neighbors in a state of unease. Qual-chan's squaw snatched th saber of an unwary soldier, lashed abou savagely and retreated to her horse presently she was galloping after Moses A northern Indian crouched over Lo-kout, slashing his bonds.

"Get out of here or you are a dea man!" he hissed.

Despite cramped limbs Lo-kout shoo off the ropes and surged to his feet His brother's Appaloosa, eager as alway to prove its mettle, stood near. A thundering of hoofs drew some soldiers fro Qual-chan. Guns crashed and rider mounted hastily to clatter in pursuit bu the pony and rider were long gone t other scenes and other strife, never agai to be in the white man's power.

At his field desk Col. Wright presently penned a brief addition to th military report: "Qual-chan came to m at 9 o'clock this morning and at 9¼ a.m. he was hung."

There have been some who claime the enraged Indian begged for his life offering gold, horses, all his possession Hardly! He doubtless pleaded for hi father's life, and seemingly made hi oint, for Owhi was not one of the several natives summarily hanged from that onvenient pine. The old man was taken vith other hostages when the expedition egan the return march to Fort Walla Valla. One halt was made among the alouse tribesmen near Snake River and 'rope reform" was effectively demonstrated before the soldiers recrossed to 'ort Taylor.

Along the Tucannon River Owhi vhipped up his pony and fled but was resently cornered. He was singing his leath song when officer Michael Morgan ode up and shot him down, though reapture would have been ridiculously asy.

Qual-chan lived twenty years too soon o gain such recognition as later came o Crazy Horse, Joseph, Geronimo, Bufalo Horn, Quanah Parker, Dull Knife, nd Sitting Bull. As western population ncreased and means of transportation nd communication expanded, the Indian vars of the '70s commanded a nation's ttention. Indian wars in the Northwest luring the 1850s were fought with miliary reports providing almost the only ublicity regarding them, and even those vere somewhat confusing. For example, Qual-chan was also known as Qual-chew nd Qualchien.

These sanguinary struggles were exellent proving grounds for officers as is ndicated by the list of Civil War comnanders who had seen service in Washngton Territory during the troubled ears.

What of the conqueror, Col. George Vright? Doubtless he hoped his ruthless ampaign would win recognition and rompt promotion, for the War between he States was already a gloomy cloud n the national horizon. Civil War fame vas not the destiny of Col. Wright. On stormy day in 1865 he stood, arm round his wife, on the deck of the small oastal steamer *Brother Jonathan* as the verloaded vessel, yielding to the buffets f wind and wave, sank off Crescent ity, California with the loss of hunreds of lives. The rugged old soldier nay have excited little interest as a varrior but the payroll he was taking Fort Vancouver, $250,000 in gold, has een the object of intense salvage operaons during the past century.

As an individual Qual-chan has been ven less known. He was hated and feared y the whites of his time, understandably. 'or years the pine at Smyth's Crossing n the Kentuck Trail where he was executed proved to be a point of interest. atah Creek, however, background for ne climax of the Indian wars of 1855-58, gentle in summer but rampant in the oring. Eventually high waters swept the ang-tree down the stream which has ng been known by another name, Hangan Creek. Indirectly this title conveys certain degree of honor. By the standrds of frontier fighters, red or white, ual-chan, during his flaming career, as quite a man.

Author's note: In the preparation of is article I am particularly indebted to formation derived from Kamiakin *by . J. Splawn, Binfords and Mort, copyght 1944 by Mrs. Margaret Splawn.*

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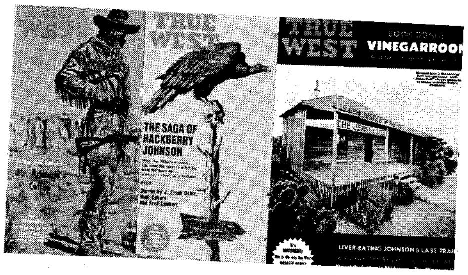
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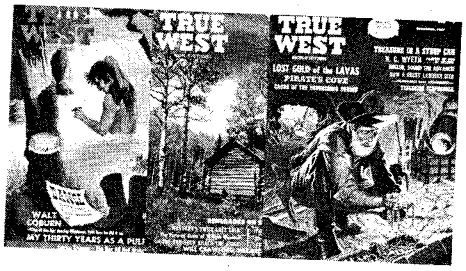
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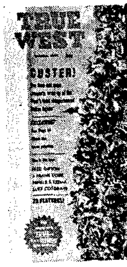
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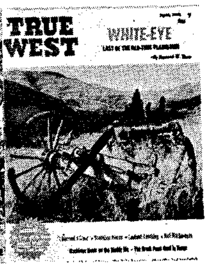
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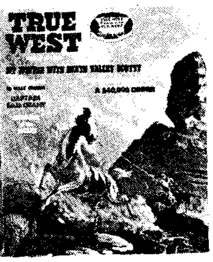
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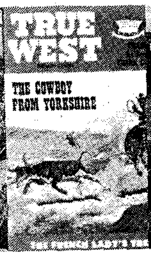
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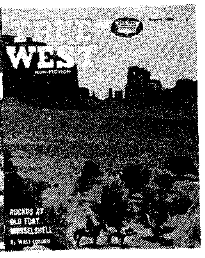
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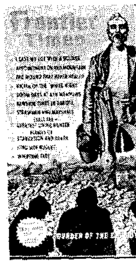
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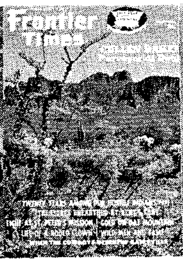
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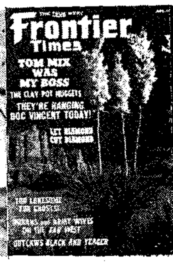
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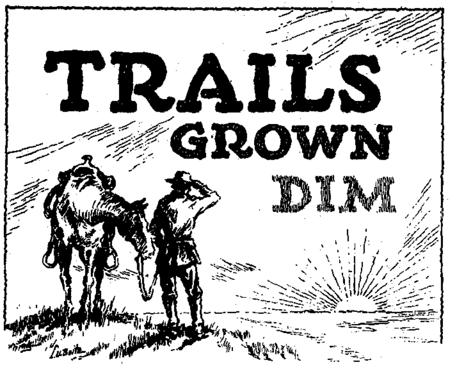

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Marion Turner

I am trying to trace the later years of Marion Turner, a prominent combatant in the Lincoln County War. After the fighting died down, Turner moved to Silver City, New Mexico. He made quite a bit of money out of mines at Lake Valley and embarked on extensive travels. In January 1885 he returned to Silver City. I have located nothing on him since that date, and all leads will be gratefully appreciated.—Philip J. Rasch, 405 Clyde Drive, Jacksonville, North Carolina 28540

Old H Ranch

I would like to hear from some of the fellows I worked with near Midland, Texas at the old H Ranch for R. B. ("Bum") Cowden in 1929.—Carl Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

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Witkis

Ben W. Witkis, age twenty-one, went to Goldfield, Nevada in 1938 to find his mother's grave (she died when he was born). After staying overnight with the sheriff Ben located his mother's grave the next day. He worked in a gold mine in Goldfield for awhile and then went to Wadsworth, Nevada and later Boron, California. That is the last I heard of him. Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please write.—John C. Sheppard, Rural Delivery 2, Box 196, Perryopolis, Pennsylvania 15473

Charley Wesley Hart Palmer

I am trying to determine the whereabouts of my father, Charley Wesley Hart Palmer, more commonly known as C. W. Palmer. He mysteriously disappeared from Colorado Springs, Colorado September 25, 1956. At that time, he was a cafe worker. He was born March 10, 1906.

My half-brother, Laddie L. Palmer, Route 1, Waynoka, Oklahoma loves his adopted father very much and we are so anxious to know what happened to him. Anyone having any information, please contact either of us.—Mrs. Sue Leonard, P. O. Box 391, Perryton, Texas 79070

"Booger Red's" Children

I am looking for the famous Booger Red's children. My husband was raised by Booger Red who took him on his wild west shows. Some of his children were the same age as my husband. There is at least one boy and one girl left. I did not know them but they could help me with some information I need about my husband. I have been told that Booger took under his wings lots of children without parents. Booger Red's name was Tom Privett. My husband was with him under the name of Earl (Red) Cosby. My husband was also with the 101 Ranch Show so someone there might remember him also.

I would like to hear from anyone by the name of Cox from Oklahoma who knows of a Grace Cox who married a Mr. Cosby, a horse trader who was killed somehow. Earl, twelve years old, ran away and got into Booger Red's tent. That is how he got into rodeos, later to be a world champion trick roper and rider under the name of H. G. (Smokey) Wells.—Mrs. R. Wells, Box 465, Hesperia, California 92345

Denison

Can you help me find the Denison family which came from Virginia about 1800 to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky? Zachary Denison was seventy-five in 1850 and made powder in Mammoth Cave during the War of 1812. For his pay from the government he got a large tract of land which is now in Mammoth Cave National Park. He married Millie Phillips, a half-Cherokee, and had three sons and one daughter, Ned, William, Tom and Duckwin (girl).—Willie Denison, Sylvia, Tennessee 37176

Cox

I would like information on my grandfather, Jim Cox, buffalo hunter of Lampasas County, Texas. Also information about the masacre of several men in the early days near Georgetown, Texas. Among this group were Jack Whitmire, John Smart and a Van Winkle. When did this occur? Was it during the Civil War or the War of 1836? Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. Nora Cox Drennan, Route 2, Box 52-A, Winnsboro, Texas 75494

Oseland

I have been trying for some time to find information on my father's relatives. His father, Thomas Oseland, was a marshal in Krebs, Indian Territory, Oklahoma around 1890 to 1907. Grandfather also raised bloodhounds for the prison at McAlester. He had three brothers, Joel, Newtt (Newton) and Noel, and was married to Estell (Stella) Tweedy Oseland. My father was James Donaldson Douglass Oseland, born at Krebs in 1894.—Charlotte Oseland Roberts, 2203½ West Georgia Street, Carlsbad, New Mexico 88220

Scarber

Scarber was my maiden name and my grandfather Scarber said that his father was associated with or had some dealings with the Sam Bass gang. As far as I know we were the only descendants who spelled the name with the shorter version instead of Scarborough. I would be very interested to hear from anyone who could enlighten me or give me any information as to whether the marshal in the story, "Cow by the Tail," November 1964 FRONTIER TIMES, is my great-grandfather. He had a son named Tom who was my grandfather.—Gladys Freitas, 369 Thorne Drive, Hayward, California 94544

Earl & Melvin Harp

We are very anxious to find our half-brothers Earl and Melvin Harp. After my mother died, my father Thomas Isaac Harp married Flora McCoy of Canadian, Oklahoma. Earl and Melvin were born of that union. My father died in Canadian in 1910. In 1917 Flora McCoy remarried but I do not know the name of her husband. I have one brother living in Cimarron, New Mexico, Choctaw Atoka ("Toke") Harp.—M. I. Harp 16182 West 13th Avenue, Golden, Colorado 80401

Borwick

Does anyone have any information they could give me on the name Borwick? The Borwick I'm asking about invented a blood-letting knife called a Fleam sometime between 1835 and 1850.—Dale McCullar, Route 1, Box 422, St. Helens Oregon 97051

The McCoy Gang

(Continued from page 25)

horses from some campers on the south side, then rode to the McCoy ranch that night. Later they hid out at an isolated cabin a few miles east, known locally as Robber's Roost. The McCoys provided for them there.

It was Sunday night again, five week later, on August 31 that the Denver & Rio Grande mail train No. 4 from Sal ake was held up at 11:30 p.m., within ight of the McCoy ranch. At that time he railroad had men to walk the tracks head of trains in the mountain canyons where rocks sometimes rolled down on he tracks. These trackwalkers carried orpedoes to place on the rails to warn he engineer if there were danger ahead. Somehow the holdup men had obtained ome of these torpedoes and used them to halt the train.

As it glided to a stop seven men were seen in the shadows. Before the trainmen realized what was taking place, two masked men with guns were in the cab, while two others were demanding that the express and mail car be opened. When the men in these cars did not comply, the engineer and firemen were ordered to take a pick and bar and smash n the mail car door. As soon as this was done the expressmen opened his car door. Two of the outlaws kept the trainmen covered while the other two searched the cars and obtained $3,600 from the express safe. The fireman was relieved of his gold watch but the engineer was allowed to keep his. The robbers mounted and rode off into the night and the passengers were not aware a train robbery had taken place.

SHERIFF STEWART of Canon City took up the trail next day with a hastily formed posse, some of whom were in sympathy with the McCoy faction. The trail led south up Sand Gulch to the ow ranch, from where the bandits had hidden up an irrigation ditch full of water. They left this ditch one at a time and mingled with the ranch stock so that their trail was lost on the meadows. From this point there were so many riders in the area that tracks were baffling. No doubt friends of the pursued were aiding in the confusion.

When it appeared the sheriff's posse was not making any progress at apprehending the robbers, the railroad company sent in two Pinkerton men to assist. One of these men was Tom Horn who had recently joined Pinkerton after leaving the Apache country where he had been a scout at the time Geronimo was taken. The other was Doc Shores, a Gunnison County sheriff who had acquired considerable renown as a law officer. He was sheriff in Gunnison at the time Alfred Packer, cannibal of the San Juans, was held in the Gunnison County jail.

They came to Cotopaxi and questioned everyone who might give them a clue to the identities of the guilty parties and their whereabouts. It was evident that the community was divided in its attitude toward the McCoys. Those friendly to them were not putting out any helpful information. Others were certain the robbery was planned at the McCoy place but no one knew who actually had taken part the holdup. No one had any knowledge where the thieves were hiding, though most believed they were not far away.

When Horn arrived at Cotopaxi he needed a horse, but the sheriff's posse had appropriated all those available around town. Otis Witcher tells that his father T. Witcher had a horse on the upper ranch he offered to lend Horn. Otis, ten years old at the time, was put on a tie hauler's wagon headed north past the upper ranch, with a note to give the foreman. Otis rode the horse the thirteen miles back to Cotopaxi from the ranch. Shores and Horn stayed at the old Hylton Hotel, which is now remodeled and, incidentally, my home.

The lawmen felt if they watched the McCoy place long enough they would learn the robbers' hideout. In time they became certain young Tom McCoy was carrying supplies to someone at or near the Price place, located a few miles south of the McCoy ranch. John and Frank Price associated with the McCoy boys and were among those under suspicion.

One day some cowboys came upon a camp above the Price ranch where some of the outlaws were staying. The robbers knew the law would now learn where they were camped. They immediately headed for the San Luis Valley beyond the Sangre De Cristo Range by way of the trail to Rainbow Lake.

Almost two weeks had elapsed since the train robbery and it was near mid-September. A posse with bloodhounds was on the outlaws' trail within a couple of days after they had left the camp but a snowstorm in the high pass covered their tracks. The posse and dogs gave up and turned back, except for Horn and Shores who picked up the trail of four men below the snow line on the west side of the range and trailed them to Villa Grove. Here the trail of two of them turned south toward Fort Garland. The other trail was lost.

AFTER more than a month of patient trailing which led them eventually into Indian Territory, the lawmen located Pegleg Eldredge, Dick McCoy's old friend, and Bert Curtis. There is no record of when Curtis had joined the McCoy gang. The Fremont County sheriff's office records of 1888 show that Curtis and Pegleg were in jail for vagrancy.

These two were staying with a man named Polk near Wichita station. They surrendered without giving any trouble and were taken to Denver. Here they were charged with robbing the U.S. mails though they had not actually removed any mail. (Otis tells that his father's horse was loaded into a stock car at Wichita and returned to Cotopaxi after being away more than a month.)

At about the time the two were arrested in the territory, Sheriff Steward brought in the Price boys, along with Tom McCoy and Frank Hallock, another country boy living near Hillside who ran with the Price and McCoy boys. There is no record of how William Parry, who escaped jail with Pegleg, was apprehended. He was captured late in December. Boyd, the third of the jail escapees and known to be the robber who went on with Parry, was never caught. Otis Witcher claimed that Parry was located at his uncle's ranch near Montrose.

In October while the outlaws were at large, the second trial of Dick McCoy came up for the killing of Arnold. Joe was still hiding out. After the most expensive and hard-fought criminal case in the history of Fremont County up to that time, Dick was again convicted and

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sentenced to eighteen years in the state penitentiary. By late December all the suspected men were in custody except Boyd and Joe, who was also wanted for the murder and suspected of being involved in the train holdup.

The Pinkerton agency instructed Horn to take up the trail of Joe McCoy. He soon learned that Joe was in the White River country. Soon after Christmas, Horn and Sheriff Stewart went to Meeker, arriving at that inland town by stagecoach in −30° weather. Evidently their quarry had been warned of their coming, for he had left a few days before for Ashley, Utah. The lawmen engaged Sam Weir, a young deputy sheriff of Rio Blanco County, to furnish horses and accompany them to Utah. Young Weir was destined to be a lawman in Rio Blanco County most of his life.

At Ashley they learned that a man of the description they gave was staying at the town boarding house. Stewart and Weir, with the help of the local officer, watched the place from the outside while Tom Horn went in. He recognized Joe among the several hard-looking characters lounging around. Horn pulled his six-gun and said, "Joe, we have come for you. Get 'em up!" There was no resistance.

In later years Joe's older brother Charley made the remark in the Cotopaxi store that he didn't consider Tom Horn an especially brave man. Joe replied, "Only a very brave man would have entered that room alone, where that bunch of hardcases were, and attempt to make an arrest." Joe was returned to the Fremont County jail after hiding out for almost a year. On December 23 the six men in custody for the train robbery were arraigned before Judge Hallock in the U.S. District Court in Denver. The trial date was set for January 13, 1892.

William Parry, the last of the holdup men to be captured, turned state's evidence and was the principal witness for the prosecution. He told that the gang had considered robbing the Salida bank before deciding on the train robbery. Also it was proven that Dick McCoy had been in Salida before the train job, investigating the possibility of robbing the express office.

Parry told of them dividing the stolen money and of his share, $225. Also that some was set aside to aid Dick in his trial. One of the reasons for the robbery was to raise money for that trial. He told that Pegleg had planned to kill T. Witcher, who was the cattleman most instrumental in Arnold's spying on the McCoys as well as sending them to the pen for horse stealing. One of the sensations of the trial was when Pegleg arose from his chair and hurriedly walked out of the courtroom. Detective Horn sprang up and went after him. The two soon returned in an unconcerned manner.

Judge Hallock decided that Curtis and Eldredge were the principal ones involved and that the four boys were only accessories and should be tried later on a lesser charge. The trial of Curtis and Eldredge came to a close on January 15. They were found guilty. When the verdict was read, tears came to Pegleg's eyes and Curtis wiped perspiration fron his hands with his handkerchief. Th penalty was life in prison for mail robbery. They were sent to Michigan's Detroit House of Correction.

Parry was relieved of the mail robber charge for turning state's evidence bu was returned to Canon City to serve ou the sentence he was under at the time o the jail break. He was released on Apri 6, 1892.

Tom McCoy, Frank Hallock and th Price brothers were tried in February one month after the trial of Curtis an Eldredge. All were released for lack o evidence proving they actually took par in the robbery. Tom McCoy and Hallock were both seventeen years old, th Price boys only a little older. Pegleg wa forty-one years old when he entered th Michigan institution, Curtis was twenty-one, and Parry twenty-three.

Joe McCoy was sentenced to six year in the state prison, in the 1892 sprin term of court, for his part in the Arnol murder. He was twenty-five years old a that time. After serving eighteen month he was paroled and was never in an more trouble with the law.

FOR a decade following the train robbery, little was heard of the gang The law had discouraged their activitie for awhile, it seemed. However, as tim passed, local people began to hear o poker games which ended in trouble an other wild goings-on at the McCoy ranch.

In the spring of 1900 Dick McCoy wa pardoned and returned home. Streeter a twelve-year-old boy at the time hi father was taken away, had become young man. By this time some of th smaller ranchers were losing cattle whic seemed to be disappearing in the vicinity of the McCoy ranch.

Charley, the oldest son, had a saloo in Cotopaxi. Joe and Streeter tended ba for him at times. The ranch was stil a hangout for neighbor boys who associated with the McCoys, as well as fo occasional transients. And the saloon i Cotopaxi was another hangout for th wild bunch. It was the only place in tha village where entertainment and excitement could be found.

A typical example of the events whic sometimes occurred at the saloon i worth giving here. George Caywood, young man about Streeter McCoy's age became quite drunk one day while Streeter was tending bar. George insisted tha another fellow drink with him, but th fellow kept refusing. Finally Streete told George to leave the man alon George grabbed a bottle off the bar an swung it at Streeter who threw up hi arms to protect his head but was knocke down behind the bar. He came up wit gun in hand. George was reaching for brass cuspidor when Streeter shot hi through the loin. George ran out of th door and as he passed a window Streete shot at him again. Caywood's injury wa not serious and he did not file charge against Streeter. They were friends whe sober.

O. B. Carrol, store owner in Cotopax also owned some cattle. He did very little riding himself but hired local cowboys to do it for him. He was having many cattle stolen that he asked the cattlemen's association to send in a detective to apprehend the thieves. They employed a young Texas cowboy, Charley Withers. It is claimed he was a Pinkerton agent. He was hired by Carrol in preference to the local boys. Withers esablished a camp not far from the McCoy ranch and lived in a tent at this camp. One day when he came in from riding he found his camp in ruins. His groceries and bedding were scattered about and tent and batching equipment shot full of holes. He then moved to Coaldale, four miles above Cotopaxi, and ived in a back room of the store there. This store was owned by Carrol and his brother-in-law William Hendrix.

There are two versions of what happened after Withers moved to Coaldale. One is that Withers and Earl Hendrix, clerk of the store, rode down to Cotopaxi on Christmas Eve. While Earl was visitng with his relatives, Withers was supposed to ride up north of town to see a Mr. Corp. Instead, the McCoys claimed, he rode down the railroad tracks and crossed the river just above their place. There is a hill just west of the house from which the McCoys claim Withers shot through a bedroom window where Dick McCoy slept.

Charley Gilrey was nineteen years old at this time. He lived near Coaldale and after Withers moved to the store they became friends and often rode together. He claims that Withers never went to he McCoy place but that the McCoys hot into their own house to make it appear that they were justified in their later actions.

On Saturday, December 28, 1901 Withrs and Gilrey rode together. That night here was to be a dance at a place called Montezuma which was up Hayden Creek about three miles south of Coaldale. They had talked of attending it. That evening Gilrey came by for Withers to ride with him to the dance. Withers claimed to have forgotten about the dance and had turned out all his horses in the pasture. Gilrey offered to get one but Withers aid he believed he would not go this ime.

A few minutes after Gilrey left, treeter McCoy and George Mow came into the store. Withers was standing by he heating stove at the back of the store ear the entrance to his room. He had is thumb hooked in his suspenders as was often a habit of men who wore them. Earl Hendrix, the eighteen-year-old son f one of the store owners, was standing ehind the counter.

In this area even after the turn of the entury most cowboys wore their sixhooters and it did not alarm Withers hat these boys were wearing their guns. He had worn his all day and laid it on is bed when he came in that afternoon.

Without warning McCoy and Mow rew and began shooting. One bullet cut off Withers' thumb and penetrated his hest. He ran into his room and grabbed is gun from the bed, a stream of blood rom the severed thumb marking his ourse. He then staggered to the door nd fired one shot which pierced Mow's at and cut a furrow through his hair. nother bullet, fired as he slumped to the floor, passed through the counter behind which Earl had ducked when the shooting began. After penetrating the counter the bullet lodged in a notebook in Earl's shirt pocket and thus saved his life. He carried it as a pocket piece the rest of his life and showed it to me in 1944.

IT was told that the McCoy gang had played cards to see who should kill Withers and it fell to Streeter and Mow to do it. At first they were released on a low bond with the understanding they were not to go armed. They did not observe this restriction and a complaint was made. The court ordered them rearrested. Sheriff White came to Cotopaxi on the train and deputized Bent McCrory to go with him to the McCoy ranch. McCrory provided horses and they rode to that place.

There Dick McCoy cursed the officers and told Streeter not to go with them, that he would never come back if they took him away. Sheriff White dropped his hand on his gun and said, "I came to get you. We are not leaving without you." Streeter then went along peaceably. He could not give the higher bond then required and remained in jail along with Mow who also was brought in. There was a plot by Joe McCoy and others to break them out of jail but it was given up. Both Streeter McCoy and George Mow were convicted and sentenced to fifteen to twenty-five years in the state penitentiary.

A short time before this killing, Streeter and George were running a bordello at Texas Creek. Here Streeter had contracted venereal disease and was in poor health at the time he was sentenced. He and Mow entered prison June 2, 1902. Streeter was confined to the hospital most of the time and died there at 5 o'clock in the afternoon on December 22, 1903, the day Governor Peabody had signed a pardon to allow him to go home before Christmas. Mow was paroled one year later on December 12, 1904.

In May of that year Pegleg had died in the Michigan prison. The following year Bert Curtis was discharged in October, having served thirteen years. George Mow was granted a full pardon on March 1, 1916.

By then the McCoy Gang was scattered and their deeds had become legend. It seemed the final chapter had now been written. But there is the old saying, "Murder will out." In 1925, road maintenance men grading a narrow pit along Highway 50 below Echo unearthed the skeleton of a man buried long before. This brought back memories to the oldtimers of the disappearance of a man in 1895. A prospector with several burros had stopped at the McCoys' for a while. According to the gossip then, he had won considerable money in their poker games. He soon went on downriver a few miles to a grassy spot in the canyon below Echo and camped. There was no road then on the south side of the river between Texas Creek and Parkdale and very little travel.

The section men working on tracks across the river noticed there was no one around the camp after a few days and

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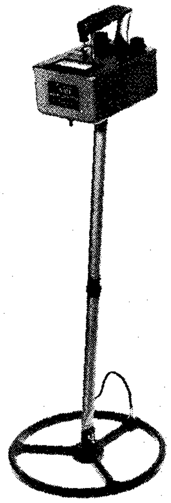

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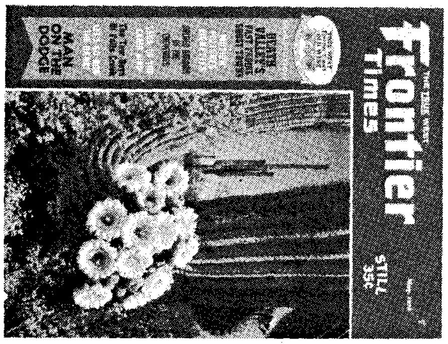

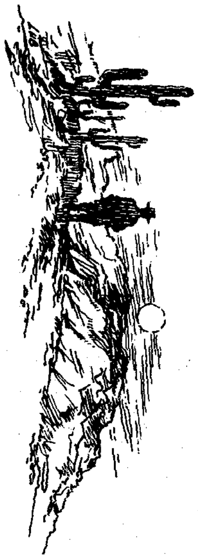
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the burros were wandering about. No one ever knew what became of the "Burro Man" as he was called. The finding of his skeleton thirty years later may be the closing chapter in the history of the McCoy gang. Or there may be more skeletons in shallow graves yet to come to light which will revive speculation about the wild old days in Colorado's Fremont County.

Old Times at the Occidental

(Continued from page 40)

was the first white child born in Johnson County, Wyoming. Following her marriage, Helen Buell Pool often returned to Buffalo for visits.

In 1886, Charley Buell turned the operation of the Occidental over to his partner, A. J. McCray, and became a rancher on Shell Creek northwest of town. The Buells ranched until January 24, 1916 when they were killed in an automobile accident.

The pioneer hotel continued to serve as a town hall, a polling place and sometimes as a hospital for unfortunate victims of disease or more often of gunshot wounds. The hotel was also headquarters for the commissioners appointed by the territorial governor to organize Johnson County. It is reported that they first met in the old north wing on March 29, 1881.

During the 1880s, the Wyoming cattle boom extended prosperity throughout the territory. The Occidental shared in this prosperity and the result was the construction of an annex south of and adjoining the main building. The new structure was a two-story frame building and did not have the usual false front which was used so extensively to simulate height.

The annex served as the barroom, and several billiard and pool tables also were added for the convenience of the patrons. By this time, the county had purchased some property and no longer used the hotel for civic offices.

The old hotel register carried many famous names: Morton and Richard Frewen, descendents of landed English nobility, who had come to Wyoming to make their fortunes in the Wyoming beef boom; Sir Horace Plunken, agriculture expert from Ireland; T. R. Roosevelt; Owen Wister, the Chicago newspaperman and writer; and later, his nephew, William Heywood, the distinguished historian.

It was said that the local traffic through the lobby furnished Owen Wister with many of the characters who found their way into his famous novels about the American West. It was also said that his characterization of the typical Wyoming cowpuncher came right out of the lobby of the Occidental Hotel.

The famous military personalities of the day who visited northern Wyoming were absent from the Occidental's register because they received the hospitality of Fort McKinney. But Calamity Jane, the western wildcat, made the Occidental Hotel her headquarters while visiting Buffalo. It is not recorded whether she invaded the famous saloon.

At one time, an early attraction of the hotel was an orchestra composed of Italians who provided music for many of the dances held there. Oftentimes whe dances were held elsewhere in Buffalo the dinner was catered by the Occidental

IN the summer of 1890, Alvin and Vinnie McCray were running advertisements in the Buffalo *Echo* which described the Occidental as the largest an best run hotel in western Wyoming Rooms were offered at $2.50 a day an meals were served at all hours of the da or night.

The lobby served as a common meetin place where old friends could discuss th news of the day or transact their personal business.

There is one story that Billy Hay used to tell on J. A. McDermott, wh was a deputy sheriff under the famou Frank Canton. Hays and McDermot were relaxing in a pair of chairs whic they had "reserved" for themselves i the lobby of the Occidental Hotel. Th two friends were facing the windo which offered a fine view of the stree and were passing the time of day.

Billy Hays glanced out of the windo and noticed some unusual activity goin on at the livery stable across the stree A cowpuncher holding a six-shooter ha the liveryman backed up against the wal of the stable.

Hays nudged McDermott and pointe to the street.

"Guess I had better be getting ove there and find out what the trouble is, the deputy remarked. "Want to g along?" he asked his companion.

"Oh, no. Not me," Hays replied. " don't want to get mixed up in that!"

"Well, I'll go by myself," McDermot replied.

"If you do, you will find yourself line up with that liveryman and holding you hands up in the air," Hays remarked t his friend as he went out the door.

Billy Hays watched the little dram unfold as his deputy friend left the hote and crossed the street. Sure enough, a Hays watched, McDermott took a positio next to the liveryman and slowly raise his hands into the air.

At this point, Frank Canton happene to be passing by and observed the dilemma of the liveryman and his deputy. H quickly sensed the situation and aske what the trouble was while at the sam time he slipped his hand into his pocke He then demanded that the cowpunche hand over the gun to him. The cowpuncher quickly complied with Canton's d mand and the little drama was over.

The deputy sheriff was often forced t blush deeply in later years when the incident was mentioned by his friend wh had watched the affair from the lobby the Occidental Hotel.

ON June 29, 1891, Alvin and Vinn McCray sold the Occidental to William and Anne Hathaway. Hathawa had long been the operator of the saloo and store at the Powder River crossin of the old Rock Creek-Junction Cit stage stop which the railroad had p out of business.

Hathaway changed the name of th hotel to the "Burlington," hoping th Buffalo would secure the favor of th Burlington Railroad and become the lar st city in northern Wyoming. However, he cattlemen's invasion, better known s the "Johnson County War," and the ecision of the Burlington to take another oute through northern Wyoming ruined athaway's business. On September 22, 892, the Hathaways were forced to sell he Occidental to Bernard Beer. Beer had n extensive money-lending business in ohnson County. For several years, he eft the operation of the old hotel to a uccession of local managers. It was notd in the Buffalo *Bulletin* in 1894 that . A. Frame was the manager of the urlington Hotel, "formerly the Occiental."

"Red" Angus, who had been sheriff of ohnson County during the cattlemen's nvasion, was a lessee of the building or a time. He also was in charge of he hotel bar for several years.

A quarrel arose between Red Angus nd "Arapahoe" Brown over a board bill hich Angus contended Brown owed im. Scorching words passed between the wo men. The ancestry of their mothers as mentioned. As the discussion proeeded, the exchange of words suddenly ecame inadequate to express the sentiments felt by the two antagonists. Red rew his gun and fired a shot point lank into the body of Brown. The bullet assed through Arapahoe's clothing, hich consisted of a heavy overcoat, a est, two thick shirts, and a suit of heavy nderwear. Brown was a firm believer in ressing warmly for the Wyoming climate. The shot had just enough force eft after passing through the clothing to arry it through the ribs and into the hest cavity. There was no apparent injury to any vital organs.

The discussion was over. Arapahoe rown walked to a doctor and had his ound dressed. He fully recovered from e incident. It is not known what happened about the disputed board bill. rown carried the bullet in his body r several years and was later killed in nother shooting elsewhere.

Three years later, in 1896, another hooting took place at the Occidental. his tragedy was the killing of Hugh mith. There are several conflicting accounts of the trouble. Smith was employed in the kitchen of the hotel. His ife became engaged in a violent argument with a Mrs. Z. M. French who was nployed in the dining room as a waitress. Smith heard the quarrel and took s wife's side. He used profanity toward rs. French. He then struck and kicked r. Mrs. French retaliated by throwing me dinner plates at Smith and his wife.

Mr. French, known as "Frenchy," was nployed as a desk clerk at the hotel. e was informed that someone in the tchen was beating up his wife. Frenchy ached for his gun, rushed into the tchen and shot Smith. After the first ot, Smith drew his own gun and fired Frenchy but missed. Frenchy then shot him several times. Smith was removed the laundry building behind the hotel here he died in a few minutes. Frenchy as discharged at the preliminary hearing on the grounds of self-defense.

ON July 30, 1895, Clear Creek went on a rampage. Swollen by a sudden mountain flood, the creek overflowed its banks. Water poured through the Occidental's dining room and carried out chairs and some of the tables which were all set up for the next meal.

The flood also swept away the little wooden building which had served the pioneer community as its first city hall. All of the early city records which had been stored in the building were lost in the flood. The old wooden bridge across Clear Creek was also demolished.

On March 26, 1903, Beer sold a half-interest in the Occidental Hotel to Oscar N. Quick. Quick then deeded one-fourth interest to Ora A. Gilkey. Beer sold his remaining half-interest to Quick and Gilkey on May 19, 1905. Twelve days later, on May 31, the two men sold one-third interest to Fred Waegele. Each man now owned one-third interest in the hotel. On June 11, 1906, Ora A. Gilkey deeded his one-third interest to Oscar N. Quick and Fred Waegele who then became sole owners.

The two men began the modernization of the primitive frontier hotel which had run down over the years. They replaced the old buildings with a new brick structure on the same site, beginning in 1906 and finishing in 1910. The old buildings of logs were hauled away to serve as building materials on a nearby ranch.

Over a period of time, the entire block was rebuilt and modernized at a cost of $65,000. The first floor of the new hotel was used for a lobby, dining room, kitchen, barbershop, and a new Occidental Bar. There were also several storerooms on the first floor. The second floor was occupied by guest rooms and bathrooms.

A laundry and sleeping quarters for some of the help was built on the back of the lot. By 1910, the new hotel was finished and open to the public. It was quite imposing for a community of only 2,000 people.

On June 11, 1912, another flood roared through the business section of Buffalo. The overflow carried the Occidental Hotel laundry downstream to lodge against a concrete bridge, acting as a dam which backed up the water. When debris and water poured through all of the lower parts of the almost new hotel (this latest rampage of Clear Creek caused about $20,000 damage to the structure), Quick and Waegele became discouraged and decided to sell.

On April 2, 1917, the two partners deeded their interest in the Occidental to Alfred M. and George E. Smith. After Alfred died, his widow carried on the business. The hotel remained popular with travelers and almost all men of note in Wyoming politics and many men of national prominence have stayed there over the years. The demolishing of the original structure to make way for a new one was an economic necessity, of course. Along with the buffalo, Indian and cattle baron, the log hotel passed into history but there were those who stood by and watched the old building go who remembered those pioneering days. They stood silently and accepted this inevitablility of change with a pang of regret, for another small part of the western scene had passed away forever.

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Last Log Drive to Somers Mill

(Continued from page 35)

She told me that in trailing a mountain lion she had seen two more. It was getting too late to follow them, and the dog, anxious to go after them, had nearly pulled her arm off. She said her arm was still too sore to permit her following them. We all knew there were a few big cats around as some of the men had seen their tracks and had heard them scream.

The couple had a trap line and since her husband was sick, his Indian wife was looking after the traps. She didn't want to leave her husband alone too long. I put some food in a flour sack and she thanked me, picked up her big rifle, and left. She was the only female visitor I had for several weeks.

Another logging camp was about two miles downriver from ours, operated by Bert Wagner. Sometimes Bert or a few of his crew would come to visit us or some of the men in the bunkhouse. In the afternoon I'd sometimes take our dog, Coalie, with me and we'd walk down the trail to the first log deck just to get some fresh air and talk to the scaler who showed me how to scale logs. He'd always have a fire built so I could warm up before I walked back to our camp. I often enjoyed watching the horses pull in the big logs on the skidding trails, and the swampers clear the brush and limbs out of the way so the teamster could get to the logs. After awhile the dog and I would start back to camp. I wasn't afraid when he was with me, although deer would scamper out of the trail, stomp their feet and snort at us. The deer were around the camp at night too and the dog would growl at them if they came too close to his bed on the doorstep.

ONE DAY I noticed a few small tracks around the flour barrel and I told my husband that a mouse had gotten through the wall somewhere. Hank said he thought it could be a pack rat, so I set a mouse trap and he set a larger gopher trap. That night as we went to bed I was wondering what we'd catch. I hardly had the lamp blown out when the trap snapped. "Well, I got the mouse," I said.

A few minutes later we heard some noise and a lot of rattling in the same corner, so Hank reached for the flashlight and lit the lamp. There was a weasel, trying to get the mouse, which was caught in the trap, out through a hole in the corner. Hank slipped into his shoes, and I stood on the bed holding the lamp so he could see. He grabbed the broom and was going to get him, but the weasel was too elusive. The weasel is quick as lightning and also a ferocious fighter.

Finally he got in the woodpile behind the stove and sneaked outside. The dog was waiting. I wish I could describe that dog versus weasel conflict. The dog won, although he was licking his paw for several days. The next morning at breakfast the men were teasing us about the rumpus that went on in the cookhouse. After the men went to work I nailed a tin lid over the hole so no more little unwelcome visitors could get in. Then I cleaned the cabin and mopped the floor with hot soapy water.

On weekends all the men would leave camp to go to town or go home to their families. Hank and I would usually stay in camp, and Bill would order and bring up the next week's supply of groceries. One Saturday morning Tom didn't feel well and he asked Hank if he'd help him cross the river on the raft so he wouldn't have so far to walk to Bert's camp, where some of the men left their cars.

They pulled the raft along the bank of the river for quite a distance upstream, then after they crossed the current of the water, they drifted across to where they wanted to land. Long poles were used to guide the raft in the general direction of the river and to avoid hitting rocks or other objects.

Tom and Hank got across all right, but Hank had to come back alone. Again he faced the prospect of pulling the raft upstream and drifting across, but he lost control of it in the swift current. He was headed for the rapids and rocks. As I watched from the bank above the river, I was sure the raft would capsize or he would hit those boulders. I ran to the cookhouse and in anxiety and helplessness sat on the edge of the bed, hoping someone would come back to camp. Just then I heard Hank scream, then another scream! I didn't know what to do, but after the third scream I ran out and looked over the bank.

There he was, standing on the river bank, holding that raft from going downstream. "Get me a rope or some wire," he yelled, "so I can tie this damn thing to a tree!" I was still too stunned to believe my eyes, but I hurriedly found some wire and he tied it to a tree. Hank came up the bank, wet up to his waist. I asked, "How did you ever stay on that thing?" and he said, "It wasn't easy and am I glad I had my cork boots on so I didn't slip. I hope those men come back Sunday night by the way of the road, as that river current is getting too strong for one person to buck." (The men all came back by the way of the road.)

As winter faded into spring the weather was milder; such beautiful days out in the woods with the sweet smelling air of cut timber everywhere! The log decks were getting larger each day. Some were completed and they were working on the last two farther down the river. As I'd hear the men come up the trail for dinner, some would be talking, others would be whistling, but to hear Swede singing "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" was the biggest thrill of all. He had a beautiful baritone voice, and when he'd sing it made everything seem perfect.

In the evening some of the men would come to the cookhouse and play cards with us or just visit and tell stories and have coffee and doughnuts. Swede would tell us what an "ornery lilly bastard" he was as he was growing up. Then Charlie would tell a better tale, so we had a lot of laughs too.

IT WAS NEARING time for getting the logs in the river. The warm weather and melting snow were making the water rise rapidly. Those logs had to be got moving, and one day I watched the men dynamite the log deck whic was near the cookhouse. Hank was tryin to find the key log which was preventin the rest from rolling into the river. Ther six or eight sticks of dynamite would b placed, with a fuse attached. Then he' light the fuse, yell a warning, and th explosion would cause the logs to rol With a mighty rumble, thousands o logs rolling wildly, they went into th river, causing it to rise several feet unt some of the logs started downstream. Th men worked hard to get a channe opened, using pike poles to push the log out into the water so they would be fre to float. This was the start of the lo drive.

After all the decks were rolled in th river, the mop-up job started. The me would follow the riverbank, and wit pike poles and peaveys push any log that got caught on a stump, brush or san bar, out into the swift current. This procedure didn't take too long, until the found a log jam against the pier of th South Fork bridge. This was a differen situation. The County Commissioner notified Bill and Hank that those log at that pier had to be released as soo as possible, as they were endangering th bridge.

The men decided to use a team o horses to pull the logs loose. By chaining a pulley to the cement bridge structure, then using a loading line over th pulley, with a swamp hook on the end o the line, they could pull the logs straigh up, swing them out and drop them int the swift water. After this was completed, about a half-mile downstrea from the bridge, some logs were strande on a sand bar. They rolled these logs int deeper water too, and this completed ou share of the log drive.

The men celebrated that afternoon b consuming a gallon of moonshine whiskey. I was waiting in camp for their return so we could go to town. No on came and I wondered what could hav happened. About seven o'clock the do barked and I knew someone was approaching. Soon the team of horses an Hank came into view. He was ridin one of the horses, hunched over an hardly able to stay on.

When I met him in the yard I aske "What happened?" and he replie "Every damn man in camp got drun but me." Regardless of his condition, was glad I wasn't alone in camp th night. Some of the men came in late an the next morning at breakfast none them looked as though they could do good day's work, but wouldn't admit i and so we moved out that day.

There were other logging camps the North Fork and Middle Fork Rive and with the logs from these camps combined, this was the last log drive dow the Flathead River to Somers Mill, distance of some forty-five miles.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

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COWBOY ARTIST

The Great West in Paintings (Sage Books, Swallow Press, $30.00) by cowboy artist Fred Harman presents 32 color plates and 57 black and white reproductions plus an introduction by Dean Krakel, Managing Director, National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Harman grew up in the ranching and Indian country of southwestern Colorado. After a colorful career as a newspaper artist, animator, and creator of the widely read cartoon "Red Ryder and Little Beaver," he retired to do serious painting. Harman's Indian paintings often picture the redman with semi-modern trappings—driving wagons, herding cattle and sheep—in short, doing work. Cowboy scenes often show the men putting up hay, fixing fences, and other chores foreign to the early cowboy. Harman also reaches back to picture redman and cowboy in scenes reminiscent of earlier famous Western artists. Except for an inaccurate reference to Western artist Charles M. Russell, Krakel's introduction provides an interesting biography of Fred Harman.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

My Life in the Southwest (Texas Western Press, $5.00) is the memoirs of Adah Hadlock, long-time resident of El Paso. It is not an autobiography but a series of remembered episodes in the life of an amateur artist, champion golfer, avid wildcatter and gold hunter, wife and mother, and action seeker. Mrs. Hadlock arrived in El Paso in 1902 and now 86 years old, is still there. She saw El Paso grow up and having an inquiring mind she learned much of the history of the Pass before the turn of the century. She didn't miss much on either side of the Rio and she mentions meeting Mark Twain, Villa, Pat Garrett, Agnes Morley Cleveland, A. B. Fall, J. Frank Dobie et al in El Paso or as she buzzed around the Southwest. "The Adams Diggings" was one of her pet projects but it was oil which finally paid off. Kenneth A. Goldblatt of the University faculty edited (but not too much) the manuscript, wrote the preface (including a brief biographical sketch of the author) and provided the notes identifying the numerous citizens of El Paso and the Southwest mentioned by Mrs. Hadlock. The book is illustrated with family photos and is in an attractive format as are all the books of this Press where Carl Hertzog is the maestro.

UNIQUE!

Trailing the California Bandit, Tiburcio Vasquez, 1835-1875 is a most unusual little book—it was written, hand-lettered and illustrated by F. Ralph Rambo and may be bought directly from him (1156 Santa Clara St., Santa Clara, Calif. 95050, $2.00 postpaid). The text is based on much research and is well written and this reviewer liked the drawings and the map. Brief but good.

MILITARY TEXAS

Any student of Texas or military hi tory will find *Texas Under Arms; t. Camps, Posts, Forts and Military Tow of the Republic of Texas, 1836-1846* (E cino Press, $10.00) by Gerald S. Pierce comprehensive study and source of re erence. The book contains most knov details of significance about 30 milita towns, 53 forts, and 130 military cam and posts. The information is present in over 200 articles, yet it is much mo than an encyclopedia in that all articl with interrelated interests are cross-re erenced, tying together areas of cor mon significance. The result is a we organized picture of the complicat military installations and activities Texas during its most difficult ten-ye period. The extensive notes, bibliograph maps, and index support the narrati and will be of tremendous value in thei selves. This is Pierce's first book a will whet the appetite of Western rea ers and students for the several more is presently working on. Pierce is Ass ciate Professor of History at Mempl State University.

UP THE TRAIL

Longhorns North of the Arkansas (Na lor, $7.95) is by Ralph F. Jones, son a pioneer Wyoming cattleman, Frank Jones. The Plains Indians barred t expansion of the range livestock indust into northern Wyoming and Montana u til the mid-seventies. As soon as t Indians were settled on the reservatio the tide of Longhorns rolled up the Tex Montana Cattle Trail (called by so "The Western Trail"). This book is t story of the trail and the cattlem and ranches at its end. "Hi" Kelly, Mo ton Frewen, John Clay, Cap Mossm Tom Horn and many others well-kno to the historians of the area are cover There is a chapter on the Johnson Cour War and the text is lively enough. T book is illustrated with drawings Harold Bugbee, Donald Yena et al a with a small number of good pho plus an end sheet map. The book minus a contents page or index, but p haps the most serious fault is the fail to include a bibliography. The aut did have the recollections of his fat to draw on and his own memories of youth on a Wyoming ranch but it evident from the text that he used ot sources. A good book—a few additi would make it an even better one.

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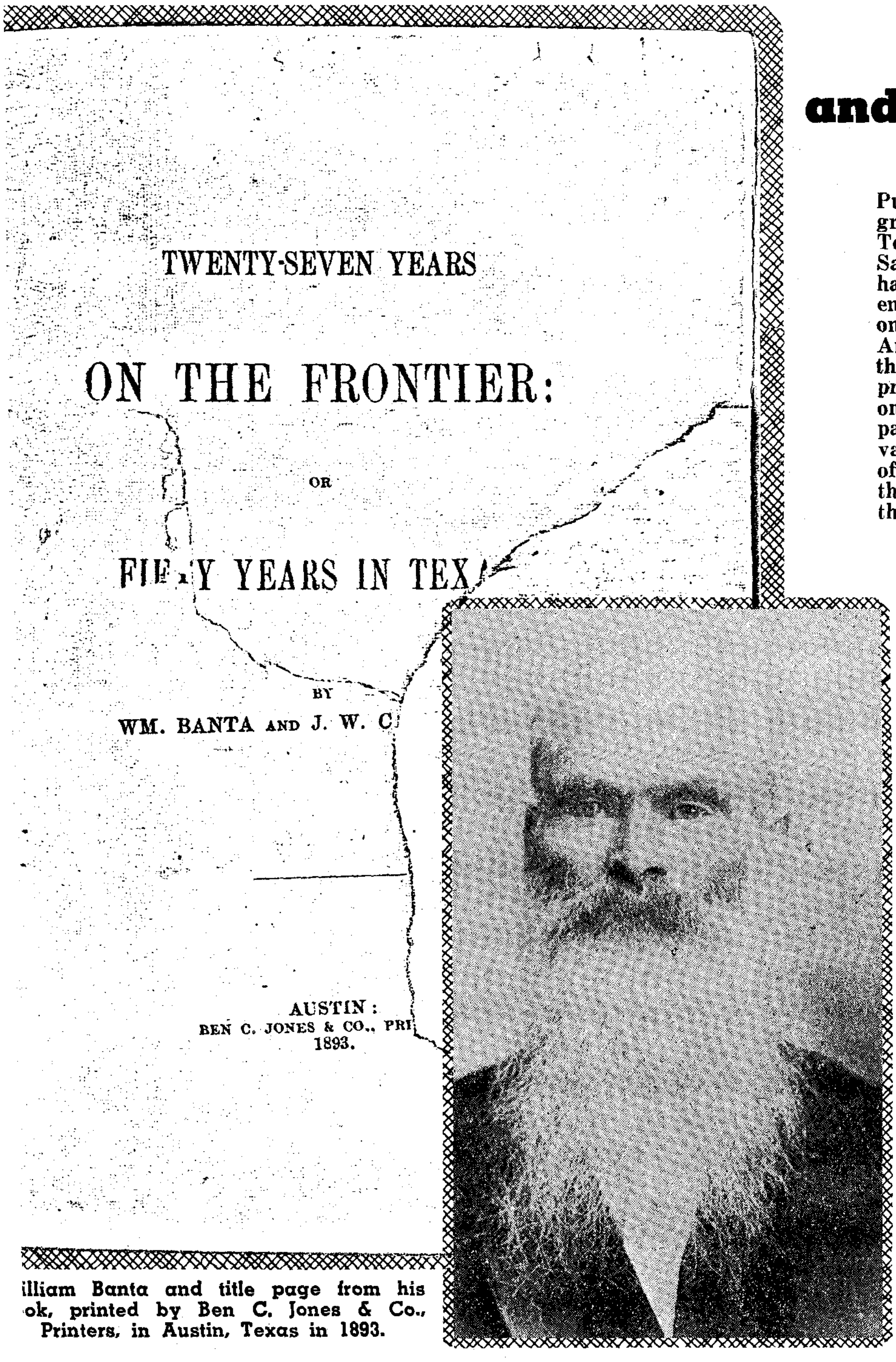


TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

ON THE FRONTIER:

OR

FIFTY YEARS IN TEX

BY

WM. BANTA AND J. W. C

AUSTIN:
BEN C. JONES & CO., PRI
1893.

illiam Banta and title page from his ok, printed by Ben C. Jones & Co., Printers, in Austin, Texas in 1893.

By Wm. Banta and J. W. Cadwell, Jr.

Explanatory note: We at Western Publications would like to express our gratitude to Mrs. Herbert Pope of Llano, Texas and to Mr. C. W. Wimberley of San Marcos, Texas whose joint efforts have made it possible for our readers to enjoy the contents of this book—surely one of the scarcer items of Western Americana. Mrs. Pope's grandfather was the original owner, and the book is reprinted exactly as written except for omitting (1) the chapter listings and page numbers, which would not be relevant to this reprint and (2) the listing of Texas counties, population and area as they were in the 1890s, which concluded the volume.

Dedicatory

To the Women of the Frontier of Texas, exposed to every danger from ruthless savage and wild beast, suffering untold hardships in an uninhabited wilderness, brave as lions when in danger, yet tender, loving and true, speaking words of cheer to the dying ranger, and at night praying for the loved ones in danger—to these heroines of the Lone Star State, this book is affectionately dedicated by the author,

Capt. Wm. Banta

Preface

READER, I am no experienced book-writer. I have devoted more time to the sword than to the pen. My career has been one of hardships and danger. For twenty-seven years that I was on the frontier I did not know at night whether I would see the rising sun again. It was continual danger and hardships. But I do not write this biography seeking notoriety or asking for the commendation of the world. What I have done for the State as a ranger and a ranger captain, was done gratuitously, not expecting pay nor receiving it. I write this biography that the rising generation may know what was suffered by the pioneers of Texas. I will write the truth, plain, and unvarnished. If you like my career it is all right; if you do not, I can not help it; neither do I care. I am not seeking the admiration of anyone. No doubt I have erred—I am only human; yet in my actions I have tried to do what I thought was right.

To my old comrades who are yet living, I wish you God speed, and if I ever meet you again in this life, I hope to meet you all, with those that have gone before, beyond the Great Divide, in a better land, where there is no sorrow or parting.

CHAPTER I

Who is Capt. Wm. Banta?

THERE has been so much said concerning him and his work on frontier life, it may be well to give a short history of his origin and adventures as one of the early pioneers of Texas. He is a descendant of Egbert Banta, who, with his wife and five sons, emigrated from Amsterdam, Holland, on the ship *De Frow*, which sailed February 13, 1659, for America; this W. Banta being the second son of Isaac Banta, son of David Banta, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, whence he removed to Indiana, where this William Banta was born, in Warrick county, on the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1827; his mother being the oldest daughter of Major Wm. Barker and Abiah Barker, his wife.

Isaac Banta, with his family, landed at Clarksville, the county seat of Red River county, Texas, December 15, 1839, when it was a frontier county. In the fall of 1840 the family moved to Pin Hook, now Paris, in Lamar county, then on the extreme frontier.

Isaac Banta, father of Wm. Banta, located his headright on Bullard's creek, eight miles east of where Bonham is now located; in the winter of 1841 moved on his own land, then protected by a few citizens at English's Fort. Isaac Banta was the first justice of the peace elected in Fannin county; helped to organize Fannin county as well as Lamar.

In the fall of 1843 Isaac Banta sold out and moved to South Sulphur, and assisted in the organization of Hunt county, and was elected justice of the peace.

Henry Banta was the oldest son of Isaac Banta, and the first assessor and collector of Hunt county.

Wm. Banta, second son, who was then in his teens, was one of the guards on duty at the time of the execution of four men hung for the murder of some friendly Indians; was also on duty as guard in the D. E. Norton case in Hopkins county, when taken for land swindling; was one of the first scouts sent out to pursue the Indians who had made a raid near Black Cat thicket, on South Sulphur.

In 1849, Wm. Banta emigrated to Austin, where he arrived on the 2nd day of September, 1849. During the fall and winter he was in several scouts, and had a difficulty with the Wilson boys in a grocery, which resulted in Wm. Banta getting twice stabbed and once shot, the shot in the shoulder, one cut in the left breast, and the other at the lower rib. The Wilson boys were both cut badly, but not mortally. On Christmas day, 1849, said Wm. Banta landed in Hamilton's Valley, now known as Burnet. There loved and married Miss Lucinda Hairston, daughter of E. P. Hairston, on the 4th day of March, 1850; and on the 15th day of May following was at home when 600 warriors of the Comanche tribe came to the house, begging corn. Was present the next day when the same Indians formed six columns deep in front of Fort Crogan and demanded provisions, and heard Wild Cat tell Major Sibley he could take thirty squaws out of his company and whip his camp.

Wm. Banta was the first man married in Burnet county, and was the first person baptized in the county. He was in nearly all the Indian fights from 1850 to 1859, and organized and commanded the first company of minutemen in the county.

In the fall of 1859 he moved to Kimble county, and there organized the first minute company in that county, and commanded it under commission from Governor Clark. Was one of three men captured by 7000 wild Indians, and remained a prisoner four days; one of the scouts that killed seven Indians east of Burnet; one of the scout in a fight with fifteen Indians, in which five of them were killed; one of the first to volunteer in State service in 1861, and in six months after was elected first lieutenant of Company A, McCord's regiment, Walker's division. Was one of seven prisoners who were fired into by a mob of several hundred men, where there were at least 100 shots fired, and the muzzle of the farthest gun was not over six feet. He was the one that was shot through both thighs, and whose shirt, hair, and beard were burned up with fire from the guns; and was the one that knocked down the lamp bearer with a canteen of water, letting down his eyebrow over his eye and capturing his lamp, putting an end to the mob. Of the seven prisoners three were killed, two wounded, and two not hit.

He is one who has served for twenty-seven years on the frontier; has seen all the country settled from Red River to the Rio Grande; and the writer of this book, and full of lead and knife scars and now a cripple; and one who desires peace on almost any terms. He has raised a large family, and is now in financial embarassments. So you can't help but know something about the writer by this time. He is a citizen of Lampasas county, and well known by most of the citizens of the surrounding counties, and to all of the old brethren of the State who lived in his day.

CHAPTER II

A Difficulty With the Wilson Boys

IT WAS in the fall of 1849, while I lived in Austin and was working on a brick yard, on Saturday evening, while in Austin in company with several of my associates, and in the saloon belonging to King Cole, two of the Wilsons, from Seguin, stepped in where we were taking a drink, and said, "Whose treat is this?" I replied, "It is mine; will you take some with us?" They said they would. I ordered two glasses more. They swore they would not drink unless I would drink with them. I tried to reason with them, by telling them I had just drank; but nothing would do them but I should drink with them. They seemed to get mad with me, and said, "Are you above drinking with gentlemen?" I told them I was not so. I ordered Cole to set out three glasses in place of two. As soon as glasses were filled one of them threw the contents of his glass in my face, and started to run out of the house. I threw my glass, with its contents, at his head as he passed out of the door, breaking the glass against the door facing. Before I had time to think he was in the house with a knife in his hand. I also drew mine, and we met in the difficulty. His brother shot me in the shoulder. By this time the one who had attacked me with his knife was lying down in the corner of the house, cursing me, while I was engaged with his brother, who had shot me.

By this time the city marshal had arrived and took us all three prisoners, and called in a doctor. I was the first to be examined; my boots were full of
blood, and on examination found to
shot in the shoulder and cut in the le
breast, the knife striking a rib and n
entering the hollow; and another cut u
der the lower rib, entering four inch
deep. One of the Wilson boys w
dangerously stabbed under the fifth ri
but not mortally, and found to be c
in two other places, but only fle
wounds. The other was cut under the le
arm in two places and once in the nec
but none proved fatal.

We were examined by the mayo
court and I was fined $10 for throwi
the glass, committing the first assau
The Wilson boys were bound over
await the action of the grand jury; b
the witnesses scattered and a bill w
not found. I have often met them sinc
and we talked the matter over, and th
admitted they did wrong. We had
cause to fall out, but whisky was the on
cause, so we have been good frien
ever since, both parties satisfied to sto

CHAPTER III

History of the Comanche Indians

THIS tribe of Indians has been a terr
to the frontier settlers. They nu
bered about 3000 all told. They were
vided into two squads, the commandi
chief of one party being Buffalo Hum
and of the other tribe or squad Yell
Wolf. At that time they inhabited t
western border of the State of Tex
known as the Davis Mountains, on t
Pecos river, a tributary of the R
Grande, changing their location often
the Wichita Mountains. When located
the Davis Mountains their princi
forays were made on the Mexican fro
tier, dealing death and destruction to t
inhabitants of the Mexican frontier s
tlements.

While the two tribes were thus sep
rated they were often compelled to uni
their forces for self-protection again
the Muskalaro tribe, who inhabited t
region about the head of the Rio Gran
This tribe numbered about 3600 me
women, and children, and were a warli
people.

While these two tribes were thus
vided, Wild Cat, a Seminole, with a par
of about 600 in number of differe
tribes, located headquarters on the he
of Red River, at war with other trib
principally the Apaches and Muskalar
This caused a consolidation of the t
tribes of Comanches, known as Nor
and South Comanches.

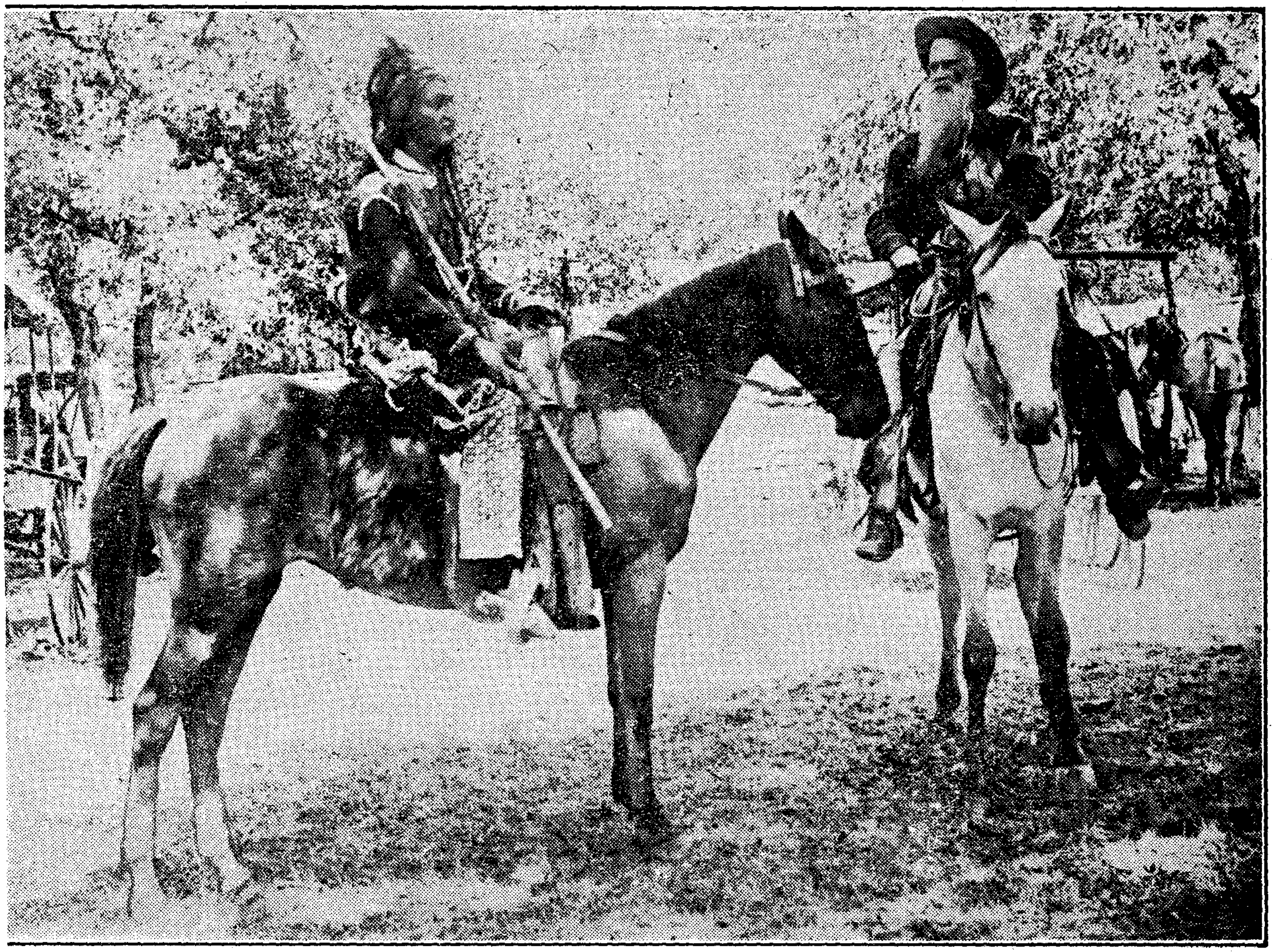
Wild Cat, the chief of the party abo
mentioned, which was composed
various tribes, formed an alliance wi
the two Comanche tribes, and Wild C
was elected chief in command. This
liance formed what has been known
the Comanche tribe since A. D. 18
Buffalo Hump commanded his squa
and Yellow Wolf his, while Wild Cat w
head chief of the three parties.

This consolidated force was at c
tinual war with the Muskalaro tribe un
A. D. 1852, when terms of peace w
agreed on by the two tribes. This to
place on the San Saba river, near the
Spanish mission, in the fall of 1852.

At the same time a treaty of pe
was made between the United Sta
and several of the wild tribes.

After the consolidation of the
manches, they inhabited the country n
known as Arizona and New Mexico.
few of them had guns, using bows a
arrows, spears, lances, and tomahawk

Their manner of killing buffalo w
to run them on horseback, carryi
lances, which had long shafts, in ha



Captain William Banta and an unidentified Indian chief.

ıd as soon as they gained the side of the ıffalo they would drive the lance into e animal close behind the shoulder, as ar the heart as possible, which would on bring them to the ground. The ncers did the killing, while others folwed and did the skinning. When a sufient number were killed and skinned, e beef and hides were taken to camp, d the flesh cut into long strips and ng on rawhide strings and dried in the n; and the hides were turned over to e squaws to dress. The manner in which ey did this was: the hides were well etched on the ground with sticks, and ıen dry, before taking them up, they ok off all the flesh and then made a ong solution of brains (taken from e head of the buffalo) and warm water. ter the preparation was finished it ıs applied to the flesh side of the hide; en the hides were folded together and d away for several days, after which was unfolded, spread on the ground th the flesh side up, and another applision of brain water well rubbed in. en the hide was taken and stretched ht in a frame and rubbed with a ddle with notches cut on the end until rfectly dry; then it is taken out of the ıme and well smoked over a fire of ten wood, which was burnt in a hole the ground made for the purpose, cks being stuck in the ground around hole and the hide neatly wrapped ound the sticks in such a manner as to d the smoke. As soon as the smoke comes through the pores of the skin it is taken down and completely trimmed to the shape desired for use. It is then used as a mantle, after being painted as desired; if for bedding, it is not painted. The wigwams are of buffalo hides in their crude state, only well stretched.

With their tomahawks they cut poles, and put the large ends on the ground, some ten feet apart at the bottom, fasten them all together at the top, and then begin with their hides at the bottom, closely wrapping them around the poles until they reach near the top, where they leave a small hole for the smoke to escape. They build their fire in the center of the wigwam, and sit in a circle around the fire; and when they sleep their pallets are put down in the same manner around the small fire in the center.

Their summer clothing consists of a pair of buckskin leggins and moccasins of the same material, with a breechclout; the upper part of the body is naked, with numerous rings on the arms and fingers and in their ears. Their hair is long, black, and coarse, and is sometimes plaited with feathers for ornaments to suit their taste.

THEIR infants are fastened to a board or slab, made for the purpose, and straps of soft hide around the waist from the hip to the armpit, and there remains until the child is, as they call it, eight moons old, when it is unfastened and wallows about on dressed hides or on the ground. It is a rare thing to hear a papoose cry. As soon as they can be risked they are on horseback.

In traveling the small ones who are tied on boards are hung to the horn of the saddle; the next in size are tied on horses, three or four to the horse, and one of the party leads the animal. They move from place to place altogether on horseback, often dragging their tent poles, all other movable plunder being carried on horseback or carried by them on foot.

They are a filthy people, often covered with body lice, and have little or no manners. They have no regularity in eating or sleeping. When in camp the men engage in games with Mexican cards. The women do all the drudgery, and the children amuse themselves with bows and arrows hunting birds, lizards, prairie dogs, and other small game, or chasing the butterflies, or climbing trees and playing in the branches, often leaping from one branch to another, thus becoming expert in hanging by one foot or hand, then turning loose and catching before hitting the ground. In summer the youngsters almost live in the water, and become expert swimmers, making diving a specialty.

Fishing is one of their principal pastimes. With fire on the bank, as soon as a fish is caught it is thrown into the fire alive, and as soon as it is brown it is raked out with a stick and eaten, entrails and all.

Everything in the shape of flesh is food for them. The dry land terrapin seems to be the favorite dish with all, from least to greatest. Next in choice is the mud turtle, which is caught and put alive into a hole dug in the ground, in which a fire is burning.

This tribe of Indians never remains long in one place. They seem to be of a roving disposition, and care but little how time passes; but they are a daring enemy, brave as lions, and of brutal, barbarous dispositions, cruel to their wives and children as well as their dumb brutes. When one of them is arrested for violation of their laws, if proven guilty, the prisoner is tied to a tree or post and shot to death by the young bucks, who are stationed in a row some sixty yards from where the unfortunate culprit, tied facing death, is compelled to submit to his cruel fate; while his executioners shoot, shout, and yell until their victim expires. Then he is untied and buried by digging a hole in the ground, rolling the body in a blanket, with his bow, arrows, and tomahawk, and covering him up, there to remain until called to the happy hunting grounds believed in so strongly by the tribe.

WILD CAT, the head chief of the Comanches, was six feet one inch high; weight 147 pounds; portly, with a determined look; eyes like an eagle, shaded by jet black heavy eyebrows. In 1852 he seemed to be about 45 years old. He was positive but quick spoken, and talked broken English. His hair plaited and interplaited with other hair until it reached the ground. His headdress consisted of a silver band some four inches wide, which was slipped down over the top of his head, with three tubes in front containing three beautiful feathers, the one in the center the longest. On the back of his neck he wore a solid silver plate about four inches in diameter, and down the braid, about four inches apart, were silver plates less in size until they reached the ground. At the end of the plait he wore three silver bells, which jingled on the ground as he walked. These bells were very small, each about the size of a thimble.

His mantle was of blue, neatly trimmed with red, beautifully decorated with silver designs, the fastening resembling a Catholic cross. His leggins were of well dressed buckskin, with all manner of beaded designs, and on the outside seams were numerous little bells, keeping up a continuous jingle as he walked. His moccasins were covered with small beads of every color, put on so as to make them very attractive; and he wore a fine Mexican blanket in place of a shawl. He was very communicative, polite, and firm in conversation.

He had two wives, both of whom seemed to worship him, one or both ever being present and ready to come or go at his bidding. In conversing with either of his wives his manner was mild; every word spoken in a low, soft tone of voice, with a kind expression of countenance and very modest gestures. His wives would listen with interest, and now and then sanction with modest nods of the head or pleasant smiles.

His attendants, of whom there were two, never spoke unless spoken to. They were armed with lances only, and in sitting, standing, or walking they were one on each side of him. He had a silver plated tomahawk, with a pipe at the top, the handle answering as the stem. The writer often smoked with the chief.

Buffalo Hump, unlike Wild Cat, was about 5 feet 8 inches high, heavy set, round shoulders, but straight. His weight was about 175 pounds, he being fleshy. His expression was determined; large black eyes, but keen as a hawk's; slow spoken, with but few gestures. His disposition was somewhat surly, but he was open faced; could look through a man with one eye, let alone both. His dress was more common than Wild Cat's; but neat and plain. He could be easily distinguished by his dress from the others. He was an almost incessant smoker, using his long tomahawk for his pipe. He seemed to be always having a far away look, as though he was looking for somebody.

If he had more than one wife it is more than I know, as I only saw one in his company. She seemed greatly devoted to him, and he seemed to enjoy her presence; but he seldom spoke to her; when he did she greeted him with smiles and answers in a low tone of voice.

Yellow Wolf was different from either of the others. His height was 5 feet 5 inches, weight about 125 pounds; very straight; a keen eye and cunning look; quick spoken and of fierce countenance; a quick but firm step, and graceful movements; neat in dress; talked broken English, very communicative, with a smile on his face when conversing. He had only one wife, who worshipped him, always ready to move at his bidding. She was modestly dressed with fine ornamental feathers in her silver plaited hair, which was neatly plaited and richly ornamented with silver oddities; fine silver rings and wristlets, with fine earrings and beads too numerous to mention. A beautiful papoose, fastened to a board, was hanging by a string to the tent pole, looking as cunning as a fox. Yellow Wolf, when I saw him in 1852, was nearly 45 years old, small, but neatly dressed, with piercing eye and a bright countenance.

CHAPTER IV

Religion of the Comanches

THESE Indians have a peculiar form of worship. They believe in a Great Spirit, and are traditionized from infancy in their religious views. They believe in future rewards and punishments. They also believe they can punish themselves in this life. The writer has seen them performing this act.

They have two posts set up in the ground about three feet apart, and once a year they pierce a hole through the skin on each side of the body, draw a small cord through, and tie the cord around the post on each side of them, and then sing and dance until the cord cuts its way out. This they consider sufficient punishment for the past sins for the year.

The tribe also hold worship by getting on their hands and knees and repeating lingo that can only be understood by themselves. I have often wondered in my mind if God understood them. After they go through this part of their worship, they arise, and with eyes turned up toward the heavens, they sing in their own manner for a few minutes. Then the drum is beat and they march around the drummer, pointing with their finger upward; and when the music stops they get down on their knees, with their heads on the ground, and repeat something too hard for me to even try to understand. At the tap of the drum they again arise and shake hands all around, and each one repairs to his tent.

The writer inquired of one who could speak some English in regard to what
they believed, and was told by him th
they believe in future rewards and pu
ishments. I asked him if he believed in
God. He said he believed in a Good Spi
Then I asked him, "Do you believe in
resurrection from the dead?" He said
did; he said, "A good Indian die he co
alive again; come in a good land; plen
game, all gentle; no snaka, no sicka,
fighta, no colda, no hota; no dia a
more."

"Well, what about the bad Indian?"

"Well bad Indian die; come ali
again; come to a bad land; much
[much] fighta, muchee snaka, much
colda, muchee hota, muchee [or muc
sicka; game wild—no plenty game;
nothing good."

"Who told you this?"

"My father tellee me; me tellee n
boy; my boy tellee his boy."

Such is in brief what is called Indi
tradition.

When one of them dies he is buri
with his gun or bow and arrows, tom
hawk and butcherknife, and three day
provisions; also with flint and steel a
tobacco.

Among these Indians are what a
called medicine men. They have pouch
in which to carry their herbs and roo
They visit the sick like our doctors, b
gave teas of different roots and her
in place of the idea of calomel. Th
have a perfect horror of the idea of blee
ing; they steam their patients often
sweat off fever.

In preparing food, they put on a ves
with water in it, then add fine chopp
meat, then ground corn. The corn is pr
pared by rubbing two rocks together, wi
the corn between them, until it is w
pulverized as they can get it; then th
add red pepper in abundance. When it
done the vessel is taken off and its co
tents emptied into a basin, and the I
dians sit down on the ground in a circ
with one spoon, made of buffalo or co
horn, and take it in turns, a dip to t
Indian. A large pipe follows the spo
until the basin is emptied.

One of their favorite dishes is gras
hoppers. They dig a hole in the grou
and build a fire in it. Then all hands
on a grasshopper drive. As soon as the
is sufficient number gathered, they a
poured upon the embers in the hole a
stirred like corn until they are brow
then with a paddle they are lifted out
the hole and taken from the ashes a
eaten.

IT IS AMUSING to see them traini
themselves to run and at the same ti
be longwinded. They have a stake set
one mile eastward from camp, and
the sun is rising the young bucks fa
the sun and start on a run for the po
the further the faster until the post
reached; then they walk back at th
leisure. This is done each morning befo
they eat; facing the sun to strength
the eyesight as well as training the lin
and making them long-winded; this
done by young bucks from twelve
twenty years old.

In hunting they are forced to use hea
work to get near the deer or antelo
on the open prairie. Often they gath
tall weeds and put in their belts, the to
of the weeds reaching above their hea
Being thus concealed they creep slo
up to within shooting distance, and s
dom fail to kill if they get a shot. Som
times they enclose themselves in the hi
of animals, and unnoticed get close
their game.

Owing to their customs of living, so
of them live to be very old. They

ut little salt; no stimulant; nothing ery hot or very cold. They eat only hen hungry; live principally upon eats, and wild fruit and nuts in abundance, which are gathered in their seans and kept for winter; such as pecans d acorns. I have seen them so old and gray and stooped you would think em a hundred and fifty years old; yet ey have good teeth. Some of them claim be over one hundred years old. The unger ones are very kind to these old dians in preparing them food and raiment. There was one white man with em when I saw them at the treaty. He lled himself Nick Miller. He seemed be of a stubborn disposition, avoiding r company as much as possible; and uld not or would not talk any English. is dress and manners were the same as e Indians, but his beard and hair were ough to betray him; besides, his natural features were those of the white ce.

They claim that they were not whipped the whites into a treaty of peace, but ere starved into it. They claim the nership of this country, and say the hite man killed all the game, which used them to treat with the whites. nce the treaty, this tribe are idle roving about from town to town, caring but tle how time passes. They sell ponies, ake bows and arrows, baskets and aded work, which they trade to the hites. They sell the most of the clothing they draw from the government, and ill wear their make of dress. They raise ny horses, and often sell them for from ve to ten dollars. Some of the young en and girls go to school and learn to ad and write English. All of the unger set speak some English, but the d men and women scarcely ever speak word of our language; even if they uld they will not, and are of a sulky disposition toward the whites.

It is amusing to see them training. All from eight to twenty years old will stand in a row, with bows in hand, and one at the head of the line will start a hoop rolling, and those in the line will shoot at the hoop as it passes, until someone will stop the hoop by shooting an arrow through it which sticks in the ground, and thus stops the hoop. It is then started down the line again, and so on until the parties become tired. Again, you will see another party training by shooting at a nickel put in the end of a stick, split for the purpose, with one end stuck in the ground. The distance is about forty yards. It is the rule that whoever knocks the nickel off the stick with his arrow, it belongs to him. Strange to say, it is knocked out three times out of twelve shots. This is kept up until all parties are tired of the fun. Both sexes engage in these sports.

The next training of interest is when the crowd of youngsters meet in an open place. One will take a prairie dog skin and put a small stone in it and throw it in the air. It often falls with a number of arrows shot through it.

The next exercise is the art of using the lance, which is a steel blade one and a half inches wide and eight to twelve inches in length, with a shaft six to nine feet long. The lance exercise is performed on horseback by putting the horse at full speed and throwing the lance into a tree as they pass it. They often practice on horseback with their bows and arrows, and by their continual training you can see how it is they do so much damage in their warfare with such implements of war as lances, spears and bows and arrows.

The lances are made of steel, with both edges sharp, and a dagger point, and can easily be thrust through a man or a buffalo. The spear is of the same material and shape, the only difference being that the spear is not so long as the lance and has a wider blade.

The arrow heads are made of anything, iron or steel, and often are made of hoop iron, and in such shape as they pass through a man easily when driven by the bow.

THIS tribe are accomplished horsemen and fearless riders. They prefer fighting on horses. They can ride a horse further and faster than any other people known, and they can drive a lance into a man or animal with their horse at full speed. They throw themselves into such a shape as to conceal themselves on one side of the horse, and shoot under the horse's neck, often with deadly effect. One arm over the horse's neck and one foot hanging to the cantle of the saddle, thus using the horse as a breastwork while passing the deadly arrows into the ranks of their enemy, and often the horse at full speed. In such cases we would often shoot the horse in order to get the Indian. It seemed hard to kill the animal, but it was often the case we had to do so for self-protection, as it is almost impossible to get a fair shot at the rider.

When they fight on foot they form in a line of battle, each one of them with a distance of eight or ten feet apart. They fight in a dance, keeping in line and in motion except while shooting, which is instantaneous. I have had to hold my gun to my shoulder for several minutes before I could get a bead on them, and at the same time dodge their arrows on both sides. It is almost impossible to hit one of them with a rifle or sixshooter. The best weapon to use in fighting Indians is a good breech loading double-barrelled shotgun; with it

Unidentified early day Austin, Texas saloon. In this or a similar establishment, Banta had his "difficulty" with the Wilson boys.

Courtesy Austin-Travis County Collection, Austin Public Library

you can get them on the wing.

As soon as they would see that our arms were about empty, they would make a bold charge, with the most hideous yells; but in case a bold stand was made, with a few well directed shots, they would fall back to their line of base. As soon as one of their party is killed or wounded they carry him off, scarcely ever leaving their dead or wounded in the hands of the enemies. As long as a wounded one can use his bow with any degree of success he is not moved; but as soon as his efforts fail he is instantly carried to the rear, and but little attention paid to him during the fight.

In case they are routed and followed, they secrete their dead or wounded in some out-of-the-way place, and off to one side of their trail, and as soon as the danger is over they return and bury the dead and carry off the wounded at their leisure. The means of conveyance for the wounded is simple but convenient; two small poles are cut and a blanket fastened to the poles, and the wounded one comfortably placed on the blanket, with an Indian at each end. It is an easy matter in this way to carry their comrade to some place of safety.

In carrying their dead they lash the dead to the saddle and carry him to the place of deposit, which is a cave or some hole in a bluff or bank of some stream; or in case there is neither convenient, they dig a hole with their knives and tomahawks, in which the body is laid and covered with dirt, and then flat stones laid on top, provided the stones can be had. Bodies are often dug up by wolves, being covered so shallow.

CHAPTER V

Customs and Manners of Frontier Life

IN building houses it was common to build of logs, and from fourteen to sixteen feet square; the six first logs were fourteen feet in length, and the next four rounds sixteen feet long; thus the house had the appearance of a big house set on a smaller one, forming what was then called a block house. The top was done up with logs; three foot boards were split out and placed on the rib poles, and then weighted down with what were called weight poles. The doors were made of split and hewed puncheons pinned together with an auger, and hung to the log wall with wooden hinges. On the inside of the house they were fastened by heavy wooden bars in such a manner that it was impossible for any one to get into the house from the outside.

The cracks of the house were stopped with pieces of timber split for the purpose and driven with an axe, then pinned fast with wooden pins, leaving two or three holes in each side and end between the chinking, called port holes, used for the purpose of shooting outside in case of an attack from without.

The object of the projecting wall above was to be able to shoot straight down from the upper floor; and in fact this position commanded any approach from the outside. Dirt floors were common, but some of those who were considered wealthy made their floors of puncheons, split and hewed and pinned down to the sleepers with an auger and wooden pins. The chimney was built of rough stone or heavy timber. Everything was constructed of strong material, and in such a way as to make it the next thing to impossible to force an entrance from without.

The next thing of importance for convenience was a hand mill, to grind corn for bread. This mill was fastened to a post; had two cranks, and the hopper was in the shape of a funnel, and would hold about one peck of corn. We had to grind the corn coarse, and then tighten the mill and grind it over again before it could be baked into bread.

Some were not able to buy a mill of this kind, and had to beat their corn in a mortar, which is made as follows: A block three feet long is sawed from a large tree and set up on one end and a hole mortised in the upper end in the shape of a funnel, which would hold a half gallon of corn; the pestle was hung at the end of a long limber pole, which would spring. The corn was then soaked in water until it became soft, and was then put in the mortar, by the use of the pestle it was pounded into meal. Others made graters of tin, and boiled the corn in the ear, and when it became soft it was grated into meal.

The first corn mill constructed in Fannin County was put up on Bullard's Creek by a man named Anderson, and the corn had to be run through twice to make meal. The next mill put up in Fannin County was near Bonham, built by a man by the name of Gilbert. This mill made meal by only grinding once, which was considered a great improvement in the mill business. But most of the corn was ground at home on hand mills or beat in mortars, in order to save toll. One-fourth was taken by these mills, and sometimes it did seem like they had taken half, from the looks of the sack. One man sent Anderson word that he would quit his mill until it was spindled, as he knew it was bound to suck itself.

THE NEXT object was to protect our bodies from cold as well as heat. The men and boys dressed buckskin and made pants, hunting shirts, and moccasins; hats or caps were made of fur skins, and these with a homespun shirt, composed the everyday wear; and the only difference on Sunday was they put on a clean shirt, provided they had two, which was sometimes the case. As to store bought clothes, there were few able to wear them. Women and children wore homespun clothing.

The first cotton cloth I saw made, the cotton seed was picked out by hand, the cotton carded by hand, and spun on a spinning wheel, and then woven on a hand loom. It was coarse, but lasted well. In making woolen fabric the wool was carded and spun in like manner. Home tanned leather and home made shoes or moccasins were in common use.

In attending church the man would hitch up the team, belt on his knife and pistols, and shoulder his gun; now all aboard were off to church. On arriving the guns were stacked in the corner of the house, and the side arms retained on the person of the owner. After preaching was over they returned home in the same manner. At parties men went armed the same as to other places, dancing in moccasins and buckskin pants with hunting shirts made of the same material; the girls wore homespun dresses, and sometimes shoes and sometimes moccasins, and looked well at that.

I have often seen families move on their land in the spring with seed corn, and not eat bread at home until they raised it. But they lived well with the exception of bread. Game of all kinds was plentiful and wild honey in abundance, with plenty of milk and butter and home made cheese. Wild fruit, such as strawberries, dewberries, plums, and grapes, were plentiful in summer, as were nuts of all kinds in fall and winte We often put up bear meat like porl using the oil in place of lard for fryir wild meat such as deer, turkeys, ar fish, which were plentiful and but litt trouble to get. We used spicewood ar sassafras tea in place of coffee, ar honey in place of sugar.

Our groceries were bought with hide hams, bear's oil, beeswax, and hone Coffee sold for 25 cents per pound; t bacco $1 per plug; salt $12 per sacl Calico 25 cents per yard; jeans $1 p yard; a common wool had $2; shoes $2. per pair; boots from $5 to $10; a clo suit from $40 to $50.

While living in Fannin County o nearest place of market was Shrevepor some 200 miles from home. We only ma one trip each year. Our farming too were of a rude kind; wooden moul boards and home made stocks to plows reap hooks for cutting grain, flails beat out grain; the chaff winded ou When scythes and cradles were intr duced we thought we had arrived at th end of perfection. Our teams consiste of one or more yoke of oxen. The India kept us from owning horse teams; the would drive them off as fast as we cou raise or buy them. Our wagons were the old style, with wooden axles, witho spring seats, having to use chairs planks across the top of the bed f seats; this was our best conveyance f our families when going to church.

The inconveniences and hardships w had to undergo it is almost impossible describe. When a house was to be bui the man hauling the timber had to guarded by some one, who carried h gun, watching for Indians; and eve then they were often waylaid and kille When a scout was to be made all of th women and children were gathered t gether at one house, and guarded some of the oldest men and a few sma boys, sometimes for two weeks at a tim But little work could be done toward in proving their homes.

The women were trained to use fir arms, and some of them could use a rif almost equal to a man, and would ofte kill a deer or other animals that wou come close to the house. I have know them to kill hawks with a rifle seven or eighty yards distant; and they cou load a rifle or shotgun with the rapidi of men.

I WILL RELATE the reader one i stance which I was personally a quainted with. In the spring of 1842, Sander's Creek, east of where Bonha now is located, lived a man by the nan of Pink Hughs, with a wife and o child. Hughs went out from home to g up his oxen, when three Indians attack his house. He had left his gun at hom His wife kept the Indians from enteri the house by pointing the gun towa them when they came too close. It w but a short time till the husband ca with his team, and seeing his wife d fending the house, and he being unarme made an effort to get to the house; the same time the Indians being on t opposite side of the house tried to c him off. The wife, with gun in hand, r to meet her husband and under fire of t Indians she succeeded in reaching h husband with his gun, and amid a show of arrows they reached the house, h wife being slightly wounded in one ar As soon as they reached the house t husband opened fire on the Indians a succeeded in driving them off.

The Indians left in a southeast dire tion, and coming across a man by t

velve pioneers who helped clear the Texas frontier of Indians in the Llano County ea were brought together about 1900 for a group photo by C. E. Shults, a Llano ınker. Standing from left are George T. Walker, J. T. Simpson, J. R. Moss, H. A. Coggins, . B. Clendenin; seated from left are T. C. Masters, J. C. Leverett, Gabe Shoat, C. E. Shults, Riley Gregg, L. Sullivan, Carter Miller, and John Longbottom.

me of Pitts, who was unarmed, gave m chase, all parties being on foot. Pitts d some two hundred yards the start, d it being about half a mile to Pitts' use. The Indians pursued, and gained Pitts, with yells that were calculated intimidate a demon. The Indians were out to overtake Pitts when Mrs. Pitts w the situation, and ran with a double-rreled shot gun in hand, and fired one ot at them and handed the gun to her sband; they reached the house in fety, while the Indians took another urse.

There is a great deal said about daring eds done by men on the frontier, but me here say, some of the most daring eds that have been done were done by heroines as well as heroes of the rly settlers of Texas.

The disadvantages of schools in the rly settling up of Texas caused many ildren to grow up to manhood and manhood with but little education. I ll remember when going to school our hers or older brothers would escort us the school house with gun on shoulder, d then return home; and in the eve-ng we were not permitted to leave the hool house until our fathers or brothers rived to guard us home, often a dis-nce of three miles, and most of the time foot.

well remember one circumstance that urred in Fannin county on Bois d'Arc, ich I will relate while on the subject schools. One evening two small boys re compelled to start home from school hout a guard, a distance of about and a half miles. On their way they covered four Indians crossing their d; the Indians had not discovered the s, and unobserved they crawled into thicket nearby the road and finally de their way into the bottom of a ek called Ballard's Creek, eight miles t of Bonham. They tried to get home, it soon became dark, and the boys ame bewildered. When night came on, they did not arrive, the feelings of parents can be better imagined than cribed. It was not long, however, be-e some of the nearest neighbors were ected and a search made for the missing boys; the remainder of the night was spent in search, but in vain. Every one thought they had been carried off by Indians. Search was renewed the next day; whooping, blowing horns, and firing off guns. While in Bois d'Arc bottom three men met the searching party with the two boys, whom they had found twelve miles from home, in the direction of Honey Grove. A man by the name of Jacob Pettigrew was the one finding them.

CHAPTER VI
A Bear Hunt

IN THE YEAR 1859 I was living on the Guadalupe River, in Kerr County, and in March decided to spend a few days on Wallace's creek, south of Kerrville about fifteen miles, on a hunt in company with J. Harris. We left home in the morning, and about 12 o'clock we arrived at our favorite camping place, on the head of Wallace's creek, at a fine spring. We dismounted, staked our horses, and made coffee and took our lunch, after which we lit our pipes, laid down on our blankets to rest and plan our evening hunt. It was cloudy and looked like rain. It was decided that we would take different directions. My route was in a westerly direction from camp, while my companion was to hunt east of the camp. We separated and were soon in the dense cedar mountains; and crossing some deep canyons, or draws, as they were called, some five miles from camp I saw some deer feeding in a small glade, and as this was the first game I had seen, I thought I would try my luck. After getting as close to them as I wanted to be, I selected my choice of the bunch and fired. After the smoke of my gun was gone, I could see that I had killed one of the deer. I reloaded my gun, and was going to the deer I had killed, when, looking off to the right, I saw another one standing about eighty yards from me. I fired, and it was soon out of my sight. I reloaded my gun and followed the trail; found blood which satisfied me it was wounded. By this time it had began to rain from the north and to turn cold. I had not gone far before I found the deer, dead. I hung it up in a tree, after taking off the hide, and by this time it was getting late and getting cold, and still raining slowly, the wind being from the north.

I then decided to return to camp, being wet and cold. I trudged along until it became dark, and by this time it began to rain hard, and I was compelled to seek shelter. I could not tell how far I was from camp; neither was I satisfied in which direction it was, for I had become somewhat bewildered; and still it rained and the north wind came the near way. I suppose it was about midnight before I gave up hunting the camp, and began to hunt shelter for the night. I located myself under a shelving rock, gathered up a few dry leaves which were under this stone, and a few sticks, and soon had a fire, and dried my wet clothing; and getting warm I soon fell asleep.

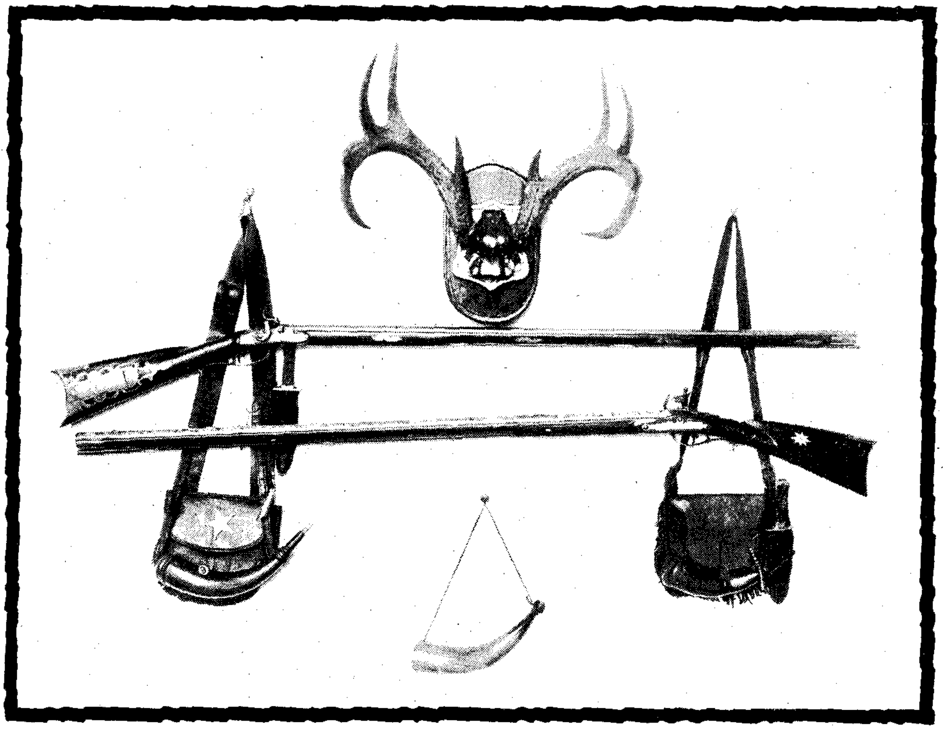
Sometime before daylight I heard a curious noise behind me; so I made a torch of a stick, and on examination found the entrance of a cave; and the peculiar noise continuing, I had no desire to go into the hole to investigate just then, so I laid down again by my fire, which had burned down low, wishing for daylight. Of course I was not scared, but it seemed to me that I ought to have business at some other place; and still that peculiar noise so close by continued.

Finally I heard a loud, coarse growl on the outside. I pushed together the few remaining pieces of weed and as soon as they blazed I could see at the entrance a large pair of eyes. Seeing that I was hemmed in and couldn't get out without encountering whatever it might be, I decided to shoot. I had my gun in readiness. I fired away and my gun snapped, and before I could recap it, with growls that made my hair rise on my head, in it came, pushing me down and running over me; it was soon out of sight, but still those hideous growls could be heard in the cave. Still it rained and the wind blew cold; but I did not need shelter the balance of the night, and of course was not scared, but had business away from there, and the further the better.

AT LAST daylight came. How far I was then from the cave I can't tell. The sun rose clear, but not in the place for me. About 7 a.m. I heard the report of a gun and answered it, and by eight I met my comrade and was escorted to camp.

After breakfast it was decided to get our horses and bring in the deer killed the day before, which took the rest of the day; and that night we agreed to start the next day as soon as possible and investigate the cave. Early the next morning we started on horseback, taking with us some provisions and a blanket each. We spent the day in search of the cave and late in the afternoon we found it, but too late to examine it; so we selected a camping place and stopped for the night. Early the next morning we left our horses at camp, and went on foot to the entrance of the cave, and everything seemed to be still. We quietly approached the mouth of the cave and stooped down and peeped in, but could not see anything. After a consultation we decided to go some distance into the cave and peer around to see what we could find; so we entered.

After we got a short distance inside, the cave opened out to be of considerable width. We had not gone far from the



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Cap-lock (top) and flint-lock rifles such as these were much in use against Indians and game on the Texas frontier of Banta's day.

mouth, which was small, before we heard a rumbling in the dark part of the cave, and we both made for the entrance. My companion was ahead of me, when I caught my foot under a stone and fell just inside the entrance. My companion succeeded in getting out in time, but before I could regain my feet the bear ran over me, and by the time I got up I heard the report of my comrade's gun at the mouth of the cave. By this time I was in the narrow part of the entrance. The shot fired caused the bear to enter the cave again, so we met in a tight place. I had at this time my knife in my hand. This being the third time I was run over, I used my weapon to the best advantage. My comrade had given the bear a dead shot, however, and within six feet from the mouth of the cave the bear fell dead.

I succeeded in getting out of the cave, feeling sore from being run over, but no blood shed. We soon got a rope and put it around the hind foot of the bear, and dragged it out; then we entered the cave and found the two cubs, which were about the size of a small raccoon. We caught and tied them and brought them out, and carried them to camp and tied them until we were ready to start home. The old bear was poor from suckling, and the hide only was secured. After loading our horses with venison we mounted, and each taking a cub we started for home.

Just allow me to here state that I have never entered a cave since under the same circumstances. If I even see a cave now it causes me to think of the days of olden times, and have no curiosity for exploring dark places.

CHAPTER VII
A Creased Buck

IN THE FALL of 1860, while out on a scout in the Nueces mountains, and in camp with two unwell men of my command, on a beautiful autumn evening and beside a cool, rippling stream, winding its way in a narrow channel shaded by the green foliage of beautiful cedar trees, with their green branches waving in the cool autumn breeze, when nature itself seemed so inviting, I thought I would shoulder my rifle, and take a stroll down one of the beautiful valleys of the Nueces River. While rambling some distance from camp I discovered some deer leisurely feeding on a hillside. I managed to get up within gunshot. Sitting at the root of a beautiful cedar until my nerves became quiet, I selected a large buck with large horns as my choice; he was busy feeding, and had not discovered me as yet.

I deliberately fired at him, and at the crack af my gun he fell to the ground. Walking up to him, knife in hand, I laid my gun down, intending to cut his throat. I caught him by one horn, and stooped down to bleed him, when I was surprised by a sudden flounce, and one of his hind feet struck my arm just below the elbow with such force that it knocked my knife out of my hand, and in an instant he was on his feet, and me holding him by the horns, without my knife or even a loaded gun.

He was so large and strong I could do but little more than keep his horns out of my breast. He soon began to get over his wound, the bullet having entered the neck, only creasing him. I could not let him loose, as it was almost death, as he surged with all his power to drive his horns into my ribs. By this time I was almost exhausted, and the very look of his green eyes and turned up hair was anything but pleasant for me. Sometimes he was down, and often I was down; all I could do was to keep his horns off and wish for my knife or to know how to get away from him. Finally he made such an effort to thrust his horns into me that I lost my footing and fell with my head down hill, and my grip gave way, as my hands were cramped with holding so long, and he went on over me, cutting one of my le; with his sharp hoof. Being thus fr from him, and having no desire to g hold of him again, I laid still. The de looking around and finding himself fre left in a hurry, to my great satisfactio

I hastened to load my gun and get n knife, leaving in a hurry, as I had co cluded I did not want any venison; so had the fun of retracing my steps camp without meat, and with my shi and pants torn almost off. Since then reload before advancing and shoot tl second time if the game even kicks.

I remained in camp until my men we able to travel, and while marching acro a part of the Staked Plains we came where there was some water, and in mesquite tree that stood over the wat sat a large panther. It leaped from tl tree and started across the prairie, ar I handed my gun to one of the boys, ar taking a six-shooter in my hand, ga chase. I soon overtook it and fired, bo of us on the run; the ball took effe in one shoulder, but only sufficient wound him. He then took shelter und my horse, making it difficult for me get a sure shot. At the second shot tl panther crushed one of my stirrups, cu ting a hole in my left boot near the i step, and cutting my horse on one forele By this time I succeeded in getting a sh at his head as he was crushing my sti rup, which finished the work. I then to the hide off, and it measured nine fe long.

We camped for the night, put o guards, and laid down. About 1 o'clo we were aroused by a shot fired by o of our guards, and on inquiry it w learned that the guard has discover some person crawling on all fours a had hailed him, and as he did not a swer he fired. Nothing could be do with safety that night to find out wh it was, so in the morning a search w made and plenty of blood found on tl trail. After following the blood abo 150 yards, we found a large bear lyi dead. It was in good pork order, and v skinned him and went into camp a had a fine roast, which we greatly e joyed. This pork lasted us until v reached camp, where we could draw o regular rations. On this scout we we out four days without bread or salt, a our only dependence was wild gam which we killed and ate without bre or salt.

CHAPTER VIII
1840 at Clarksville

IT WAS IN the spring of 1840, whi living at Clarksville, that I witness the first equipped scout ready to sta after Indians. It was in the month May when it became necessary to call t citizens together to follow a party Indians who had made their way do into the settlements near Ward's Prair and had collected a large herd of hors

Captain Denton called together all the available men that could go to f low the Indians. Their rations were follows: Each man was to provide hi self with ten pounds of coal flour, whi was prepared in the following manne Corn was taken and shelled into a lar kettle half full of sifted ashes, and s on fire and stirred until perfectly brow it was then taken off and the ash sifted out and when the parched co was cool it was ground in a hand m into meal, then salted to the taste, a put in a sack made for the purpose. T next item was coffee, parched a ground, put up in a sack; also salt a day's rations of fresh baked bread, the bread would not keep longer than days.

edding consisted of two blankets to man. The next thing was to mold nty of bullets or prepare suitable shot, some had rifles and some shot guns, stly of the flint and steel order. A e butcher knife was fastened in a belt. here were no such arms as Winsters or cartridge pistols in those s not even so much as cap and ball shooters, and but few cap locks for s or pistols.

he men being thus provided, they e divided into messes of five men to mess, and each mess had one pack se to carry provisions and blankets, camping utensils and cooking ves-. Forty men thus equipped were unted, with Captain Denton in comnd, and now ready to pursue the Inns after bidding their friends fare-l, as was the custom. Captain Den-'s little boy, called Bunion, ran to his her and said, "Dood bye, papa; don't de Ingin dit your scalp."

y 12 o'clock the scout was on the rch, the second day by 10 o'clock they on the Indian trail, which led out ard the head of the Trinity River. trail led out through the south end Blossom Prairie, through the Beeman lement, thence striking the North k of Sulphur, keeping up the Sulphur he head of Bois d'Arc south of Eng-'s Fort, to the head of the Sabine; nce to the headwaters of the East k of the Trinity River. On the eighth after leaving Clarksville they sucded in overtaking the Indians, in ch our gallant leader, Captain Den-, was killed, and was buried by his rades on a creek that is now called nton's Creek. After Denton's death the ut pursued the Indians, and a running nt ensued which caused the Indians to dearly for the death of Denton, and ulted in the retaking of all the horses ept those ridden by the Indians; and er a hard march of twenty-three days scout returned to Clarksville with ut fifty head of horses and some In-n relics, such as bows and arrows, es, and one Indian scalp, having susned no other loss than the death of tain Denton.

CHAPTER IX
The First School

WAS in the year of 1840 that Profes-or McKinsey, a Methodist elder, es-ished the first public school of any ortance. He had a fine school con-ring the thinly settled country. He naged to keep boarders, and those that d too far away to go from home, were rded with the professor, who watched them with great interest. Among many boarders were two boys; I will give their parents' names, and by so g hundreds of persons knowing the umstances will know their father's e. The names of the two boys spoken were Dick and Joe; they boarded with professor and carried their dinners day to the school house.

he good parson in his rules required of his pupils to return thanks before ng. At noon, in passing around, he Dick and Joe sitting on a bench with r buckets uncovered, ready to eat. es were hard that year, and pro-ns scarce, and the two boys had been ided for some time with dried pump-for dinner, and having become tired t to some extent, were sitting with dinner bucket between them on a bench. The professor said, "Boys, are you going to dine without offering thanks?" Dick said, "No sir; we were only waiting to think what to say." The professor, waiting to see the results, Joe, bowing his head said:

"Lord of love, look down from above,
Upon poor Dick and Joe,
And give us meat that we can eat,
And let the pumpkin go."

The parson became impressed by the earnest request of the little petitioner, and the prayer was granted them, as there was no more pumpkin put up for their dinner as long as they boarded with the professor.

His school had a small beginning, but resulted in a fine institution, and many of our oldest Methodist preachers owe their knowledge to the McKinsey Institute at Clarksville. The professor often said he could always make a Methodist preacher or a horse thief out of an average intelligent boy.

CHAPTER X
Three Men Arrested—One Hung

AS REGARDS law and order, it was scarcely known in 1840, but at the same time people were tried by a jury of twelve men. Sometime in the spring of 1840 a man was slain and some horses stolen in the neighborhood, and three men were suspected—one Falkner and his son and Hill. The citizens met, and sent out men and had them arrested. Twelve men were selected as jurors; the witnesses examined as usual, and the case decided without the usual pleading of lawyers. In the case of the old man Falkner, it seemed to be conclusive from the evidence that he was guilty; but in the case of the two young men, it was not so clear, and left some doubt on the minds of the jurors as to their guilt. They decided to hang all three of them, however.

The execution was to take place at two p. m. the next day, being Friday. They were to hang on Page's limb. Half a mile from Clarksville stood a blackjack tree with a large projecting branch, on which a man by the name of Page had been hanged some time before, and it was afterwards called Page's limb, and on it the three unfortunate men were doomed to hang. They were closely guarded until the fatal hour arrived. Ropes were loosely laid around their throats and they were marched to the place of execution at the set time. The old man was first escorted to the scaffold; he had nothing to say, and at the word given the trap door fell, and the old man, dangling in the air, soon passed from life to eternity. As soon as pronounced dead he was cut down and laid out under a tree.

O, the heart-rending cries of the bereaved wife and children, to see the husband and father now cold in death, snatched from them in good health, and the rope with the loop around the throat of the oldest son and brother, who was doomed to die as did his father a few moments before. O, horrible thought! The large crowd that stood by could not help shedding tears.

It was decided to hang Hill next. After the excitement had somewhat subsided Hill was led to the scaffold with a rope laid loosely about his throat. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, but a pensive countenance. As soon as he had reached the platform, and in presence of at least two hundred and fifty people, the hangman said, "Mr. Hill, do you want to be heard before you die?" He said he did, provided they would let him be. The response from the crowd was, "You shall have time to speak; say on." Before giving his speech, I will say Hill was a fine looking young man, well dressed, and appeared to be about twenty-one years old, fair complexion, dark hair, and eyes of a sparkling gray or hazel. Mr. Hill said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: While it is my fate to stand before you condemned to die, I feel thankful to God that you have been kind enough to allow me a short time to address those around me, especially those young men who have come out to see these three men executed for an alleged crime. While I am not afraid to die and meet the Great Judge in the case of the murder I am charged with, I do feel that I have done many little wrongs in my life; but as for the murder of any man, I am clear. Of course I have no chance to prove my innocence of the charge preferred here against me, unless I had time to get my witnesses from Arkansas, who will testify that I ate dinner with them on the day of the murder I am charged with some eighty miles from where the murder was committed. But I must hasten on with what I want to say.

"I am now twenty-one years and thirteen days old. My mother is a widow; my father died when I was eight years old. My mother lives in the southern part of Missouri, and has six children in all; I am the oldest one of the family. I left home when I was nineteen, came to Texas to hunt work; did not know anybody; I hired to Mr. Falkner to work for him five months at twenty dollars per month. I took a horse, saddle and bridle at fifty dollars, a suit of clothes at twenty dollars and thirty dollars in money, and started home to my mother five days before the murder of Slocum, and on the same day of the murder I took dinner with a man named Davis, in Arkansas; was followed and arrested before I got home.

"The only evidence against me is that I had worked for Falkner before the murder was committed; give me time, and I can prove I started five days before the murder, and on the day of the murder was eighty miles away. I know I have committed little petty thefts, but as for murder I am clear."

During his speech the people listened attentively, and before he was done speaking, some of the bystanders halloed, "Take him down; he shall have a chance to prove his innocence." Others cried out "Hang the rascal!"

The people being divided in sentiment, it was agreed to leave it to a vote, and as soon as the tumult was over a vote was taken and a majority was for giving him time to prove his innocence. So he was brought down from the scaffold and granted time to send and get his witnesses.

Young Falkner was then called out. His reply was, "I did not take any hand in the murder although I was there when Slocum was killed. Hill was not there at the time of the murder, he had been gone several days. I did not know my father intended to kill Slocum at the time."

"How old are you?" Answer; "I am 19 in August."

"What were you doing out with your father when Slocum was killed?"

"I went with him to get some horses."

A vote was taken on his case, which resulted in his acquittal until further evidence could be obtained. So the young man, assisted by his friends, buried his father; and after a full investigation young Falkner was released. He went home and lived with his mother, and made a good citizen as long as I knew him.

As for Hill, he got his witnesses in time to prove himself clear of the murder case, at which time he lectured the young men who were present, warning them to flee bad company, get an education, and stay at home until they decided to settle down for life. Hill made a good citizen of Red River county, owned land near Clarksville, married and raised a respectable family; often telling his boys how near he was to being hung on circumstantial evidence.

CHAPTER XI

Settling Lamar County

IN THE YEAR of 1841 we left Clarksville and moved to Pin Hook, now Paris. It was in the fall of the year that we landed in Lamar county. It was unorganized at that time, and had but few settlers, and the Indians came in every light moon, stealing and killing. On one occasion the Indians came and collected about forty head of horses. A company of about twenty men gathered to give chase. Henry Stout was elected captain. After making the necessary arrangements, they left for the trail, which they soon found; it led in the direction of Black Cat thicket, on the head of South Sulphur, some ninety miles from Paris. The Indians had camped there for the first time after stealing the horses. Captain Stout told his men that they would overtake them that day. By night they were close on the trail, but it being late, they camped for the night.

Early the next morning they took the trail, and at noon came up with them, in camp. Stout ordered a charge. A fight ensued, in which there were two Indians killed and several wounded. Captain Stout was shot through the arm. The Indians were routed and the horses retaken. Captain Stout had to travel over 150 miles before he could get medical attention. Captain Stout was one of our fearless frontiersmen, always ready to serve his country when necessary.

On their arrival home the young people gave them a fine supper and a dance. It would be a novel sight for some of our nineteenth century folks to see such a sight. The young men dressed in buckskin suits, with moccasins in place of shoes, and often coonskin caps, with belt, knife, and pistol at the sides, and a large pair of Mexican spurs on.

The first school I went to was taught by a man who had to learn the mutiplication table after he took up the school. The largest boys carried their guns back and forth on account of the Indians, and would often kill a deer or two on their way to or from school.

Near the line of Fannin and Lamar counties lived a man by the name of Varner, a farmer, who owned a faithful servant, who was out on the range looking after stock when a party of five Indians gave chase. The old darkey had no arms, but was riding a good horse. On his way home four white men saw the chase and taking advantage of them, ran in ahead of the Indians, giving the old darkey a good chance to make his escape. The men fired on the Indians, which caused them to change their course. The old darkey reached home in time to save his wool.

THE NEXT DAY it was supposed to be the same five Indians who stole ten head of horses, and while making their way out were discovered by three men cow hunting. The Indians had not discovered them until they were in full speed and within sixty or seventy yards of them. The Indians then left the horses and a running fight took place, in which two of them were killed and one white man wounded. The whites brought back two scalps, one bow and arrow and ten head of horses, and the wounded man; the wound was with an arrow, and a flesh wound through the muscle of the arm above the elbow.

A man by the name of Captain Yeara living in the same settlement, owned a family of Negroes. While the captain and Uncle Jack, as they called the old darkey, were in the field at work, fifteen Indians attacked the house. The white and black families took shelter in one room and gave the alarm by halloaing. Captain Yeara and Uncle Jack were soon on hand, but armed only with two weeding hoes; the Indians were armed with bows and arrows. A hand to hand fight was the result. Finally Captain Yeara was shot with an arrow in the shoulder, and Mrs. Yeara opened the door and started to her husband with his gun. Just as she reached him she fell, being shot in one hip. The husband got the gun, and shot and killed one of the redskins. By this time the old colored woman succeeded in reaching Uncle Jack with a double barreled shotgun, and he fired both barrels at them, killing one and wounding another. At this critical moment three of the neighbors came to their relief, just in time. They engaged the Indians while Captain Yeara picked up his wife and carried her into the house. By this time it was getting hot for the Indians and they left in double quick, leaving four of their number dead. Mrs. Yeara was wounded, but not mortally, the captain wounded in the shoulder, and Uncle Jack in the side. A party of men soon collected, and while some cared for the wounded the others pursued the Indians until night, but they got into Sulphur bottom, making good their escape, but badly whipped out. It was a long time before Mrs. Yeara recovered. This was the last fight in this neighborhood in 1841.

It was interesting to hear the details of the fight given by each of them. Uncle Jack said he "could knock 'em down, but could not keep 'em down;" the captain said he knew Uncle Jack was mad by the look of his eyes.

CHAPTER XII

House Surrounded

IT WAS in the year 1842 that my father had built a new log house on the head of Bullard's creek, and just moved into it. The nights were light, and my father was gone to Clarksville; a party of Indians attacked the house. We had several savage dogs. It was about nine o'clock, and the fire was burning brightly when all at once the Indians made a dash to break into the house; the dogs held them at bay until the doors were barred and the fire put out by throwing a pail of water on it and everything was dark in the house. There were three loaded guns in the house, and one woman and two boys to use them. We had portholes in the wall of the house that we could shoot out of; near the doors were holes that by putting the muzzles of the guns through we could prevent them from breaking down the doors. Finally they left the yard and went off some distance, conversed awhile, and then returned and
tried to set the house on fire. The d
still furious, held them at bay until al
midnight. After several unsuccessful
tempts to fire the house, and after sh
ing several of our dogs, they left
second time and did not return.

They went to one of our neighbor's
was not at home and fired the ho
burning everything to ashes. The
day they collected about thirty head
horses and left in a westerly direct
A party of citizens followed them u
the Cross Timbers, and overtook th
and a running fight followed, which
sulted in the killing of five out of
fifteen, and recapturing the stolen hor
Our loss was two horses killed and th
men wounded, but none mortally; th
were also four horses wounded besi
those slaughtered. Some bows and arr
and ropes were captured in the fight.

In that country lived a man by
name of Tom Gilbert, who owned a fa
in the edge of Bois d'Arc bottom.
had a young Negro man at work w
him in the field. The Negro was carry
a holster pistol to his belt, besides a h
knife; he was allowed to carry them
account of the Indians. Late one even
he heard some turkeys calling outsid
the field in the bottom and asked
master to let him go and kill one of th
as they seemed to be close by. Fin
Gilbert told him he could go. So
Negro went in the direction of the call
turkeys and got up on the fence wh
a large oak tree stood just on the outs
As soon as he hit on the outside of
fence, two Indians who were conce
behind the tree grabbed the Negro,
had his pistol in his hand, and he fi
at one of them.

In the scuffle the Negro lost his pis
He drew his large knife, calling at
top of his voice for his master, who
on the opposite side of the field,
before his master could get to him
had freed himself from the Indians,
were three in number, and was on
way to the house, shouting "Indian
every breath. The excited inmates of
house could get nothing out of him
"Indians." Some of the nearest neigh
had heard him and ran to see the ca
of the excitement. By this time Gil
had gotten to the house. It was a l
time before the Negro could tell w
was the matter.

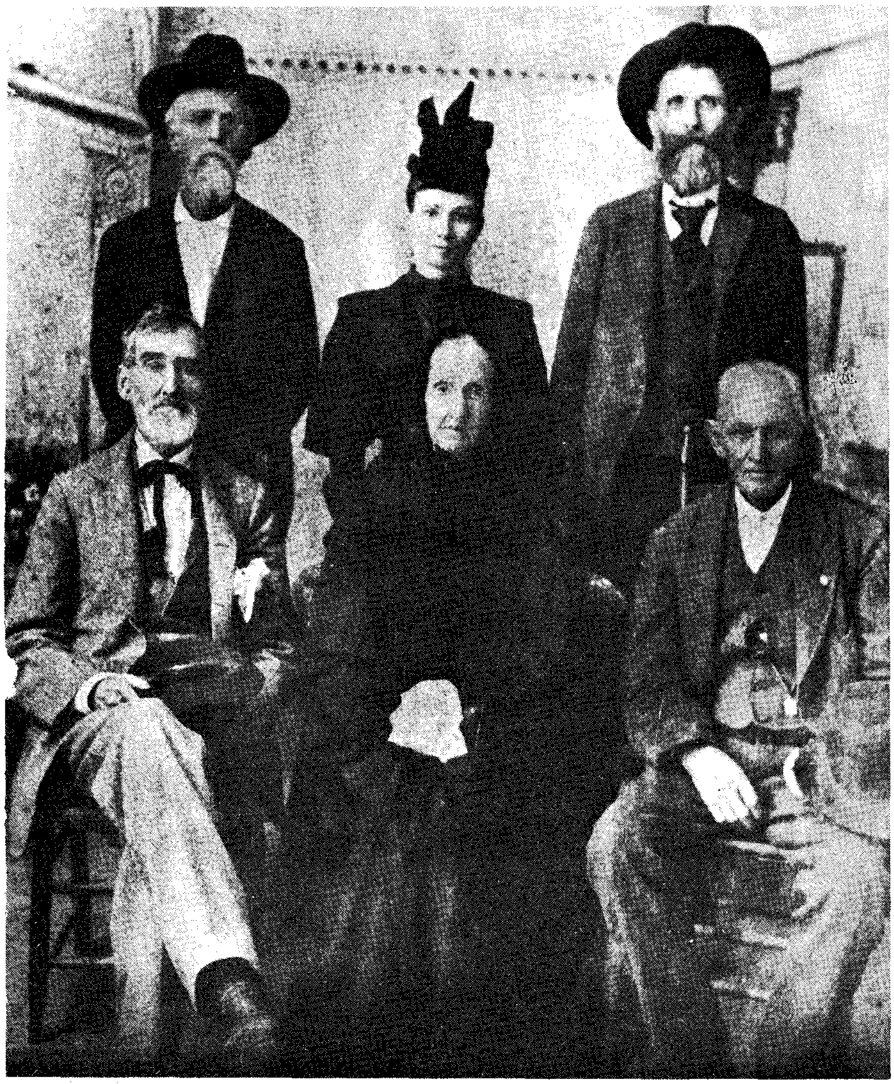
As soon as possible the men wen
the field to see what was done, and
arriving at the place found one In
killed and the pistol lying on the gro
by the root of the tree; and also fo
a piece of the blade of the Negro's k
sticking in the tree. On further exam
tion it was found that of the three
dians who had attacked the Negro
was killed by the shot from the pi
and one with the knife. Gilbert had
more trouble with his Negro wantin
go turkey hunting.

Gilbert was the first man to bui
mill in the Fannin county. Up to
time people had to beat their mea
mortars or grind it on a hand mill.

The first horse mill on Bois d'Arc
built by Mr. Anderson and was ca
Hominyville, on account of having
grind the corn twice before it coul
made into meal.

The first settlers of Fannin county
hard times; they had to wear buck
clothes and moccasins, and live enti
on wild meat and honey, often wit
bread and salt. As for school, it was
next thing to impossible on accoun
the thinly settled neighborhood, s
times ten miles apart.

I have known families to move on



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

nous early Texas pioneers included (seated from left) Captain John C. Duval, who aped from the Fannin massacre at Goliad in 1836; Grandma Winn at age ninety-five, d General Henry E. McCulloch. Standing from left are J. C. Thompson, Mrs. D. A. T. Walton, and Captain D. A. T. Walton.

ds in February, and take their seed n with them, and not taste bread until y raised it, unless they went visiting. ld meat, honey, milk, butter, and ese was the bill of fare. If they dressed cloth at all, it was homespun; if they re shoes at all, they were home made m home tanned leather. Log houses h dirt floors were common. Ox wagons re the only means of conveyance to l or church. Plows with home made cks and wooden mould boards were chief breaking plows. Grain was cut h reaping hooks; when cradles came use it was thought science had ched its perfection. Small grain was t out with flails, and the chaff fan- out in the wind on sheets, and then in rail pens chinked with straw; und on a horse mill and sifted in a re and baked in hoecake style.

CHAPTER XIII
The Lost Boys

THE SUMMER of 1841, while living t Blossom Prairie, two boys went out one afternoon to hunt squirrels, in reek bottom that was full of cane. The nch was called Caney, and ran into Sulphur Fork of Red River. A man ned Click had a mill on the branch, run by horse power, and ground corn only. The two boys had a dog with them; and finally night came on them and they couldn't find their way out of the cane. They were brothers; the oldest, John, being, I believe, nine, and the other, Charley, about seven. The father, Jack Miles, was not at home at the time.

The two boys not coming in at twilight caused the mother to call for them, but no answer could she get. Having two other younger children, she could not leave to hunt them, and it was two miles to the nearest neighbor's house, and her husband not expected to be at home that night. After calling them until nightfall, she concluded to give the alarm, so with both of her little children she started for the nearest neighbor, still halloaing at intervals, until she got within half a mile of her destination, when the man heard her halloa and went to meet her, and helped her with the two children she was carrying to the house.

He soon spread the news, and several parties set out in search of the two little wanderers. The search was continued until daylight, but without success. In the meantime the father had been sent for, and preparations made for a more extensive search. By twelve that night there were about thirty men and boys in the woods, in small bunches. About two a. m. they found the footprints of the little boys in a sandy branch about ten miles from home, in Sulphur bottom, which at that time was full of wild animals of all sorts.

Search was carried on all day and night without success. On the next day, while some of the parties were sitting down resting, they heard the whine of a child; they listened and again heard the same weak and feeble cry; they arose and in a few moments more they found the two little fellows lying down side by side by a log that had been washed up against a tree. They were so feeble they could not travel further, and their little feet were torn by the briars and thorns until they were swollen so badly they could not walk. When found they were indulging in sobs; they broke down in a hearty cry when their rescuers raised them up in their arms.

When found they were fourteen miles from home, and had been out two nights and part of two days. After their joyful return to their home it was a long time before they could walk without misery; their legs as well as their feet were torn to pieces. Their father got home in time to put in a half day searching before they were found. One more day would have ended their suffering, and it is a wonder they were not torn to pieces by wild animals as they were plentiful in those days, such as bears, wolves, panthers and catamounts. There have been so many lost children in Texas, it is a wonder some of them have not been found torn to pieces by wild animals. I believe I have my first one to hear of being destroyed by them.

CHAPTER XIV
Taking Honey From a Cave

IT WAS IN the summer of 1861. About forty of us were out on the head of the Guadalupe river hunting Indians. We found bees that had gone into a bluff of stone; the face of the bluff was about eighty feet high, and the bees went in a hole about forty feet from the top of the bluff. We could see there was a large lot of comb hanging down under the shelving stone, so we decided on a plan to secure the honey. We went to the top of the bluff, tied some ropes together, and tied the rope around the waist of one of the men, and then fastened the other end of the rope to the tree and let him down to where the bees went into the bluff; then let a pail down on another rope.

We had furnished him with a good smoke and after he had smoked the bees away he cut out the honey, which we pulled up by the rope, until we got all we wanted. We then pulled him up.

CHAPTER XV
Crossing the Plains

IN 1862 we had orders to take eighty men and scout on the Pecos River. Arrangements were made, and we started on the first day of May, eighty in number, with fifteen pack mules. After several hard days' march, we reached the head of the Llano River. At the upper water we camped, this being the last water until we crossed the plains, which were sixty miles across. After resting a few days it was decided to start at 12 o'clock, thinking the second day we would reach water. We gave our animals all the water they wanted and filled our canteens. Each man had a half gallon of water to start with. We then started and traveled until night; camped on the plains and let our horses graze while the dew was on the grass in order to stand the day's ride that was before us, without hopes of water.

Finally we saddled up and started, and by 12 o'clock were about half way across the desert, and all out of water except a few who would not drink as long as they could help it, for fear of getting out. We traveled hard, hoping to reach water, until at night, when we camped again; some of our horses looked bad and some of our men got mad. Our scout was made up of two different companies, forty men from each company.

We started on our journey about 12 o'clock. Part of our men mutinied, and declared they would go no further in that direction, but would turn to the left and hunt water. Captain Hunter, being in command, told them if they left the ranks he would have them court martialed; they told him water or blood, and about two-thirds of the command stopped and refused to follow the captain any further.

I was sent back to talk to them, and try to get them to follow on, with the promise that if we did not reach water that evening we would change our course. When I went back, I saw the men were determined to go for water, and some of their horses were almost dead, as well as the men suffering.

I went and told the captain the men would go to water if they had to kill him first. He still declared his intention to go on, let the result be what it would.

I then told him I would go with the majority to water and risk the consequences. He told me I would be sorry for my official action before I got through with it; so I rode out and said I was going to water, and that all could go who wanted to. About sixty-four men followed, bringing thirteen of the pack mules, and we started for water.

By the time we had gone a mile from the other party their pack mules were following us, and the rest of them could not keep them back; so it was a good excuse for all of them to follow our trail. About an hour by sun we reached the Howard Spring canyon, where there was plenty of water. We lost five head of horses which got too much water after starving three days. Some of our men drank so much they were sick for several days.

This was one of the most trying times I ever experienced in all my soldierings. To see eighty men starving for water, determined to kill their leader or go to water. After resting a few days we continued our march under orders.

ON REACHING our destination we found the Yankees had abandoned their intention to burn Fort Davis and returned to their camp in the edge of Arizona. It was good for us that they did, for if we had come up with them we would have been whipped, as our men and horses were worn out and in no condition to fight.

We then turned our course for Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, to intercept some jay-hawkers who were expecting to cross the river at that place. When we reached Fort Clark, not far from Eagle Pass, we learned that Captain Hutson had captured them, and we then turned our course for Camp Verde. On arriving there orders were waiting for me to take twenty of my best mounted men and march to Fort Hudson at once, to protect it from fire, as the enemy was burning all the posts on the line, and also the government property.

This I did, but not willingly, as my men had suffered greatly on the thirty days scout. When we reached Fort Hudson we found plenty of forage for our horses; and had nothing to do but rest ourselves and horses for ten days, which we greatly enjoyed.

After resting up we heard of a party of Indians coming down the Nueces river in the direction of Uvalde, and we left Fort Hudson to intercept them. While camped on the Frio we discovered a large herd of horses coming toward us, in a run. Just at 12 m. [noon] we formed in line on each side, and let the herd of horses pass between us, in order to bag the Indians. The dust was so thick we could not tell one man from another.

By the time the herd had passed us the Indians came in sight. As we supposed them to be Indians, we began firing on them, but soon discovered our mistake; they were a party of citizens who had followed the Indians and had taken the horses from them, and were driving them to their ranch. This mistake was likely to result badly, but before anyone was hurt the mistake was discovered, and all parties were satisfied.

We then started for our station, Camp Davis. On our way home we heard that a party of Indians had been seen on the head of Turtle creek, a tributary of the Guadalupe River, west of Center Point. We had been out so long, and our horses and men worn out, that we decided not to follow them, and to let the citizens take the trail. This we did, and succeeded in reaching our camp after sixty days of hard marching. After resting some time, we got orders for a scout to be sent to the head of Devil's river, in which I had to take command. A detail was made and orders issued for forty men to be in readiness to march, and the next day at 10 o'clock we were again in the saddle and on the move. The cause of this order was that news had reached headquarters that a party of bushwhackers had camped at the headwaters of Devil's river, which was Beaver lake.

After several hard days' marching we reached the lake, and found five men, mostly boys from 18 to 20, camped at the lake. They claimed to be stock hunters; but we took them prisoners and soon found out that the main party had left on a raid on the head of the Guadalupe, but for what purpose we could not tell. While waiting for their return we learned that a party of soldiers from the west end of the line, belonging to Captain Callan's command, had pursued them to the Rio Grande, and that they had crossed over to Monclova, Mexico. We returned with the five young men, who joined Duff's command.

CHAPTER XVI
Lost Man

IT WAS IN the fall of 1843, in Hunt county on South Sulphur, where but few settlers had formed a small settlement. Among them lived a man by the name of Jernigan, who was noted as a great hunter. On this occasion he was out some ten miles from home, between South Sulphur and Middle Sulphur. Between those two streams was a dense forest of wild locust, bois d'arc, red haw, rattan and briers covering a territory of ten or fifteen miles square. Jernigan had shot a deer which had ran into this dense thicket. Jernigan was on horseback, and followed the wounded deer some distance into the timber. Failing to find the deer, he concluded to explore the timbered belt to some extent. It clou
up and the sun was hidden from si
and after rambling for several h
Jernigan became bewildered. He un
took to get out as soon as possible,
it was getting late in the day, but fa
to do so. Night came on and he cam
he had to lead his horse and cut
way through the brush and vines
his butcher knife. The next morning
started again, and traveled all day w
out finding his way out or hearing
sound of a human voice. Night came
and tired and lonely he again lay d
to rest; during this time he had noth
to eat except one polecat. There was
game in the thick swamp, which wa
level hogwallow forest, in many pl
covered with water. He was by this t
almost covered with ticks.

In this condition he rambled for tw
days and nights, during which time
had nothing to eat except one skunk
five rabbits, which he shot. On
twelfth day he struck a road, and
lowed it to a house thirty-miles be
where he lived; he had no family.
horse was almost dead, as well as h
self; both of them covered with ticks
almost starved to death. The citi
where he lived had given him up as
or captured by the Indians.

As soon as he got to the house
Ringgold he was taken care of an
letter sent to John Hart, his brother
law, who took his wife and children
went at once to see him. It was
weeks before he was able to be brou
home. Should I undertake to give
reader his statement in full during
absence it would require more space t
can be given in this brief history
frontier life, as it is only intended
give the facts in the case, without det
The joy at the meeting of the sister
brother who was given up for dead
better be imagined than expressed. W
the kindness of friends and a sist
care he was finally restored to ordin
health.

IT WAS IN THIS same settlement t
a man by the name of Riley was
in Sulphur bottom hunting, and late
the evening was sitting on a bluff
second bank of Sulphur, watching
beaver, with his gun across his lap
his feet swinging over the bluff, fac
the stream where he was expecting
see the beaver coming out of their den
sport in the deep water above what
known as the beaver dam.

It was about dusk that a la
catamount crept up behind Riley,
with sudden bound leaped upon Ril
shoulders, fastening its teeth in the b
of his neck and its claws in his b
just under the arms. The sudden fr
caused both of them to go over the bl
striking the second bank some ten
below, still clinched. Riley's gun
broken off at the breech in the fall,
was of no use to him. During the stru
Riley got his knife from his belt,
soon cut himself loose by thrusting
knife several times to the hilt behind
shoulder of the furious animal, t
freeing himself from his foe. R
crawled up the bank, and being un
to stand, much less walk, he halloaed
help. His father, living about a half
distant, went to his assistance. After
ting him to the house, on examinatio
was found that he was badly used
and they had to send for a doctor.
finally got well, but the leaders of
neck being cut, it caused him to ha
stiff neck.

The next day after the terrible f

vas ascertained that the vicious ani- l had a den near where Riley was ing, and in it two young ones about size of a gray squirrel; they were en home and raised and became tame.

)n the head of this same stream, about time were camped a few friendly ians, some fifteen in number. They e of the Shawnee tribe. Their object to hunt and trade. They had about nty ponies all told, and had a permit m their agent to hunt. A man by the ne of Jones, with Mitchell, Ray and ite, attacked them by secreting them- es in the canebrake near the camp, ring a deadly fire into the small un- pecting party, killing several of them the ground and driving the others m camp. The four men robbed the ıp, and driving off eight head of their ses, left for their homes.

t soon leaked out, as they had some uble in dividing their plunder. As soon it became known, there being no other , it was decided to have them arrested l punished, as the tribe to which the ians belonged would avenge them- es on our little settlement, which was in number.

call was made for all the citizens eet on a certain day to consider the e, and about thirty in number met. was decided to call on other counties meet with them, and on the day set ut two hundred men met and decided bring the murderers to justice. Men e sent out in every direction, and ee of them caught—Ray, White and chell. Jones was still at large. Finally was captured near Houston and ught back. At the same time some er charges were made against other ties for stealing and orders issued for ir arrest. In all eight arrests were de; four for murder and four for ft. A jury of twelve men was selected ıear the evidence, and decide accord- ly. The four charged with murder e sentenced to hang, and the four theft to leave the State in ten days hang.

)n the 17th day of August, 1844, these r men were doomed to die. O, it was rible to think that four men, in good lth, were to be snatched away into nity without warning, and more hor- ing to see the families of the doomed ı and hear their pitiful pleading, all vain. The day arrived; the scaffold erected, and the four men marched and mounted on a wagon, all standing ı row, and the four men convicted of t made to tie the fatal knot, shedding s and trembling for fear of sharing same fate. At the word the drop and the four men were dangling in air. As soon as it was ascertained were dead, they were cut down and ied under the gallows, and the four who tied the knots hit the road to e the State, and were never seen in part of the country any more. Their ilies followed.

rom the time these men were hung country had peace for the balance of l. The next spring, in the month of ch, the Indians made a raid on the e Fork of the Sabine river. Thirteen in number followed them to the head he West Fork of Trinity, overtaking ı on the open prairie. A running t ensued, which resulted in two In- s being killed and one wounded. The gers' loss was three horses killed er their riders. The rangers captured y-three head of horses, two bows and ws, three ropes, and one blanket.

their raids it was almost impossible the Indians to succeed in getting away with more horses than what they rode, and often they had to double to get away, as some of them would have their horses killed under them, and have to get up behind some of their comrades to make their escape.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

A Texas deer hunters' camp in Kimble County.

CHAPTER XVII
A Deer Hunt

IN THE FALL of 1845 two of us went out on a deer hunt to spend a few days in camp. On the head of Horse creek we found deer aplenty, and established our camp on a spring branch, staked out our horses, and picked up our guns for an evening's hunt. We had not gone far before we found a fine bunch of deer, and fired into the gang, killing two fine bucks. They had just shed the velvet from their horns, and they were very sharp and pointed.

The next day we separated, and about 10 o'clock I saw three very large bucks lying under the the shade of a tree. I took advantage of the ground and got up within eighty or ninety yards of them. While quieting my nerves I selected the one I wanted and fired; down came the buck. I ran before I reloaded, with knife in hand. I soon saw I had only creased him, the ball having passed through the top of his neck. I laid down my gun, took him by the horns, and made an attempt to cut his throat. He gave a flounce, kicking my knife out of my hand, leaving me holding the buck by the horns. By this time he had risen to his feet, with his hair all turned the wrong way, and his eyes as green as poison, and his horns as sharp as a dagger. I held on and he surged; I could not turn him loose for fear he would kill me with his horns. He had already kicked all of my clothes almost off, and I was almost exhausted. Well, I halloaed, but could get no help. Sometimes I was down, and sometimes the deer was down. Still I halloaed, hoping to be heard by my comrades: but in vain.

Being almost out of breath, I could do nothing but keep his sharp horns from piercing my body. With my arms and shins bleeding from wounds where he had kicked the skin off, I was as bloody as a beef. How to hold on any longer or how to let loose now engaged my most serious thought; still I halloaed, hoping to be heard, but still no relief. Finally he gave a severe surge and I fell, almost out of breath. I lost my grip, and my hands were blistered inside. Falling on my face, entirely free from my enemy, he gazed all around and started to run. I got up at last and ran one way and the deer the other, the further the faster. I got to a shade and laid down, almost dead. I could not help but look to see if he was coming back. Since then I load my gun before I go, and if the deer moves I shoot it again.

CHAPTER XVIII
The Lost Girl

IT WAS IN the fall of 1847, in Van Zandt county, on the Sabine river, there lived a family by the name of Moody, one of the first settlers of that county. The family consisted of J. Moody, wife and six children, the oldest a girl called Minnie. During the absence of her father, who had left home on business, and was not expected to return for several days, and as it was the custom of the people to bring up their work horses before dark on account of Indians, in the absence of Mr. Moody it became necessary for Minnie to bring them up. It was about six o'clock when she started for the horses. After travelling a mile or more she found the horses. The hobbles had come off, and they got with some other out stock, and as soon as Minnie got them started they got into a run and went down to the creek, which had a large cane bottom. By this time it became dark, and she lost the horses in the bottom. She then thought she would go home as soon as possible, but the thick cane and dark night caused her to lose her course, and finally she became bewildered. She halloaed, but could get no response. Thus alone in the dark woods, which were full of wild animals, such as wolves and panthers, she rambled alone.

The mother in grief and fear halloaed so long and loud that she was finally heard by her nearest neighbor, who went to her assistance. Learning the cause of her trouble, he went to collect some of the neighbors and make search for the missing girl. It was not until day dawned that they were ready to start. It was all they could do to keep the frantic mother from leaving the house in search of her lost child. The entire day was spent in search without effect. By this time about twenty-five men had collected to make a more extended search.

Myself and John Hart, from Hunt county had gone to Jordan's Saline for salt, and camped on a small creek some twenty miles above the salt work, having no knowledge of the lost girl.

About midnight we were aroused from our slumber by sounds of a woman's voice some distance below in a dark bottom. Waiting a few minutes, we heard the pitiful cry, so we answered it, and in a short time it was again heard. We both left the camp and went in the direction of the sound, occasionally halloaing, which was at once answered, but seemed to come toward us; and after going half a mile we were confronted by a small girl, who related to us her condition, and told us who she was and where she lived, and when and how she got lost. We prepared some supper for her, after which she gave us a history of her travels.

Just as the day was breaking we heard the sound of horns, which we answered by halloaing, and in a few minutes a party of eight men rode up to the camp inquiring for the lost girl. Before we could answer she spoke in sobs and said, "Here I am." The party dismounted, made some coffee, and took a lunch with us. One of the party went five miles to the nearest house, hired a buggy, and the party escorted her home, which was fifteen miles from where we found her. Her clothing was almost torn off by the thorns and briers. It is useless to say there was great rejoicing on her return home.

I WILL HERE GIVE you, reader, a synopsis of her travels, as related by her to us before the party arrived and took her home, although she had not finished her narrative when they came, and of course I can give only what she had time to relate to us in so short a time.

She first told us who she was and how she came to get lost, then began to relate her travels, which was about as follows:

"When I first lost the horses I tried to find my way out of the canebrake, but it was so dark I could not see my way very well. I came to a creek, but could not tell which way it ran, because it was dry. I knew we lived on a creek, so I decided to follow it, thinking it would take me home; but I suppose I went down the creek in place of up, so I soon became bewildered and so confused I could not tell where I was going. About daybreak I heard the sound of a horn, which I answered, and started in the direction I thought it was, still halloaing, but could not hear it any more. I was very tired, and sat down by a tree to rest, crying, and finally dropped off to sleep. I don't know how long I slept, as it was cloudy and I could not see the sun. When I awoke, I renewed my journey, not knowing which way to go, but thought I would find a road, but in vain.

"I still halloaed at intervals, thinking someone would hear me. I saw something like a dog, but it ran from me. About this time it began to get dark, and I was getting very hungry and tired. I thought I heard somebody halloa, and I answered, but did not hear it any more; so I thought I would rest a little, but I was afraid if I went to sleep something would catch me; so I started again and crossed a creek and came to an old road and stopped to decide which direction to take. I thought I would halloa once more, which I did, and to my great joy I heard you answer me the second time I halloaed. I will now tell you how I passed the first night."

Just at this time we heard the sounding of horns, which stopped the conversation for the time being, so I did not get it in detail, and will leave it to the imagination of the reader. So farewell, Miss Minne Moody, hoping you good luck in reaching your dear bereaved parents.

In the winter of 1863 I was on business for the government recruiting near Navasota on the Navasota river. It was sleeting, and the cold north wind whistled from the north and everything was covered in ice. I was riding along, hoping to come to some house where I could take shelter. Late in the night I saw a light at a short distance to my left, and reined my horse in that direction; my horse was tired and myself hungry and cold. I halloaed at the gate, and a man stepped to the door and said, "What will you have?" I told him I wanted to stop for the night. He said, "Who are you?" I told him my name was Banta, and that I was very cold and my horse was tired, and wanted to stop with him.

It was war times, and people were very particular who staid with them; so he turned to his wife and said, "Old woman, here is a man who wants to stay all night with us; what say you?" "Ask his name," she replied. "I did," said he. "What is it," said she. "I think he said Banta." "Well, I believe I would let him stay, as it is so cold out."

"Get down and come in; I will see to your horse. Come in. Minnie, give the gentleman a chair, and I will put up his horse."

The fire was burning brightly and I was comfortable seated. The lady broke the silence, saying, "Sir, did I understand you to say your name was Banta?"

I replied, "That is my name."

"I have heard of that name somewhere," she replied. "Make yourself comfortable, and I will soon have some supper."

The horse was fed and supper announced, and all parties seated around the table.

"Now," said he, "help yourself, stranger. Apologies is a poor dish, and I hardly ever offer them."

"And you say your name is Banta," said the lady, as she was pouring out a cup of coffee.

"Yes, madam."

"Did you ever live on the Sabine river?"

"I lived at Blackjack Grove," said I.

"Did you ever hear of a lost girl in Van Zandt county, a long time ago?"

I replied, "I remember in 1847, while after a load of salt, there was a girl came to where I and a man by the name of Hunt were camped."

"Well, sir. I am that girl. As soon as my husband asked your name it made me think of the night when I was lost, and two men came to me and took me to their camp and made me some coffee; and some of our neighbors came at daylight and took me home."

"Well, well," I said, "is it possible

"It is for a fact, sir; and I alv thought you saved my life by comin my assistance that night."

"Where do your parents live?"

"In Bryan."

"What is your name; I suppose are married?"

"Yes. My husband's name is Jone have only been married four years

Jones interrupted by saying, "It l like you two are somewhat acquai I have often heard Minnie talk a the men who found her and took he their camp, but did not think I w ever see them. Well, Minnie, it is time."

So we retired. The following day so cold they insisted on my staying them until the weather broke, so I and Minnie finished her narrative of first night she was lost. and I will give it in her own language:

"Well, I halloed and cried, and ran self down to begin with; tore my clo almost off of me. Sometimes I thoug would soon get home; then lose all h and think I would be torn to pieces some bear or panther. My first tho was to halloa all I could, to scare off; then I thought if I did halloa would hear me and come and kill me you see sometimes I would halloa as as I could, and then again I was af to halloa; so it was I passed off the n in dread; sometimes falling into a d sometimes falling over logs or hang my feet in vines and falling head into briars and brush.

"Well, it is impossible for me to scribe my feelings that night. How I traveled and how often I fell dow can't tell. I did not sleep any that ni and but little the next day."

"Well, now, Minnie, tell me how it with you, after you left my camp?"

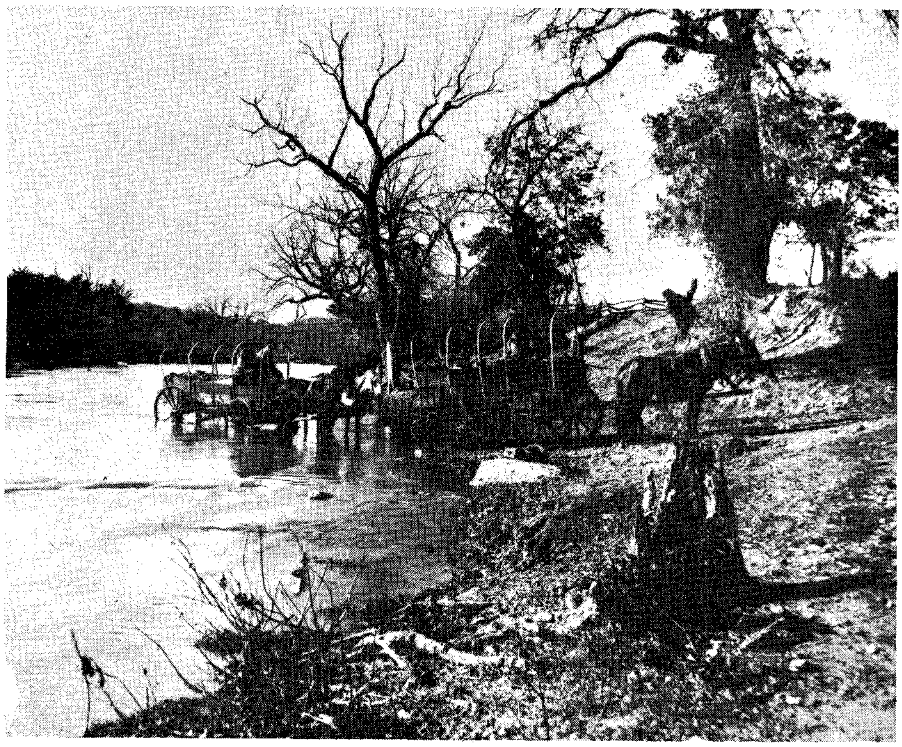
"Well, you know one of our neigh hired a buggy to take me home. A 2 o'clock we met about fifty men, went back with us, and by 3 o'clock got home; and such a time you n saw. Well, I will not try to describe meeting or express our joy, but can that was my last time to bring up horses. My father often talks of you, says he would like to make your quaintance."

After staying the next night with t I bid them farewell, with a promis visit her father and mother if venient, but it so happened that I did have the pleasure of doing so.

CHAPTER XIX
Lost in a Mustang Chase

IT WAS IN the month of June, 1 that myself and a man by the n of James Sampson, both citizens of county, there being no settlement on head of the East Fork of the Tri river, and hundreds of wild mus horses running on the prairie, dec to rope a few of them, as we had leisure time. We prepared our o which consisted of plenty of ropes, c blankets, provisions for a ten days h and each of us took one extra horse. left home on the tenth day of the mo taking a westerly course, intendin reach the head of East Fork the day if possible. We of course took guns, as there were Indians in the c try, besides, we had to depend on guns for meat, as the country was of deer and other wild animals.

On the third day we reached our d nation, we found plenty of mustangs



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Hunting party crossing the Llano River in Texas.

ped for the night, and early in the ning we were ready for the chase.

e started out on the prairie and had gone far when we saw a large herd ing at leisure, and prepared ourselves the fun. We made a dash on them, by the time they discovered us we e within a few rods of the herd. en they discovered us they fled in y direction. On we went, each one s selecting the animal we wished to ure.

the chase our horses became frightand ran together with such force both fell with us, but luckily for us vere neither of us hurt badly. Samps horse got loose from him and fold the wild horses, leaving him on It became necessary for me to give he chase, and try to capture Samps horse.

eaving my wild horse, I gave chase in r to save my partner's horse. After ning about one mile I succeeded in ing the side of the horse, and swingmy rope, tossed it over the head of horse, and in a short run stopped him. en led him back to his owner.

this time we had lost sight of the angs, and being dry for water, we led to go to the creek.

was now about one o'clock, and we led to return to camp and get dinner. e at the water a large herd of wild es came in for water, and ourselves horses being somewhat rested, we led to give them another run. In this were some fine colts. We got a start, and in running two miles we eeded in roping a fine colt apiece.

uring the day's run we had traveled her from camp than we expected, it was now night. We tied our colts me bushes, as they would not lead, started for camp, being hungry after day's run. We rambled until about ight, but found no camp. As we very tired, as well as our horses, concluded to lay down till morning, h we did.

daylight we saddled our horses and started for camp. Hungry and tired, we traveled all day hunting camp, but failed to find it. We could have killed all the deer we wanted during the day, but we had left our guns at camp with our provisions. Two days and nights passed without anything to eat.

The third morning came, and we started in search of camp. About 10 o'clock we found a young fawn lying in some high grass. Sampson dropped his rope over its neck. It did not seem to be wild, and as soon as it was caught we dismounted, built a fire, killed the fawn, and before it was cold we had it before the fire, and by the time it was half done it was eaten up. It is no use to say it was good, even without bread or salt.

We then mounted our horses and decided to take a different course. We struck the head of a small creek and went down it about seven miles. It was then about 5 o'clock, and as we ascended a high hill we discovered two lone horses, which we took to be those we had hobbled out at camp. Our spirits revived, and on we went, and to our great joy found it to be true. We turned loose our tired horses and began to cook and eat. How we enjoyed the repast I will not stop to say.

After three hard days' run and ride, and two sleepless nights had passed, and only one small fawn, not larger than a rabbit, and that without bread or salt, was our only feast, it was natural that we should do justice to the occasion when we got to camp.

The next morning we saddled our fresh horses and each one taking a wallet of provision tied to our saddles, we started in search of our colts that we tied out without water, thinking we would find them dead. We wanted our ropes.

By 2 o'clock we found them where we left them, almost starved. We had no trouble in getting them to lead. By sundown we were back at camp, and after watering we staked them out again.

We were not satisfied to start home without another chase, so we arranged things in camp, and started out the next morning. We had not gone far before we discovered a large herd grazing on the side of a hill. We took advantage of them, and got up as close as possible and made a run, with ropes in hand, and in a mile run we had each of us a fine horse roped, and by 12 o'clock we were back at camp, with four wild horses.

The next day we made a successful run and caught two more. Now in with six head we decided to start home. The colts by this time would follow our gentle horses, and by necking the other four we drove the bunch in home without much trouble.

CHAPTER XX
A Buffalo Hunt

IT WAS IN DECEMBER, 1847, that eight of us in number concluded to take a few days' rest and have a buffalo hunt. We had heard that buffalo were plenty on the head of the Trinity river. It being a long distance to go, we made every arrangement to our comfort, and with the expectation of being gone sometime, in bedding and provisions, a good team and plenty of feed, good guns and plenty of ammunition. After five days' travel we found ourselves in the edge of the buffalo range.

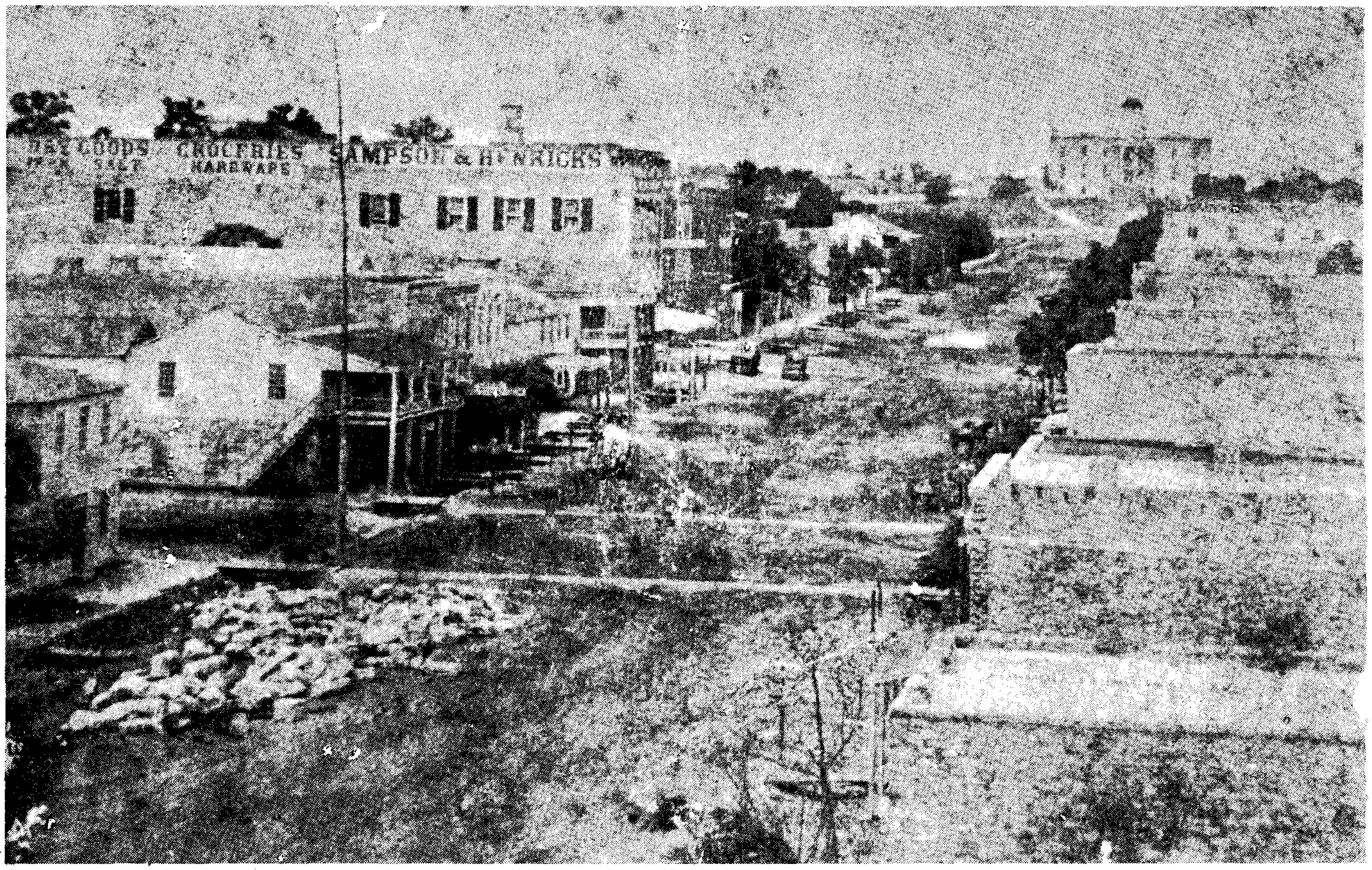
As we were not accustomed to hunting buffalo, we concluded to hunt them on horseback; as the country was open and it was almost impossible to get close enough to shoot them on foot, we thought the horseback hunting the safest as well as the most profitable. We pitched our tent in a small grove near a small creek. The range where the buffalo staid was on the open prairie. All parties seemed eager for the fun. Guns were loaded afresh, knives sharpened, and every arrangement was made, and horses saddled. The north wind was blowing very cold and the sky beginning to get dark with angry looking clouds, and a herd of buffalo in sight on the high prairie.

Everything now being ready, it was agreed that each should select his buffalo, and a charge was ordered. It was not long before the herd was on the move and a wild scene presented itself. The herd scattered in every direction. Bang, bang, in every direction could be heard. It was not long before everything was still but the whistling north wind, and it getting colder every minute.

By 4 o'clock all were back in camp except John Rotman; he was missing. By dark it was sleeting and freezing; well, it was cold. Three buffalo were killed and brought into camp; but no tidings from Rotman. Guns were fired off, hoping to attract the attention of the missing man, but in vain; and the later the hour the colder it got.

About 12 o'clock it cleared off, and the cold increased. The firing of the guns was kept up all night, but no tidings of the lost man were received. Early the next morning preparations were made for a search to be made, but no one had any hope of finding him alive. Four of us mounted our horses and started, firing off guns at intervals, hoping if he was alive he would hear us and come to us.

About 1 o'clock we fired again, and to our joy heard him answer us. We went at full speed in the direction of the report of his gun, and soon found him on foot. We were then about ten miles from camp. He was taken up behind one of us and we went into camp, where we arrived about dark. It was still very cold, and of course he was hungry, having been out



Courtesy Austin-Travis County Collection, Austin Public L

Austin, Texas in the 1870s. Capitol (upper right) at head of Congress Avenue burned in 1881.

two days and one night without anything to eat.

After supper he gave us a history of his experience during his absence, which was as follows:

"I followed the buffalo eight or ten miles, shooting at him as fast as I could load, and finally he fell. It was cloudy, and I could not tell what time it was. I thought after I had killed the buffalo I would return to camp, but I was completely turned around. I rode until dark, almost frozen to death; I was so numb I had but little feeling in my hands. I walked and led my horse. Finally, just after dark, I came to the dead buffalo. I decided to try to skin the buffalo and wrap up in the hide to keep from freezing. Finally I got the hide off, and tying my horse to a bush, spread the hide out with the wool side up, and laid my gun by my side and rolled up in the green hide. I got warm and went to sleep. About daybreak I was disturbed by wolves, which gathered around the carcass of the buffalo. There were so many of them of all sizes that the largest ones fought off the smaller ones, and that caused them to work on the hide in which I was rolled up. It had frozen as hard as a rock, and I could not move hand or foot; I could see out at a small place. When it came day, and when they began to grit their teeth near my head, I fairly trembled with fear, and could not help halloaing 'suy.' The wolves would look all around, and not seeing anything, they would begin to eat on the frozen hide so close to my head I could almost feel their teeth clipping my ears. In this condition I laid until about 10 o'clock before the sun thawed the hide so I could crawl out. On my release from the hide I found my horse frozen to death, and I was left to wander on foot, hungry, stiff, and alone."

CHAPTER XXI
Our Trip to Austin

IT WAS ON the eighth day of August 1849 that my brother and myself, while living in Hunt county, decided to explore the west. We started on horseback, with a family that was moving, and had an ox team. When we reached the Sabine river we fell in company with several other families, all bound for Austin, where we were going. We all traveled together until we came to the Trinity river, which was five miles wide in water, the bottom covered from hill to hill. Porter's Bluff was on the opposite bank, and we wanted to cross over if possible; so two of us got a canoe and started to cross over to see the ferryman, who was on the other side, living in town. After a hard day's toil with paddles and spikepole we succeeded in reaching the little village on the opposite side.

We called on the ferryman, who told us he did not like to undertake to run the boat while the water was so high, and if he did he would charge five dollars for each wagon, as it would take all day to make one trip; so we agreed to help him and pay his price for our wagon, and if the others wanted to cross they could make their own trade. We then returned, and by the time we were ready the boat had arrived.

We put our wagon on the boat, with the oxen loose from the wagon. It fell on me to stand before the team, which had never been on a boat before, and I stationed myself in front of them with a good stick. They stood very well until we had gotten about half way across, in the middle of a slough; and in the current of the stream was coming down drift wood; the oxen became frightened at the surging waters and heavy drifts, which had to be kept off from the boat. I stepped up in front of them, and or them gave a lunge at me, striking under the arms with his head, one passing on one side and the other pas on the other side, knocking me out o: boat into the water. I was almost l less, having my breath knocked out o and considerably bruised in the brea floated down stream for some dist and crawled upon a drift of timber rested myself, as I was almost ou breath, and was out of sight of the in the thick bottom. As soon as I c I halloaed to let them know whe was, and one man in the boat got ir canoe that was tied to the boat and c and took me in and carried me bac the wagon, which was on the boat, put me to bed.

On reaching the opposite bank a d was called. He attempted to bleed but my blood was so cold it would run. He then had me rubbed all over brandy to get me warm, and afte succeeded in getting up a circulatio blood, I began to realize my misery. ' I suffered, my breast being bru fortunately for me the horns both pa under my arms without penetrating body. It was a long time before I over the effects of it.

Before I got well I took the conge fever, and laid under the doctor's at Porter's Bluff for five weeks b I was able to travel, not knowing wh I would live or die.

Finally, as soon as I was able t hauled, we started on. I mended sl and finally got over it so I could horseback again.

WE TRAVELED ON until we rea Austin, which we found to be a s town to be called the capitol of the S It was at the time of the election fo capitol. Men were sent to Mexico to

ticans to come on this side of the
r and vote for the capitol to remain
Austin. Had this not been done Aus-
would have lost the capitol; but
ney makes the mare go.

/hile at Austin sick, I lost my horse,
er strayed or stolen. As soon as I got
I went to work on a brick yard.
ally I heard of a horse, the descrip-
of which suited mine, running in
nilton's Valley, some fifty miles up
Colorado river. I went the first op-
tunity to see if it was mine. On arriv-
I failed to find my horse, but found
ity of work and good wages.

o I landed in Hamilton's Valley
istmas day, 1849, and there loved and
rried one Miss Lucinda Hairston, be-
the first couple married in Burnet
nty. Settled down sharing the hard-
os of frontier life. The country was
and full of game as well as Indians.
marriage occurred on the third day
March, 1850, at the home of the bride's
ents, Mr. and Mrs. Hairston, on Hair-
1 creek, five miles southeast of Burnet
n.

helped open up the second farm in
rnet county; S. E. Holland opened the
, Hairston and Banta the second. It
nreasonable for me to tell of the
d times and troubles the early set-
s underwent in trying to settle their
e homes. Austin, fifty miles away,
the nearest postoffice, and the near-
market and mill. Reader, can you
gine yourself starting to mill to be
e four days at a time, and only one
se on the road at that; the country
l and full of all kinds of wild animals,
vell as wild Indians, who were thirst-
for blood and plunder.

hink of leaving home, not knowing
ther you would again see those you
, or thinking that on your return
ne you might find your family all
ed and scalped, the house robbed and
ned. If you think these good times you
easily pleased; but such is frontier

will here relate a well known in-
nt which occurred in Burnet county
1854. The reverend presiding elder,
ipple of Austin, a Methodist in faith,
told to hold camp meeting in Burnet
nty, at what was known as Sands
ings, in the forks of Hamilton's and
rston's creeks. It was in the month of
tember, I believe. People from all di-
ions attended it, and most of them
ped on the ground. The men all came
ed; every camp on the ground was
plied with guns. It was the first
ting of kind, and was well attended
a newly settled country.

bout the fifth day, while the anxious
s were filled and the altar full of
rners, a man came running in on
seback and reported a party of In-
ns in a half mile of the camp ground,
coming in the direction of the en-
pment. In five minutes everything
ne camp was confusion; men running
very direction, women and children
aming and hanging on to the first
they could get hold of; some running
heir tents, some after horses, some
ing themselves, some saddling horses
erything at fever heat of excitement.
ally enough succeeded in getting off
r the Indians to make a respectable
t, and took the trail, which came in
t of the encampment, and were soon
of sight.

hose in camp collected all of their
es, tied them up, and put out guards
the balance of the day and night;
on the following day they left the
p ground for their homes. This was the first and last camp meeting held in the woods for some time to come, as it was most convenient to meet at a town.

Those who followed the trail overtook the Indians on the Colorado river, near where Marble Falls is now located, and had a running fight with them; but if any were killed it was not known.

The people suffered from Indian raids as much as any country on the frontier, and there were more Indians killed by the citizens of Burnet than by those of any other county in my knowledge. On their raids it was almost impossible for them to get out without a fight, or to get away with any horses; but the dense cedar mountains in and around Burnet furnished such good hiding places, it seemed to be almost impossible to kill many of them. The most successful plan was to waylay the passes and gaps in the mountains and crossings on the creeks and river, where they had to pass to come or go out.

THE QUESTION is often asked, "Why did you old settlers not get you good homes when land was cheap?" It was like this: We had to put in half of our time after the Indians and it took the other half to support our families; and the Indians kept us so robbed of our stock that we were like the man who said that when he first came to Texas he could buy a section of land for a good pair of boots; and on being asked why he did not buy it, said, "Well, I did not have the boots."

So it was with us frontier people. It took all our time to make both ends meet, ranging without pay half our time, and having our property stolen and our families to support. We did not have the boots. So you can see why most of the first settlers are without homes or large tracts of land. Those owning land were not Indian fighters.

Thus you can see today but few of the old frontier veterans are large land owners; but those owning the most of the land have never smelled powder, but while the pioneers were fighting the Indians back these land sharks were amassing wealth of the State and halloaing, "On! Hurrah, our brave boys," and at the same time, while the veterans were off on scouts, those at home were stealing and robbing the families of those on the scouts; and to the disgrace of the State it still refuses to pay or provide for those who spent their lives on the frontier, and made Texas what she is today. And many of the old soldiers and their widows are in want of the necessities of life, having worn themselves out in giving protection to the State. She can build railroads, but can not reward her soldiers who gave their time, their blood, their all to protect the State, and die penniless at last.

Call all the old veterans together in the State, and take an inventory of their wealth, and you can count the wealthy ones on your fingers; and while this is true, it may be asked why it is. The answer is, they have spent their time and money in making Texas what she is, and now, broken down in health, in their old age are in adverse circumstances. Not one in one hundred has the means sufficient to keep them from want. Why was theirs a soldiers' home which is a national disgrace? Why are your soldiers not given a support at home, but sent to the soldiers' home, which is nothing more than being put on the county on account of poverty. No true soldier wants to be sent to the poor house called the soldiers' home. This home is looked on with pride by those who are not soldiers, but by any noble soldier is looked on with contempt.

CHAPTER XXII

Chased by Wild Hogs

IT WAS in 1850 while living in Burnet county that I was out hunting for deer that I saw my first muskhog. These wild animals live in the mountains of the western part of Texas, and are seldom found on the open or level parts of the State. In all my travel I had not seen one of them, and had but little idea of their form or size or even their color, and nothing about their danger. I was out in the mountains; had killed a fine buck and was returning home, and to my left I discovered some animals on the side of a tall mountain, coming down toward the foot of the mountain. I first thought they were small bear, but they were not the right color; they were of a bluish gray or iron gray, and weighed about sixty pounds.

After watching their movements I finally decided they must be havalinas, as the Mexicans call them. Well, as they were still coming toward me, I had nothing to do but wait until they came in reach of my gun. As they slowly approached I discovered three very small pigs with them. I became excited hoping to capture them for pets. They are as striped as a ground squirrel, and I determined to carry them both home, there being only two young and three old ones.

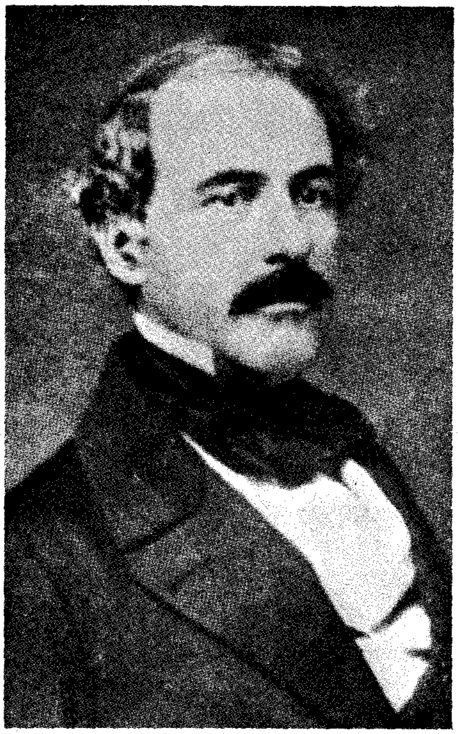
By this time they had gotten in range of my gun, and I fired on the one I thought to be the mother of the pigs, and down it came. The rest, not knowing which way I was, ran toward me, and then I got a good look at them. I was reloading my rifle and thinking how I would feel in possession of the two young beauties. By this time I was capping my gun. They started up the mountain and I followed, expecting to get another shot at them.

I passed the one I had killed, and saw it was not the mother of the pigs, so I decided to shoot the one that they followed. It was not long before they reached some shin oak brush on the side of the mountain, and stopped in it. I could see them if they went out, as it was prairie all around the thicket, which was very small.

With gun in hand, thumb on the hammer, and finger on the trigger, I softly and slowly reached the edge of the brush, and while peeping to see the hogs, knowing I would kill the old ones on sight and soon be in possession of the young ones. I was almost overjoyed at the thought, when all at once they charged me, snapping their teeth at my legs every jump. Down the mountain I went until I reached the base, having forgotten I had a gun. I decided I did not want a pet, as it was getting late in the day.

Well, the fact is I could have put my gun against any of them and fired, but I forgot I had a gun; and as soon as I could get out of danger I left for home. I did not want any pets; but on my way home through the timber if a stick would break I would spring forward, thinking they were snapping their teeth at my legs. Since that time I have never desired a pet Mexican hog.

No one knows how a man would feel with two of them with hair all the wrong way and cutting the seams of his pants with their long tusks. Well, I can tell you how one did feel: I felt like getting away from there and staying away, and being content without a pet havalina.



Courtesy Museum of the Confederacy, Richmond, Va.

Courtesy Library of Congress

Beardless Robert E. Lee (left) as he appeared in Texas in 1850 when the author met him and Henry Hopkins Sibley (right) at Fort Crogan where Banta had gone to report the advance of Wild Cat and his tribe.

THE SAME SPRING I was on a hunt for wild cattle, as they were called, and found a bunch, and having been told of the danger a man was in, I was very cautious. I crawled up within gunshot and taking advantage of a live oak tree fired on one. From his maneuvers I knew he was badly wounded. I reloaded my gun and followed to where he had lain down under a small cedar tree, and thinking him dead I walked up close to him, but to my surprise he arose and came at me in full force. I turned my gun to shoot, but he was so close to me that I could not shoot. He ran over to me, knocking me down, but did not strike me with his horns. When I fell he passed over me, and by the time I was up he had turned on me, and as he made his lunge at me I fell to the ground, not having time to shoot, and he again passed over me, running his horns under the roots of a cedar tree.

By this time I had gotten to a small cedar with low limbs, and succeeded in finding shelter. As soon as he got his horns from under the roots of the tree he raised his head to look for me and I was ready for him. I drew a bead at the curl in his forehead, and at the crack of my rifle he fell dead. I did not shoot over ten feet at him.

Well, being overcome with fatigue, I loaded my gun, went off some distance from the bull and laid down under a tree until my nerves got quiet before I could think of walking home, which was about three miles distant. I was scarcely able to walk for several days, being twice run over by such a large animal as that. I was in fact almost crushed to death in one of the falls. This gave me a lesson, to not be so brave, and I am not.

On December 25, of the same year, being Christmas day, while myself and one other man were out hunting in the mountains, we discovered a cave, which looked as though something inhabited it. At the entrance it was small, but a few feet inside it became larger. Finally we decided to examine it closely. We went into the first department and were looking around. We found the skeleton of a man lying under a shelving rock, but could not tell in the cave whether it had been a white man or an Indian. While musing over the remains we were startled by something at the mouth of the cave. Of course we were not scared, but we had business out of that place.

As we reached the mouth of the cave on emerging from it, we found a tremendous large bear near the mouth of the cave, which had smelled us and was not willing to come in. We both fired on him at the same time, and he fell to the ground, having two bullets in him, one in the head and the other through the heart. We did not shoot over eight feet, as we were both at the mouth of the cave and the bear just outside. It being late, we went home, brought a wagon, and camped at the cave; skinned the bear, which weighed about 300 pounds net.

As for the skeleton, on close examination we found it to be the frame of an Indian; the only way we could tell the difference was the bones of an Indian are red, and the bones of a white man white. This was the second cave I have been in where a bear disputed our possession. Sometimes I think I am done exploring caves, although there is not much danger now, as wild animals are scarce.

On our way home the next day we saw two large bucks fighting. We soon discovered that they had their horns locked so they could not get apart. We drove up within twenty yards of them, stopped the wagon, got out and watched them awhile, finally firing on them at the same time, and killed them both; skinned them, but had to cut off both their heads, which we did not get apart, put them in the wagon and took them home without getting them apart. These were the third pair I have seen toge
that could not be separated. They
ran together with such force that
horns had sprung together in such sl
they could not be separated.

IN FEBRUARY of the next year a
the bear killing at the cave, I was
on a hunt. The snow was about
inches deep; the day was pleasant,
the snow was melting. I was wal
under a very large elm tree and sav
the top of the snow two dead bee
decided to climb the tree and see if t
were bees in it. Setting my gun dow
ascended the tree and found that t
were bees in it, so I came down
marked the tree, and went on home.

The next day myself and fa
hitched up the wagon, taking axe
vesels, and set out to cut the bee
On arriving at the tree, we tied
horses and in a short time had the
down. On cutting into the hollow we
out six feet of sealed comb. After get
home we found it weighed 105 poun

In the spring following I was ou
the mountains on a hunt. Late in the
ning I found five buffalo feeding
small glade. I got up in range and
on one of them, and down it fell. Se
that it was not going to get up, I did
take time to reload, but ran with k
in hand, and just as it was getting
succeeded in hacking both hamstrings
that it could not get up. I then loa
my gun and shot it again. Had I not
it down with my knife I would l
had a grand time, as I ran up to it
an empty gun and no shelter nea
case it had got up.

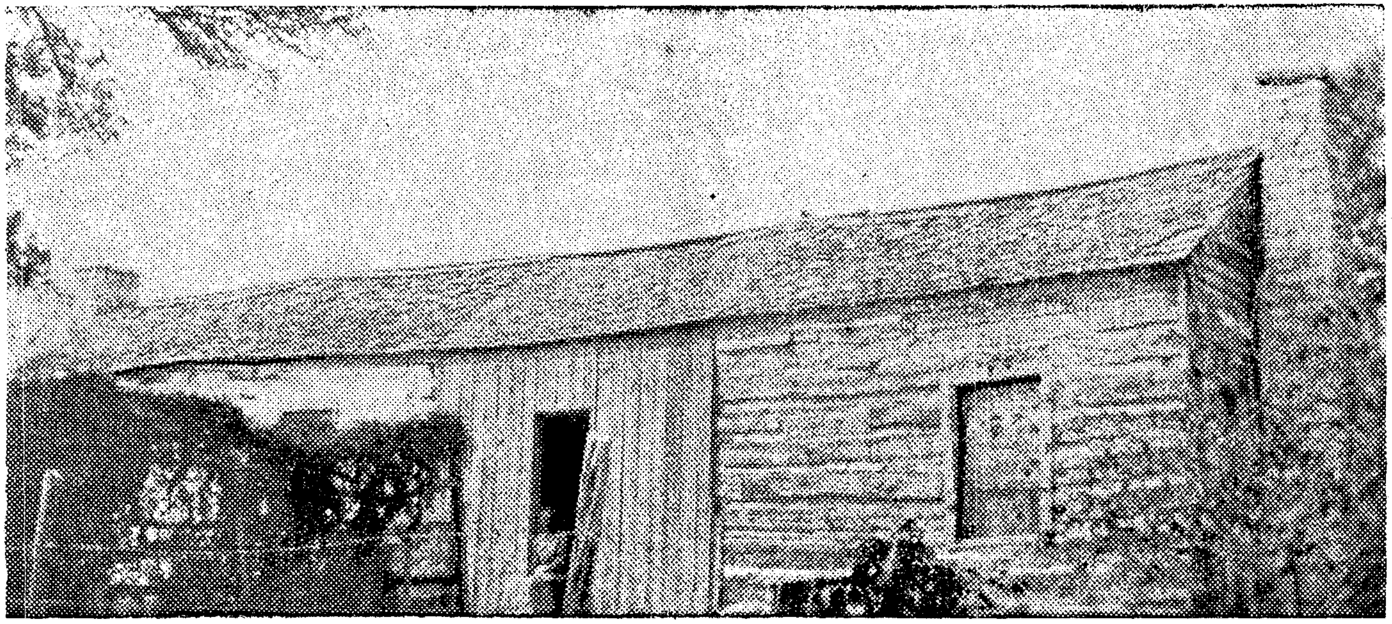
They are very dangerous when wou
ed. I have known one man killed
them and several horses killed. It is
ways safest for a man to reload his
before he goes up to them when
down even if he loses his game it is
safest plan.

A short time after this a buffalo c
up with our cattle. We tried to
it in the pen, as it was about two y
old, but failed. At last, seeing it was
possible to get it in with the stock, I
cided to kill it. It had gotten off s
distance by the time I got my gun; I
a long shot and only broke one shoul
At the report of the gun both of
dogs started, and soon it was brou
back to the yard, and both dogs
hold of it. I had loaded my gun, and
in a few feet of it and fired, shoo
too low in the forehead; it being parti
blinded by the shot, it ran against the
fence, knocking the rails in every
rection, one rail striking me on the l
and knocking me down. The dogs
caught it and as soon as I could ge
I gave it a dead shot, which soon set
the excitement. It was a fine beef;
somehow I did some bad shooting u
the excitement. One of my dogs
badly gored, but got over it.

CHAPTER XXIII

Major Sibley and Wild Cat, the Comanche Chief

IN THE YEAR of 1850, in the bea
ful month of May, and on the fifte
day when everything in nature seeme
invite a smile from every human be
the beautiful green foliage overhead
the earth covered with its green ca
dotted with beautiful flowers shed
forth their fragrant odor in the plea
sunshine, with a cooling breeze blo
from the south; and just one month
twenty-eight days after my marr
and on Sunday, about 1 o'clock



FRONTIER TIMES Photo

Fort Crogan, site of Banta's 1850 encounter with Wild Cat, Sibley and Lee, near Burnet, Texas in 1937.

le loitering about the house, my at- ion was called to some deer that were ight of the house. They seemed to usily engaged in looking toward the h.

unday as it was, I could not resist temptation, so I picked up my gun started out to kill one of them. I iously crept up within gun shot with- being discovered by them, as their ntion was still drawn toward the h. I was making my arrangements arry home the choice of the bunch, n my attention was called in the di- ion that the deer were looking. I overed the dust rising from the und, and on a close investigation saw rge body of Indians directing their se to the house, which was occupied ny wife, and father, mother, and a ear-old sister of my wife. The In- s were so close to the house, I de- d I was not hungry and did not want venison, so I left the deer standing made for the house, which was only ut 400 yards off.

y the time I reached the gate the In- s that were in advance had reached yard fence. The column of Indians about two miles long, marching in le file, the number being about 2,000 , women and children. I had got in- of the gate by the time they came The foremost one, being the chief, d to me, "Good morning, capitan. l Indian; no fightee."

replied, "What do you want?"

Ie wantee some corn for my oses."

e had to haul our corn from Austin, t fifty miles; but that made no dif- nce; we did not argue the case. I lit the crib and threw out ten or fifteen els, and while they were picking it Vild Cat, which was the chief's name, l his tomahawk pipe with tobacco invited me to take a smoke with him. old me he would not hurt us because ave them corn. He then inquired the to Fort Crogan, which was five miles n of where I lived. I told him the way distance, and as soon as the Indians picked up every grain, shucks and hey left saying, "Good bye, capitan." ey moved off about a half mile and ed for the night. Major Sibley had us citizens that if we saw any In- s or Indian signs to report to him, so the next morning, being Monday and the 16th day of May, I went to the post to make my report; and while in the office a soldier came in and reported a body of Indians approaching camp. They had left the women and children a half mile back, and by this time formed six columns deep, one hundred warriors in each column.

They sent in a flag and called for the commander of the post. As I was in the office, and had seen the Indians the day before, the major invited me to walk out with him to see what they wanted. The interpreter was ordered, and the major, interpreter and myself walked out to see what was wanting, leaving Captain R. E. Lee in his office. As soon as Wild Cat saw us three walk out he dismounted, and he and two others came to meet us—three on each side. We met under a small live oak tree, about half way between the camp and the front line of the Indians.

Wild Cat knew me, called me "capitan," and shook hands; so I introduced the chief to the major. After compliments, Sibley told the interpreter to ask the Indian what he wanted. In reply Wild Cat said he wanted provisions for six hundred men and their women and children. Sibley told the interpreter to tell the chief he could not get it. The chief told Sibley he had come after it, and that he would have it. Sibley said tell the Indian to take his men and leave or he would order out his force and make him leave. Wild Cat had no use for the interpreter; but stepped up to Sibley, put his finger under Sibley's nose, and called him a coward, and told him he could take thirty old squaws from his company and whip his camp. The major turned round and walked back to quarters leaving the guide and me with Wild Cat.

THE CHIEF filled his tomahawk pipe and said, "Capitan, we smoke. Maybe me fightee this man me no fightee you. If me fightee this man, go way; no hurtee you."

By this time Lee came out, with his pants in his boots, with sabre and six-shooter on, just the same as the major had on when he left us. When Lee came he said, "Can you talk English?"

Wild Cat said, "Yes, me talk to you."

Lee—"Well, do you want to fight?"

Wild Cat—"Me get provisions, me no fightee; me get no provisions, me fightee."

Lee—"If you want to fight, say so; if not, say so."

Wild Cat—"Me tell you me git provisions, me no fightee; me get no provisions, me fightee."

Lee—"Can't you kill game?"

Chief—"Me hunt fourteen days and get no buffalo; my women and children starving."

Lee—"If it is for your women and babies, you can get some, provided you don't want to fight."

Chief—"Me no fightee you me get provisions."

Lee—"How much do you want?"

Chief—"You got heap, me take heap; you got a little, me take a little."

Lee—"All right; you get a little."

So Lee, myself and the interpreter returned to the camp, and orders were issued to the quartermaster for fifteen pounds of bread and twenty beeves. The bread was hauled out and the beeves driven out to the camp. The bread was distributed and the beeves butchered, and not one crumb of bread was lost, or anything but what was in the entrails of the cattle left on the ground. I saw them eating beef raw, without salt, and drinking the blood as it ran from the beef when stuck.

Any man could have seen that Lee would not have taken what Sibley did. Lee wanted the chief to give him some excuse, but when suffering women and children were mentioned his heart was soft. The Indians moved off some distance, and camped for several days. No killing or stealing followed for sometime afterwards.

The next was by about thirty Indians who had been on a raid to Mexico, and had captured two Mexicans, one boy about sixteen years old and a girl about fourteen. They had camped for the night about fourteen miles from Fort Crogan, and had killed the girl for supper and intended to kill the boy for breakfast; but during the night the Mexican made his escape and succeeded in reaching Billy Magill's house, about one mile from the post.

About 10 o'clock the party of Indians came to the house, trailing the Mexican with dogs. As soon as the dogs came to the house they refused to go further, and

Magill stepped to the door and forbade the Indians to enter his house. While holding them back, he had sent for troops, who were soon on the ground. The Mexican was in the house under the bed. The officer in command bought the Mexican from the Indians by giving a beef in exchange. The boy was sent to the post and sent to the Governor at Austin, and then shipped by stage to Mexico.

LATE IN THE winter of the same year, while it was very cold and wet, I lived in a double log house. I had a young man living with me, and one very cold night two very old Indians slipped into the house for shelter. One sat on one side of the fireplace and the other on the opposite side. At what time they came in I can't tell; but as was our custom we were early in rising. The next morning I called the young man to make a fire just as day was breaking. He soon kindled a light, and on reaching for the shovel he got hold of a squaw. Being greatly frightened, he leaped to the other side of the fireplace and fell over another. He halloaed to me that the house was full of Indians. I was out of bed in time to see where there were only two of them, and both very old squaws; but the young man had gotten his gun by this time, and would have killed them if I had not been in time.

These two old creatures had crept in, unknown to us, out of the cold rain. We kept them until breakfast, and after giving them a good warm meal let them go to their own camp, which was about half a mile from our house. About 12 o'clock they came back and brought some nice cane baskets which they made.

They are great beggars. These Indians would come in and profess great friendship, and at the same time would steal anything they could get their hands on; and if they caught anyone out of sight of a house they would kill them or take whatever they wanted. It was hard to tell them apart, although they claimed to be Lipans or Tonkaways.

On one occasion two men came in; one called himself a Caddo, the other called himself a Lipan chief. The Lipan was riding an iron gray mule, and the Caddo was riding a pony. They left about 12 o'clock, and late in the evening the Caddo came back leading the mule. He sold it for $5, and the next day it was found out that the Caddo had killed the Lipan and taken his mule. The citizens went out and buried the Indian on the Fort Mason and Burnet road, ten miles west of Burnet.

About this time, on the head of Cottonwood in Burnet county, two of us were out hunting deer, and while sitting watching a deer lick, we saw one Indian slipping through the cedars. We did not know how many there might be of them, so it was decided for one of us to shoot, and the other hold his fire in case there were more. At the crack of the gun the Indian pitched forward with a grunt. We did not wait to see the result, but left in double quick. About a year afterwards we went to the same lick, and found his bow and a tin pan and a spear head. Of course we did not claim any victory in that case.

A party of five Indians came in and stole a lot of horses and started out with them, and eight of us were on the trail in less than six hours. We followed them until night, when we got our suppers, and started for a gap of the mountains some twelve miles distant that we thought the Indians would pass through. We reached the gap about 4 o'clock that night, and just as day was dawning the Indians came, unconscious of danger. We opened fire on them, killing two, and recaptured the stolen horses. We then stopped at a spring to make coffee, not thinking of any trouble, but found that the Indians had followed us and captured the loose horses we were driving. We mounted fresh horses and gave chase, but failed to overtake them before they got into the cedar brake.

However some stock hunters came on them unexpectedly and suceeded in getting the horses. By the time we got in sight of the stockmen they had rounded up the horses, which they turned over to us. But let me say just here, the Indians did not get them from us anymore; we moved them as fast as possible, and when we did stop the horses were under guard. Two of the horses were shot with arrows, but neither of them died from the wounds. For about four months we had peace, after which the Indians made another raid, got eight good horses, and made good their escape.

CHAPTER XXIV
Captured by Indians

IN THE FALL of 1852 a treaty of peace was agreed on between the United States and several of the wild tribes of Indians, which was to be held at the old Spanish mission on the San Saba river in October. Those wild tribes had been killing and stealing for several years on the frontier up and down both sides of the Colorado river, and had stolen all of the horses belonging to the citizens of Burnet county where I was living at the time.

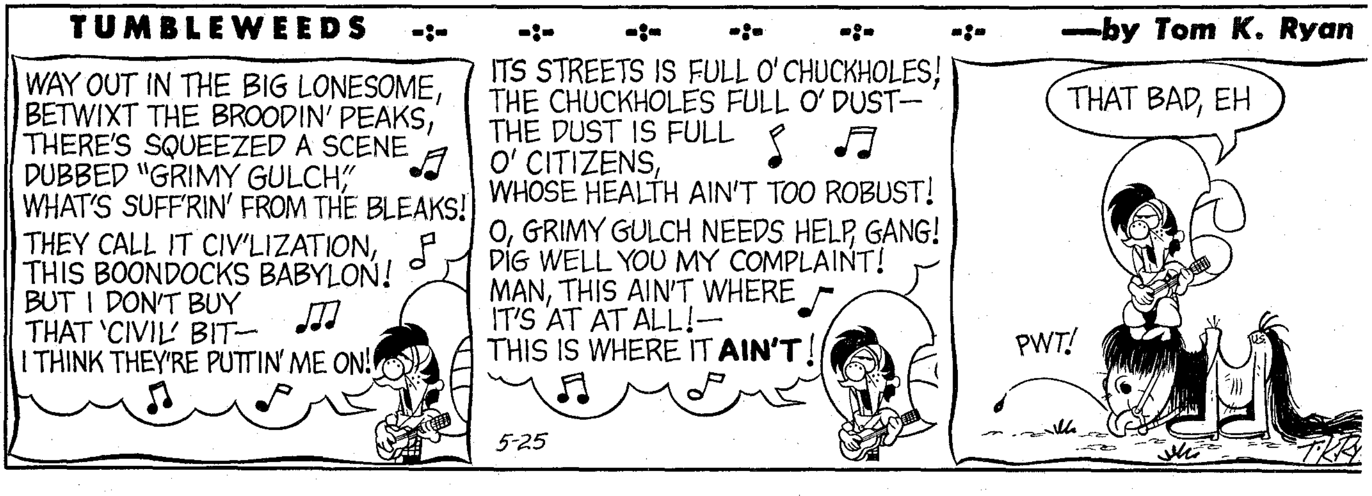
Major Neighbors was to hold the treaty while General Harney was to support him with his troops. The governor in a proclamation notified all persons who lost property to attend the treaty, if they could identify their proper should be returned to them; so I arrangements with General Harne meet him at Mason and go with him try to recover some horses that had stolen from me while living in B county. At that time there was n house west of the Colorado river, a was dangerous for any person to t alone.

When the time arrived, myself, land and Gilreath, all of Burnet co started, expecting to join the army eighty miles above Burnet. On the day after leaving home we reached Mason. On our arrival we learned the soldiers had been gone two days, we were told by the officer in com at Fort Mason that it would be al impossible for us three to reach the t alone, as the country was full of h Indians, and it seemed to be foolish for three men to undertake to tra distance of one hundred miles alone, the country full of savages.

After consultation it was agreed we would risk it at any rate; tha danger was not death; and it was fu agreed that we would not follo army, as it had to go at least two travel out of the way on account of w and we thought by making a cutof would fall in with the army sooner.

We left Fort Mason early and too way through the mountains, hopin fall in with the soldiers before n However, we traveled all day wit seeing any person, but we crossed eral fresh Indian trails. Night cam and we camped for the night; were disturbed, and early the next mor we saddled our horses and were on way through the mountains without a trail to follow. By this time we something like one hundred and miles from home, with but little hop finding the army.

Again night came on, and we ca for the night; everything seemed to gloomy to us. The night passed off a without any disturbance, except the h ing of wolves, so the next mornin renewed our journey. About 8 o'cloc struck a large trail of horsemen, supposing it to have been made b dragoons, we felt better. In the c of an hour we discovered a large nu of horses under herd. We suppose were close to the soldier encampmen on we went, until about 11 o'clock first thing we knew we were in th campment of seven thousand wild dians.—To be concluded in Fall, '70 West.


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
WAY OUT IN THE BIG LONESOME, BETWIXT THE BROODIN' PEAKS, THERE'S SQUEEZED A SCENE DUBBED "GRIMY GULCH," WHAT'S SUFF'RIN' FROM THE BLEAKS!
THEY CALL IT CIV'LIZATION, THIS BOONDOCKS BABYLON! BUT I DON'T BUY THAT 'CIVIL' BIT— I THINK THEY'RE PUTTIN' ME ON!
ITS STREETS IS FULL O' CHUCKHOLES, THE CHUCKHOLES FULL O' DUST— THE DUST IS FULL O' CITIZENS, WHOSE HEALTH AIN'T TOO ROBUST!
O, GRIMY GULCH NEEDS HELP, GANG! DIG WELL YOU MY COMPLAINT! MAN, THIS AIN'T WHERE IT'S AT AT ALL!— THIS IS WHERE IT AIN'T!
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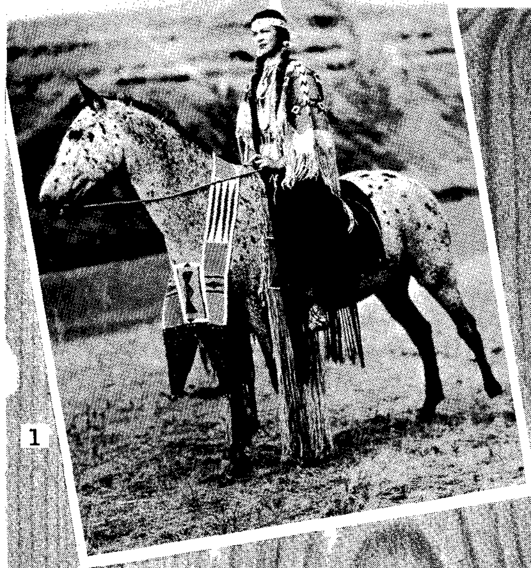
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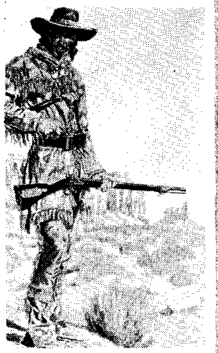
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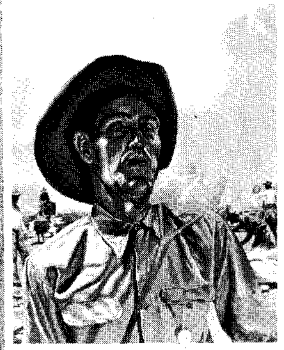
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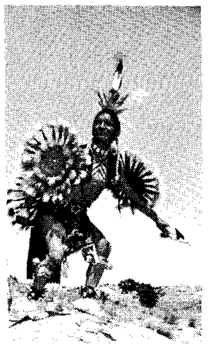
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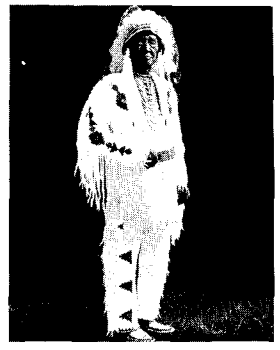
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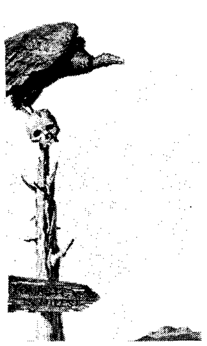
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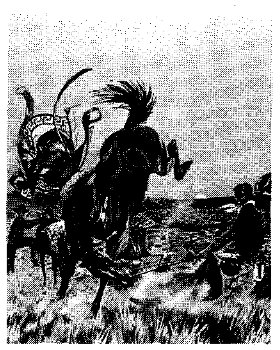
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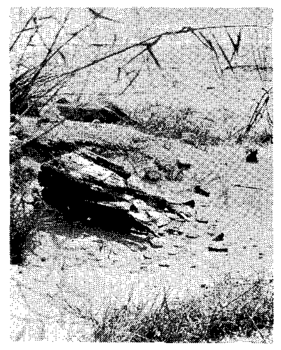
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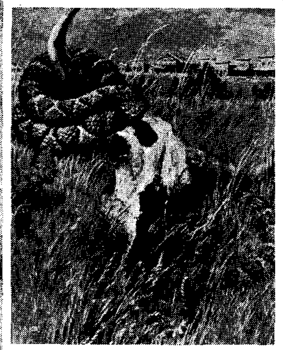
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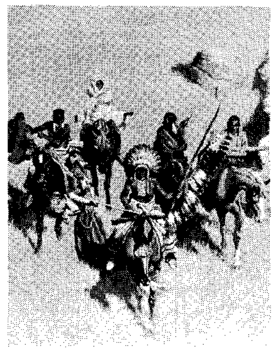
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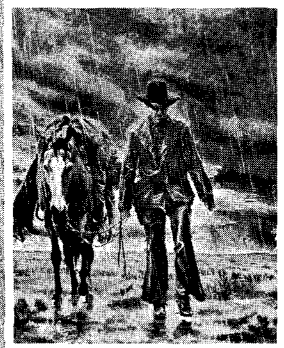
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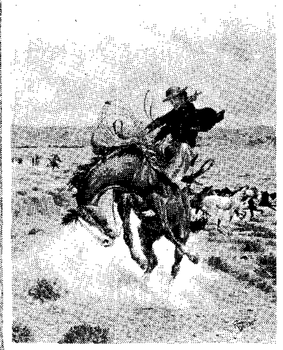
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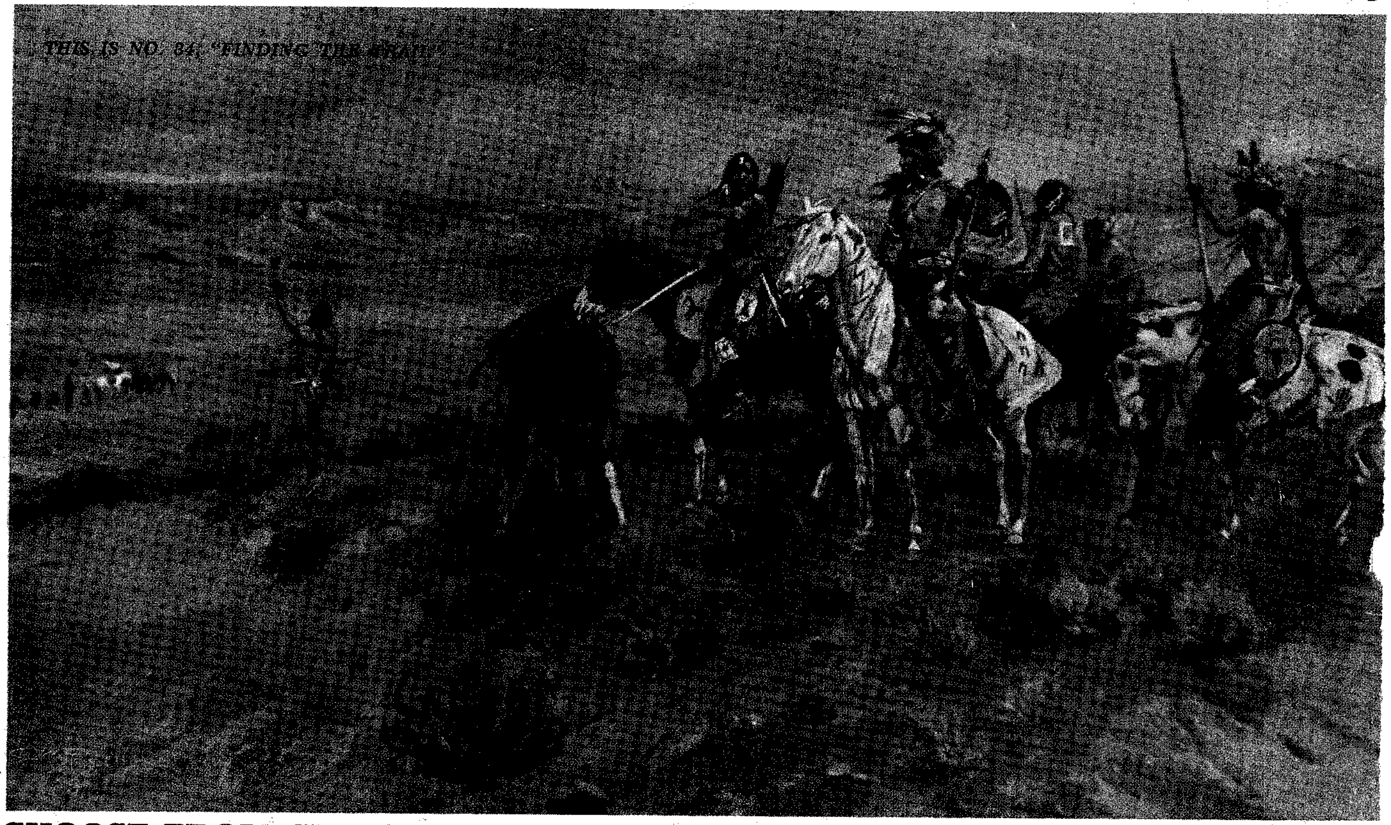

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4—A Wounded Grizzly, 10x13
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 8x11½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 9x12
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 8½x15
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 9x12
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10—Better Than Bacon, 9x12
11—On the Move, 10x14
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 8x12
13—On the Trail, 8x11
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters, 10x11
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 8½x15
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19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
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31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 9x12
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35—Heads or Tails, 8½x15
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45—Last Chance or Bust, 9x12
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47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 10x14
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49—When Arrows Spell Death, 10x14
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78—The Drifter, 12x16
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80—Two of a Kind Win, 10x14
81—Last of 5,000, 8x10
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 10x14
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 10x14
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 10x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 10x14
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 9x13
87—Whose Meat?, 10x14
88—Wagon Boss, 10x14
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 10x14
90—A Crow Chief, 8x11
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 9x12
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